MARCHING TO VICTORY

CHARLES
CARLETON
COFFIN

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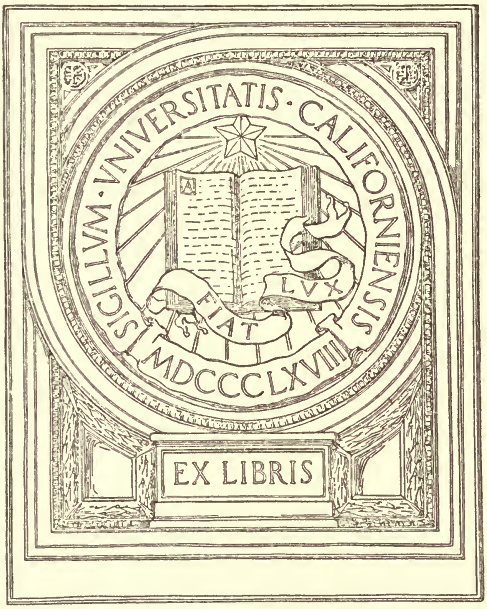

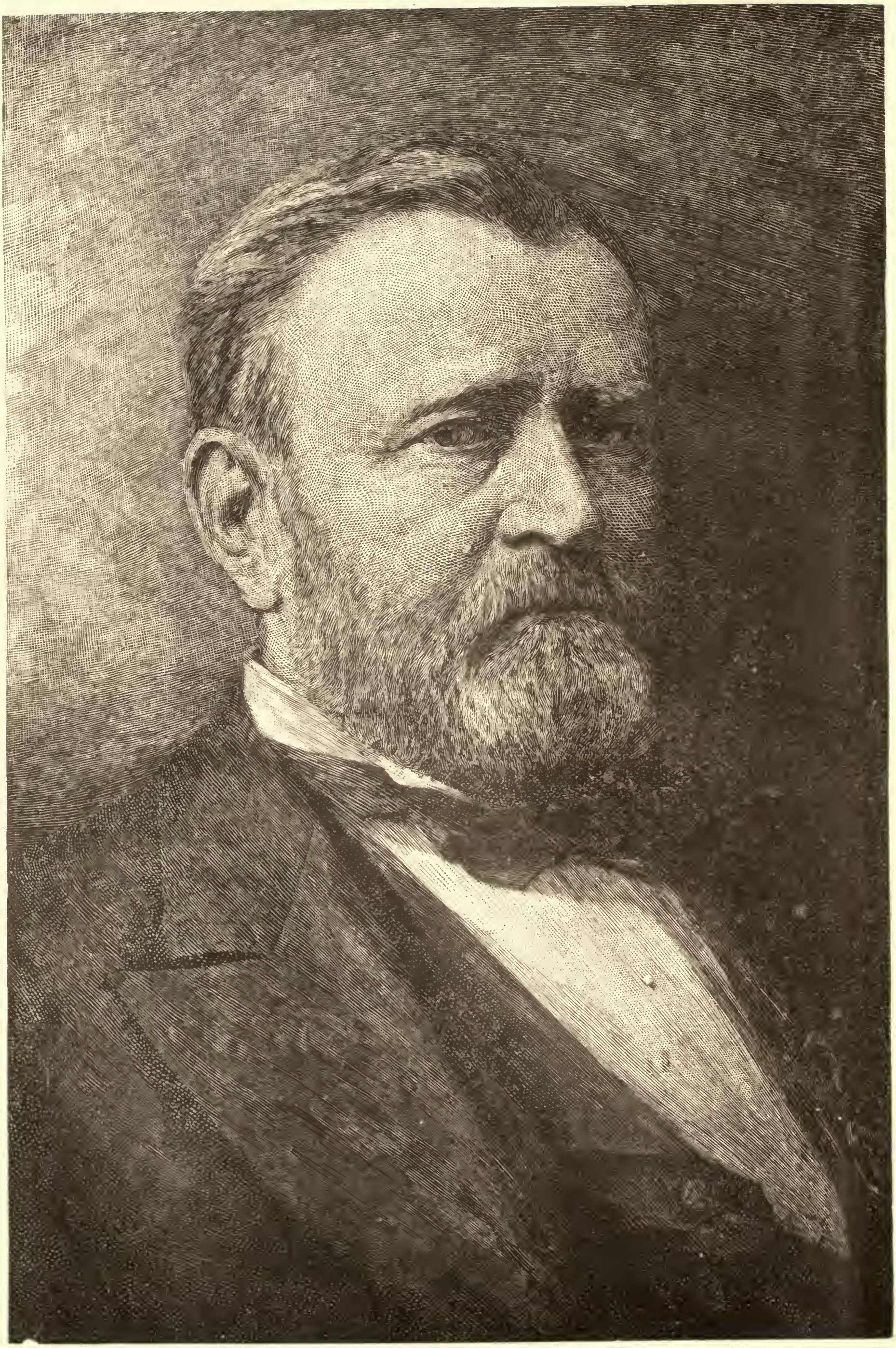

GENERAL GRANT.

MARCHING TO VICTORY

THE SECOND PERIOD
OF
THE WAR OF THE REBELLION
INCLUDING THE YEAR 1863

BY
CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN
AUTHOR OF "THE BOYS OF '76" "THE STORY OF LIBERTY" "OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES"
"BUILDING THE NATION" "DRUM-BEAT OF THE NATION" &c.

Illustrated

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THE DRUM-BEAT OF THE NATION. Illustrated. 8vo
MARCHING TO VICTORY. Illustrated. 8vo
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TO

THE VETERANS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNION
WHO MADE THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY
THE EMBLEM OF THE WORLD'S BEST HOPE

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INTRODUCTION.

"MARCHING TO VICTORY" is the second volume of the series relating to the War of the Rebellion, covering the middle period of the struggle of the people of the United States for the preservation of the Union. It treats of the events of the year 1863—distinguished by a series of victories to the armies of the Union, of discomfiture to those of the Confederate States.

The year began auspiciously for the cause of the Union in the triumph of the Army of the Cumberland on the field of Stone River, in Tennessee. Following the chronological order of events, the beginning of the month of May witnessed the disastrous defeat of the Union Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville, and at the same time the repulse of the Confederates at Suffolk, in Virginia.

While these events were transpiring east of the Alleghanies, the Union Army of the Tennessee began a strategic movement which resulted in the victories of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Big Black River, and the siege of Vicksburg.

The achievements of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg, the Army of the Tennessee at Vicksburg, and the army at Port Hudson on the Mississippi, in midsummer—the severance of the States of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas from the other States of the Confederacy, rendering co-operation between the sections impossible, by the opening of the great river to commerce, under the protection of the naval forces—marked the culmination of Confederate power. Taken in connection with the situation of affairs in England and France, the events of July were decisive, not only in the struggle for the preservation of the Union, but in the history of civilization.

During the summer and early autumn the Confederates in Middle Tennessee were forced to abandon that State, while Eastern Tennessee, which had been loyal to the Union, was brought once more under the protection of the United States. These successes were followed by the battle of Chickamauga—won by the Confederates, but resulting in no advantage to the Confederate cause.

The closing months of the year were distinguished by Union victories on Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and at Knoxville, and by the reducing of Fort Sumter to a shapeless ruin, a heap of crumbled masonry, with every gun dismounted; while from Morris Island — from the spot where the Confederates had inaugurated the war—Union cannon were raining shells upon the city of Charleston.

During the year the Confederate Government saw the fading away of all hope of recognition as a nation by the Government of Great Britain. The iron-clad war vessels which had been constructed with Confederate money by British ship-builders, and which were intended for the dispersion of the Union fleets blockading Wilmington and Charleston, and which were supposed to be sufficiently powerful to send the monitors, one by one, to the bottom of the sea, were prevented from leaving English ports by the order of the British Government, which had been compelled to act by the resolute protest of the United States. There was still the glimmering hope that through the interference of the Emperor of France with the affairs of Mexico, and the establishment of an empire in that country in place of a republic, the United States would be embroiled in a foreign war, which would result advantageously to the Confederate Government; but in this the Confederates were doomed to disappointment.

January 1, 1863, will ever stand in history as the day upon which four millions of the African race received their freedom at the hands of Abraham Lincoln. The close of the year beheld several thousand of the able-bodied men thus emancipated from slavery voluntarily enlisting under the Stars and Stripes for the preservation of the Union. At Fort Wagner and on other fields the colored troops, by their discipline, courage, and manhood, manifested their right to citizenship.

Other victories than those of the battle-field were achieved during the year. The prejudice of centuries against negroes was swept away, and they became citizens of the republic, entitled to equal rights and privileges with their fellow-men.

There were victories not only in the Western World, but beyond the Atlantic, where, despite all the efforts of the nobility and aristocracy of England, and of the trading and manufacturing classes, who for selfish ends favored the cause of the Confederacy, the people—the toilers and wage-earners — when starvation was staring them in the face, resolutely gave their allegiance to the cause of the Union, comprehending by an instinct more true and subtle than reason that the armies of the Union were fighting a battle for the oppressed of every land; and so, by their steadfast adherence to their convictions, the Government of Great Britain was constrained to refrain from any recognition of the Confederacy, except as a belligerent power.

In this volume, as in the "Drum-beat of the Nation," I have endeavored to set forth impartially and truly the cause, scope, and meaning of the war by a grouping of leading events. It has been my desire to lay aside all prejudice, and to see the questions at issue as the people of the seceding States saw them, duly recognizing their sincerity of conviction and adherence to the idea that the authority of the State was greater than that of the Nation; but the archives of the Confederate Government bear witness that the so-called "Rights of the States" disappeared almost at the beginning of the war, and that the Confederate Government, through the passage of the Conscription act, became a military despotism waged only for the preservation of a government based on slavery. I have endeavored to do full justice to the endurance of hardship, and to the bravery of the soldiers of the Confederacy, and the great ability of those who commanded them; to set forth truthfully the treatment of the Union men of the South by the Confederate Government, the attitude of the so-called Peace Party of the Northern States, the hatred to the negro, the opposition to the Proclamation of Emancipation, and the enlistment of colored troops.

To comprehend the meaning of the war, we must ever keep in mind the nature of the struggle -- that it was between free and slave labor, between aristocracy and democracy; a contest of ideas and institutions marshalling the aristocracy of Great Britain on the side of the Confederacy, the starving spinners and weavers — the hard-working men and women of that country and of all Europe — on the side of the United States.

Sophistries and false issues fade away with the flight of time, and as the perspective lengthens we are able to comprehend the greatness of the struggle and its influence upon the world's civilization.

The "Drum-beat of the Nation" and "Marching to Victory" have not been written from a desire to picture the carnage and desolation of war. I would fain shut forever from my eye the scenes of blood, but behind the lurid pictures are the sacrifice, devotion, and loyalty to the flag of our country, as the emblem of the most beneficent government the world has ever seen—the loftiest ideal of Justice, Right, and Liberty attained by the human race. I write that the present and future generations of the boys and girls may know that through such sacrifice and devotion the great principles upon which the Government of the United States was established were preserved to the world.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

BOSTON, *September*, 1888.

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MARCHING TO VICTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUR OF GLOOM.

THERE has been no other night in the history of our country like that of December 31, 1862. On the banks of Stone River, in Tennessee, the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland were lying where they had fought through the day, with the dead and dying around them. They had been driven from their chosen position of the morning, and the conflict was still undecided. Those whose duty it was to care for the wounded were out upon the field, where the battle had raged most fiercely, groping their way in the darkness or by the dim light of lanterns searching for the wounded. For this army, which had marched through snow and sleet and rain from their camp at Nashville to attack an army superior in number, New-Year's greetings were to be from the cannon's brazen lip, and the morning was to be ushered in with a renewal of the strife—the giving up of other lives that the nation might live.

The soldiers of the Confederate army opposing them were hovering around their bivouac fires congratulating themselves over the success which had attended them through the day, and looking forward to the morning of the New Year with confident expectation of completing the victory. They were animated by a lofty idea—truly believing that they were fighting for liberty and independence.

On the banks of the Mississippi between Memphis and Vicksburg were the soldiers of the Union, who had won victories at Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, who had vainly tried to gain the bluffs of Chickasaw near Vicksburg, but who were determined that the Father of Waters should flow from its source to the sea through an undivided country, whose emblem of sovereignty should ever be the Stars and Stripes.

From the bluffs of Vicksburg the Confederate soldiers of the army under General Pemberton could look down upon the winding river and behold in the distance, upon the moonlit waters, the fleet of Union gunboats which had opened the river southward to that point, but which were powerless to drive them from their stronghold. With Vicksburg and Port Hudson in their possession, with heavy cannon high above the stream, they could send a plunging fire upon the Federal craft and hold the gate-ways of the mighty river against all assault. Never by any attack from gunboats could those places be taken.

On that last night of the year the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, around their camp-fires on the Stafford hills opposite Fredericksburg, in Virginia, were thinking of loved ones at home, of peaceful scenes far away, of those who never again would keep step to the drum-beat, who had gone down in battle, or whose lives had ebbed away in the hospital. Twenty months had passed since the humiliation of the flag they loved at Fort Sumter; great battles had been fought; they had seen more defeats than victories. They had been so near to Richmond that in the silent hours of night, or on the calm still Sabbath morn, they could hear the church-bells of the city toll the hours. Then came Seven Pines, Gainesville, Fair Oaks, Glendale, and Malvern. Upon the plains of Manassas, through mismanagement, inefficiency, jealousy, want of co-operation on the part of those in command, there had been defeat and disaster. From their camp on that closing night of the year they could look across the Rappahannock to the field where twelve thousand of their comrades had fallen in battle. They could claim only one great victory—Antietam.

The sentinels of the Confederate army encamped upon the heights of Fredericksburg, triumphant on so many hard-fought fields, could audaciously fling their sarcastic taunts, their jests and gibes, across the gleaming river to the soldiers of the Union and inquire how soon the Army of the Potomac was going to march into Richmond.

When the war began, the people throughout the country, North and South alike, confidently expected that it would soon be over, not comprehending that it was to be a struggle for supremacy between ideas and institutions.

The people of the Southern States seceded from the Union and formed a confederacy to maintain what they sincerely regarded as the rights of the States. They looked upon the election of Abraham Lincoln as a menace to the institution of slavery, which they had come to believe was divinely established by Almighty God—that it was the best form of society for the Southern States. They were determined to be free and indepen-

STONE RIVER, MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 31, 1862.

dent. The Confederate soldiers did not see that their sacrifice, valor, and devotion were in reality given for the continuance of an institution which ever would widen the distance between the rich and the poor, which established class distinction and degraded labor—that they were in truth heroically fighting against their own best welfare. Many thousand soldiers in the Confederate army had enlisted voluntarily to sustain the Confederacy, but other thousands were there not from their own free choice.

At the beginning of the conflict, when the drum-beat was heard in every village and hamlet, there had been a quick mustering of men in the South as in the North, alike inspired by a lofty patriotism: one for independence, the other for the Union. In the Southern States they enlisted for one year, under the expectation that before the end of the twelvemonth their independence would be secured; but the outcome of events indicated a desperate and long-continued struggle. Patriotic ardor in the midwinter of 1862 no longer brought volunteers to fill up the ranks thinned by battle and disease. With the opening of the year the Confederate Government beheld with alarm the dying out of the early enthusiasm. The term for which the soldiers had enlisted would soon expire. No stirring appeals could induce them to re-enlist. They had fought valiantly to preserve their rights, but they saw State sovereignty and good faith disappear in a twinkling. The Confederate Congress in secret session, April 16th, under an iron-clad rule which limited discussion to ten minutes,(1) passed a law which took all able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five from the control of the States and placed them under the control of Jefferson Davis during the war, and which annulled all the contracts and terms of enlistment made with the volunteers, declaring that they must serve two years longer, or to the end of the war. It was an arbitrary assumption of power, a gross violation of public faith with the individual soldiers, under the plea of military necessity, and a complete abandonment of the principle of the sovereignty of the States, to maintain which they had seceded from the Union and inaugurated the war. All rights and liberties were swept away by the act, which fell like a thunder-bolt upon the people. Said the Governor of Arkansas:

"Arkansas severed her connection with the United States upon the doctrine of State Sovereignty. She has lavished her blood in support of the Confederacy. She did this because she believed that when the evil hour came upon her the Confederate flag would give success to the people. It was for liberty she struck, and not for subordination to any created secondary power North or South."

From that hour to the end of the war the people of the Confederate

States could no longer claim to be fighting to maintain what their Government had deliberately abandoned.

"This is the rich man's war and the poor man's fight,"(²) were the words of John M. Botts, of Warrenton, Virginia. He had been a member of Congress before the war, and had opposed secession. He saw that the great slave-holders were staying at home with their slaves, and that the poor men who had no slaves were to be forced into the army. A few days before the passage of the bill Mr. Botts expressed himself strongly against the proposed measure, and for giving voice to his opinion suddenly found himself in a filthy jail in Richmond, without chair, or table, or any furniture, where no one was permitted to see him. This his testimony:

"More than one hundred and fifty persons were in like manner confined. Many of them were sent to Salisbury, North Carolina, where some went crazy and many died. In the Richmond prison they had the naked floors for a pallet, a log of wood for a pillow, the ceiling for a blanket. At Salisbury it was still worse. They were exposed to all the weather—cold rains and burning suns alternately. But the object in view was effected by my arrest and imprisonment and that of others. It effectually sealed every man's lips. All were afraid to express opinions under the reign of terror and despotism that had been established in Richmond. Every man felt that his personal liberty and safety required silent submission to the tyranny of the Confederacy."

Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, member of the Confederate Congress, animated by humane sentiments, and indignant at the exercise of arbitrary power, endeavored to obtain the release of the prisoners thus confined. He says:

"I obtained from the superintendent of the prison-house in Richmond, under the official sanction of the Department of War itself, a grim and shocking catalogue of several hundred prisoners then in confinement therein, not one of whom was charged with anything but *suspected political infidelity*, and this, too, not *upon oath* in a single instance. Before I could take proper steps to procure the discharge of these unhappy men, the second suspension of the writ of liberty occurred, and I presume that such of them as did not die in jail remained there until the fall of Richmond into the hands of the *Federal forces*."(³)

Wielding despotic military power, and having silenced every opposing voice, the Confederate Government, by the Conscription act, gathered in as needed all able-bodied men—at first those between eighteen and thirty-five; later in the war extending the act to conscript all under sixty years of age—into the army.

At the close of 1862 the Confederates had much reason for believing that they would ultimately secure their independence, and for the confidence which they expressed of attaining that end. This the greeting of the *Charleston Courier* to its readers on New-Year's morning:

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"That we shall conquer a peace is now beyond a peradventure settled. If the doubt ever existed, it no longer exists."

These the words of the *Charleston Mercury:* "The new year comes in with cheerful face. Amid the desolation of ruined homesteads, the wreck of private fortunes, and the sacrifice of lives, the great cause prospers. East, the foe, beaten and disheartened, has fled from our matchless army. West, the fierce struggle for the Mississippi Valley has begun, and amid the din and tumult of the unequal combat are distinguished the shouts of victory."

"The future is bright with hope," were the words of the *Richmond Whig.*

President Davis, in his message to Congress, said: "We are justified in asserting with pride that the Confederate States have added another to the lessons taught by history for the instruction of man—that they have afforded another example of the impossibility of subjugating a people determined to be free. . . . The determination of this people has become unalterably fixed to endure any sufferings and continue any sacrifices, however prolonged, until their rights to self-government and the sovereignty and independence of those States shall have been triumphantly vindicated and firmly established."

Of the Proclamation of Emancipation issued by President Lincoln, Jefferson Davis said: "We may leave it to the instincts of that common humanity which a beneficent Creator has implanted in the breasts of our fellow-men of all countries to pass judgment on a measure by which several millions of human beings of an inferior race, peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere, are doomed to extermination, while at the same time they are encouraged to a generous assassination of their masters by the insidious recommendation to abstain from violence unless in necessary defence. Our own detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man is tempered by the profound contempt for the impotent rage which it discloses."

In the Confederate Congress Mr. Foote presented a resolution to the effect that the Southern States would never consent to any armistice or reconstruction(4) until the Emancipation Proclamation was revoked; that there should be no negotiation for a cessation of the war except upon the basis of a recognition of the Confederacy; that there should be no alliance, commercial or political, with the New England States, but that the North-western States should have assurance of the free navigation of the Mississippi whenever they should withdraw from the Union.

A great crisis confronted the people of the Northern States. The year closed, with the battle of Stone River undecided. General Grant, who had been moving in rear of Vicksburg, had been compelled to retreat ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 453). General Sherman had been repulsed at Chickasaw Bluffs, and General Burnside at Fredericksburg. Discouraging as were these military events, there were political events far more disquieting to loyal hearts. A new Congress had been elected. In the Congress then in session, and which would end on March

4th, there were seventy-eight members who supported President Lincoln to thirty-seven opposed to his administration; in the new Congress there would be only fifty-seven upon whom he could rely for support, while sixty-seven would be opposed to him. In the elections New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, which had voted for him in 1860, with so many true-hearted soldiers in the field fighting for the flag, now cast majorities against him. Many men who voted for him two years before, who had given all their energies for the prosecution of the war for maintaining the Union, now turned against him because he had issued the Proclamation of Emancipation. At the beginning of the war they called themselves War Democrats; but now they joined those who called themselves Peace Democrats, who did not wish to see the slaves set free, and who gave their sympathies to the South, claiming that the President had no Constitutional right to coerce a State to remain in the Union. Some of them had spoken bitter words in denunciation of President Lincoln; and when called to account by their neighbors who were loyal to the flag, had taken the oath of allegiance and had been allowed to go about their business. The soldiers called them "Copperheads," and this is the way they acquired the name: One day a squad of soldiers sitting by their camp-fire saw a copperhead snake crawling towards them, ready to strike with its poisonous fangs. "That snake is just like a Peace Democrat—kill him," shouted one of the soldiers. "Oh no; swear him and let him go," said another. From that moment a Peace Democrat, in the eyes of a soldier, was a "Copperhead."

The soldiers under the Stars and Stripes in battle felt that their deadliest foes—those from whom they had the most to fear, who could do them the most harm—were not the brave and manly Confederates confronting them, but the insidious and secretly hostile "Copperheads," in their rear—poisoning public opinion, paralyzing loyal effort, denouncing President Lincoln as a usurper and tyrant, demanding "peace at any price"—who said, "You never can conquer the South." This their description of a "Copperhead:"

"There was glorious news, for our arms were victorious—
 'Twas some time ago—and 'twas somewhere out West.
The big guns were booming, the boys getting glorious;
 But one man was gloomy, and glad all the rest!
Intending emotions delightful to damp,
 He hummed and he hawed, and he sneered and he sighed—
A snake in the grass, and a spy in the camp.
 While the honest were laughing, the 'Copperhead' cried.

"There was news of a battle, and sad souls were aching
  The fate of their brave and beloved ones to learn;
Pale wives stood all tearless, their tender hearts breaking
  For the gallant good-man who would never return!
We had lost all but honor—so ran the sad story—
  Oh, bitter the cup that the Patriot quaffed!
He had tears for our flag, he had sighs for our glory,
  He had groans for our dead—but the 'Copperhead' laughed."

A secret society was organized in the Western States, the "Mutual Protection Society," which was soon changed to "Knights of the Golden Circle."(5) There were orders and degrees. The first was the "O. A. K." (Order of American Knights); the second, the "O. S. L." (Order of Sons of Liberty). To become a Knight of the Golden Circle one must enter first the Vestibule, beyond which were the Temple, the Inner Temple, the Innermost Temple. There were divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies, General Commanders, Grand Seigniors, Excellent Knights, and a score of officers with high-sounding names. The members of the order met in secret in out-of-the-way places. When a new member was to be inducted, the Knight Lecturer inside the door asked, "Who cometh?" The Warden of the Outer Court responded, "A man! We found him in the dark ways of the sons of folly, bound in chains and wellnigh crushed to death beneath the iron heel of oppression."

Not till the new member—the "neophyte," as he was known in the order—had taken several oaths did he find out just what were the political principles of the Knights of the Golden Circle, or what they intended to accomplish. These their principles:

"The Government of the United States of America has no sovereignty, because that is an attribute belonging to the people in their respective State organizations, and with which they have not endowed that government as their common agent. . . .

"The Federal Government can exercise only delegated power; hence if those who shall have been chosen to administer that government shall assume to exercise power not delegated, *they should be regarded and dealt with as usurpers.*

"Whenever the officials to whom the people have intrusted the powers of government shall refuse to administer it in strict accordance with its Constitution; shall assume and exercise powers not delegated, *it is the inherent right and imperative duty of the people to resist such officials, and, if need be, expel them by force of arms.*"(6)

The Knights of the Golden Circle were strongest in Indiana. Before the war, the State for many years had been controlled by the Democratic party. The officials had wasted the people's money, had enriched themselves, had organized a system of robbery in relation to the public lands. One officer fraudulently issued, in 1860, more than two million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of State stock. When the Republicans came into power in 1861, electing Oliver P. Morton governor, the men who had been plundering the State became exceedingly hostile to the new State government and to the United States. They joined the Knights of the Golden Circle, and directed all the movements of the order. They were in constant communication with the Confederates. They induced soldiers to desert from the army. They were very angry when President Lincoln, after the battle of Antietam, gave notice of the issuing of the Proclamation of Emancipation. They said that it was an Abolition war. President Lincoln, knowing that a great many people in the Northern States were doing what they could to help the Confederates, issued a proclamation to the effect that persons resisting or seeking to overthrow the authority of the United States, or giving aid to the Confederates, should have trial before military courts; and that the writ of *habeas corpus*, the great safeguard of personal liberty in time of peace, should be suspended. The suspension of the writ is authorized by the Constitution "when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." The President had been very reluctant to proclaim martial law, but was compelled to do so by those who, while enjoying all the liberties of the Constitution, were treasonably at work to overthrow it. He regarded, as did all loyal men, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, an independent judiciary, trial by jury, and the writ of *habeas corpus* as priceless treasures. He loved them, and would lay down his life, if need be, for their preservation. Only when the life of the Nation was at stake could he bring himself to exercise the authority which the Constitution had given him for the

OLIVER P. MORTON.

suspension of the right of trial by jury and the suspension of the writ. Those who sympathized with the Confederates claimed the right to denounce the President's action. While doing what they could in opposition to his exercise of Constitutional authority they asserted all their rights as citizens under the Constitution.

On the last day of December the Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, who was opposed to the war, issued a writ to the high sheriff upon Captain Newman of the Eleventh United States Infantry, ordering him to produce before the court a soldier who had deserted, but who had been recovered by that officer.

General Henry B. Carrington, of the United States Army, who understood his duty to the Government of the United States, was commander of the troops in Indianapolis. "I shall maintain the authority of the United States,"(7) he said to Chief-justice Perkins.

"Perhaps General Carrington himself may not be exempt from arrest," replied the lawyer who had been employed by the Knights of the Golden Circle to defy the authority of the Government.

"If the President," said the Chief-justice, "issues the proposed proclamation to-morrow it will bring about a revolution, and end the United States Government. It will be an arbitrary act of power which should not be tolerated by the people. There is no way of redress but to disavow the authority of such a dictator. The writ must be served though the streets should flow with blood."

"Can I not serve the writ without trouble?" was the question of the sheriff to General Carrington.

"Possibly, provided you have a posse of two thousand men, well drilled, accustomed to act in concert, and can get them down to Captain Newman's quarters in fifteen minutes," was the reply. He made a signal to a staff-officer standing by the door, who repeated it to an officer in the street. A moment, and the drum-beat broke the silence, and the soldiers of the United States, with the Stars and Stripes above them, their arms gleaming in the setting sun, were marching through the streets, maintaining the authority of the President.

A few days later the legislature of Indiana, a majority of whom were Peace Democrats, endeavored to embarrass the United States Government by transferring the control of the militia and all the arms—the muskets, cannon, and ammunition—which had been obtained from the United States, to a commission consisting of three State officers—the Auditor, Secretary, and Treasurer—all Peace Democrats—who were also to issue all commissions, and have the control of the troops—an open violation of the Constitution, taking the government out of the hands of Governor Morton, and giving it to the Knights of the Golden Circle. The State had in its possession eighteen thousand muskets. One branch of the legislature voted for the bill, whereupon Governor Morton, at midnight, wrote this to General Carrington: "All arms and equipments belonging to the United States in the arsenal in this city are hereby turned over to your possession and control." When morning came, the men who were gleefully looking forward to the moment when they would see the arms in the hands of the Knights of the Golden Circle were confounded when they learned that the State had no arms in its possession, and that the arsenal was guarded by a strong force of United States troops. The revolutionary bill did not become a law, for whenever the Peace Democrats attempted to pass it, the members sustaining the Government went out of the hall, leaving the House without a quorum for the lawful transaction of business.

GENERAL H. B. CARRINGTON.

Very noble and patriotic were the closing words of President Lincoln's message to Congress when it assembled on the first Monday in December —words to be read through all time.

"The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise to the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disinthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we know how to save it. We—even *we here*—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In *giving* freedom to the *slave* we *assure* freedom to the *free*, honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

One week after the delivery of this message came the battle of Fredericksburg ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. xvi.), with its terrible slaughter and defeat of the Union army. The idea was abroad that there had been intermeddling with General Burnside's plans by members of the Cabinet. A caucus was held by some of the Senators, who adopted a resolution of want of confidence in Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and asked the President to remove him; which was finally amended, not mentioning Mr. Seward's name, but asking for "a reconstruction of the Cabinet," whereupon Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, placed their resignations in the hands of President Lincoln, who informed them that the public interest would not permit him to accept their resignations. It was an unwarranted attempt on the part of the Senators to dictate to the President their own line of policy; but as a brave-hearted sailor amid the darkness, the storm, and tempest, with a firm hand upon the helm, guides the ship, so this clear-sighted, great-hearted man of the people, with faith in them, in himself, and in God, guided the nation in this dark hour of its history.

With dissensions in the party which had elected President Lincoln, with the people of six States turning against him, his own State of Illinois among them, with Peace Democrats demanding "peace at any price," enlistments at an end, patriotic ardor gone, the ranks of the army thinned by battle and disease, more defeats than victories, a Congress opposed to the prosecution of the war elected, the loss of life at Fredericksburg appalling the country, the year went out in gloom to hearts that loved the old flag.

In the peals of the church-bells tolling out the old year and ringing in the new there was confident expectation of final triumph to Jefferson Davis in Richmond, gloom and foreboding in the Northern States to those sustaining Abraham Lincoln, requiems for the fallen at Shiloh, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and for the dying and the dead in the still undecided battle of Stone River; but to four million of slaves never such celestial music—Freedom and Citizenship—and to the poor and lowly of every land a brighter future, a nobler life.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, freer laws.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

(1) Foote, "War of the Rebellion," p. 369.
(2) Draper, "Civil War in America," vol. ii., p. 170
(3) Foote, "War of the Rebellion," p. 366.
(4) Idem, p. 381.
(5) "Treason Trials at Indianapolis."
(6) "Ritual of Knights of Golden Circle."
(7) H. B. Carrington to author.

CHAPTER II.

OTHER COUNTRIES.

"ENGLAND will aid us," were the words of Jefferson Davis at Montgomery, Alabama, the evening after his inauguration as Provisional President of the Confederacy, in February, 1862. Three days after the firing on Fort Sumter, William L. Yancy, P. S. Rost, and Dudley A. Mann, Commissioners of the Confederate Government to England and France, started upon their missions. They arrived in London April 29th, and

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

had an interview with Lord John Russell, Minister of Foreign Affairs, two days later. They informed him that they represented States which had thrown off their connection with the United States, and had put in operation a government of their own without shedding a drop of blood; that it was to rid themselves of the oppressive tariff which the North had imposed upon the country; that the object of the war on the part of Abraham Lincoln and those who supported him was not to abolish slavery, but to control slave labor by Congressional action.(1) They set forth, in a long and elaborate document, the position of the Southern States and what they had to offer England—cotton.

Lord John Russell said in reply that he was pleased to meet them as gentlemen, but "in the present state of affairs he must decline to enter into any official communication with them."(2)

President Lincoln had appointed Charles Francis Adams Minister to Great Britain. Lord John Russell knew that he was on his way across the ocean, but the day preceding his arrival announced to the world that

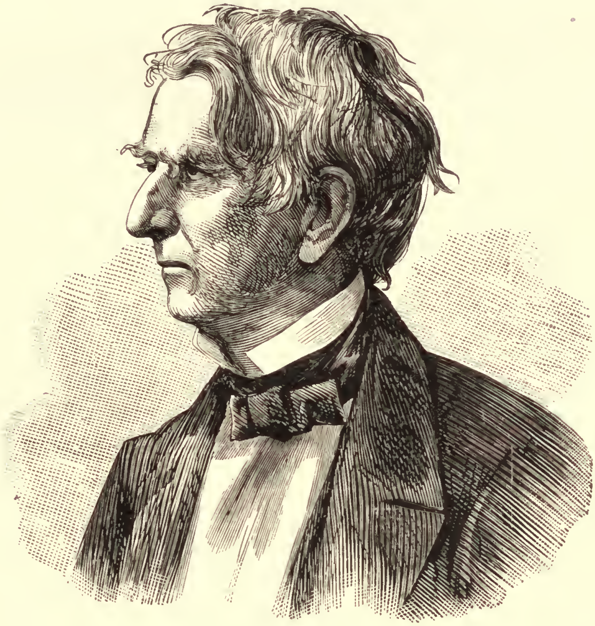
England recognized the Confederacy as a belligerent power—a government which, under the usages of nations, had the right to make war. This unseemly haste on the part of Great Britain was regarded by the people of the Northern States as an intentional expression of sympathy and good-will to the seceded States, and of unfriendliness to the United States Government—as if it would be a pleasure to England to see the Republic of the Western World broken up. This recognition of the Confederacy as a war-making power indicated that at some future time England might recognize the Confederacy as a Nation. It gave to the government of Jefferson Davis the same hospitality given to that of Abraham Lincoln. It was regarded by the people of the United States as an intentional affront. England and France both announced that during the war they would maintain a strict neutrality, taking no part with either side. The London newspapers said that President Lincoln, when he established the blockade, immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter, recognized the Confederacy as a belligerent power; but the President had proposed to close the ports instead of declaring a blockade, whereupon Lord Lyons informed him that England would not submit to such a measure, and there was, therefore, no other course for the President to pursue.

In 1856 commissioners from nearly all the European nations had come to an agreement in Paris, and signed a declaration as to the course they would pursue in future wars. Up to that time, whenever a war broke out, private individuals were allowed to fit out armed vessels to destroy the commerce of the nation with whom their own nation was at war; but they agreed that in future wars there should be no privateering. They also agreed that the flag of a nation which was not at war should protect all goods not contraband of war, and that such goods were not to be liable to capture even when under the enemy's flag; also that a blockade, to be respected, must be maintained by a force sufficient to prevent any passage of vessels to or from a blockaded port. This declaration was signed by the representatives of France, England, Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia, all of whom agreed that it should not be binding on any government unless accepted by such government. It was not signed by the United States, nor by Mexico.

Lord John Russell, acting in concert with France, instructed Lord Lyons to endeavor to obtain the agreement of the United States and of the Confederate Government to the declaration. He was to communicate with Jefferson Davis through the consul at Charleston or New Orleans, who had received their *exequaturs*, or official recognitions, from the United States. Such a procedure was regarded by the people of the United

States as unwarranted by international courtesy—an unprecedented action prejudicial to the United States.

The Confederate Government rejected the article which related to the fitting out of privateers, but accepted the others. The great fleet of ships owned by citizens of the United States might be captured or destroyed by privateers, and great damage done to the merchants and ship-owners of the Northern States; whereas the merchants of Charleston, Wilmington, and Mobile had no ships, and would therefore lose nothing.



HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Through the years preceding the war, in the ship-yards of Maine and Massachusetts there had been a clattering of axes and hammers—the constructing of vessels which had outsailed the swiftest ships of Great Britain in ocean races from China to Liverpool. Americans were doing a large amount of the carrying trade of the world, which aroused the jealousy and envy of the English ship-owners and merchants, who were pleased to learn that the Confederate Congress had accepted the articles relating to goods not contraband of war, and they did not complain because the declaration in regard to privateering was not accepted, for their goods would not be molested; whereas, on the other hand, goods manufactured in the United States would be liable to capture, while the merchant-vessels flying the Stars and Stripes would be swept from the ocean, which would put money into their purses.

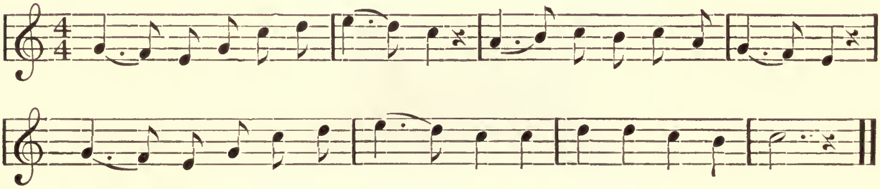
Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, offered to accept all the articles; but as the Confederate Government had not consented to abandon privateering, both England and France rejected the offer. Such was the attitude assumed by those countries at the beginning of the war. Mr. Seward expressed the sentiments of the people of the United States when he wrote these words:

"It is manifest in the tones of the speakers as well as in popular discussion that neither the responsible ministers, nor the House of Commons, nor the active portion of the people of Great Britain sympathize with this Government, or hope, or even wish for its success in suppressing the insurrection; and that, on the contrary, the whole British nation, speaking practically, desire and expect the dismemberment of the Republic."

The action of England and France was so expressive of sympathy that Jefferson Davis appointed John M. Mason, of Virginia, and John Slidell, of Louisiana, as ministers to those countries. They went to Wilmington, North Carolina,(3) but there were so many United States war-ships keeping watch at that port for vessels running the blockade they did not dare to sail. thought of making a long and tiresome journey to Matamoras in Mexico, but went to Charleston instead, where they found the steamship *Gordon*, and paid the captain ten thousand dollars in gold to take them from that port to Havana—a very large price for so short a voyage. At Havana they took passage on the steamer *Trent*, carrying the British mail, for St. Thomas, intending to take another vessel at that port for England. Commodore Charles H. Wilkes, of the United States war-ship *San Jacinto*, was waiting for the *Trent* in the Bahama Channel. He stopped that vessel, seized Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their secretaries. The question arose in his mind whether he had the right to do so. There was no doubt that he had a right to capture written despatches.

"I considered them," said Commodore Wilkes, "as the *embodiment* of despatches. . . .(4) The cargo was also liable, as all the shippers were knowing to the embarkation of these *live* despatches, and their traitorous motives and actions to the Union of the United States." He did not, however, seize the vessel, as under the law of nations he had a right to do, if his theory of action was right and proper, because he could not spare men from the *San Jacinto* to man her, and because there were many passengers on board who would have been greatly disturbed by such action.

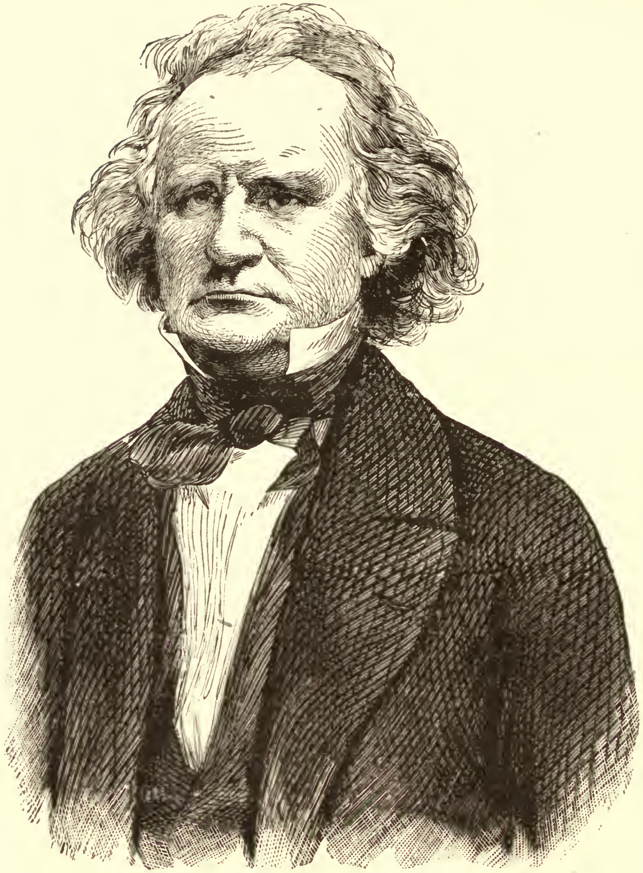
The *San Jacinto* sailed into Boston harbor, and the captured Confederates were placed for safe-keeping in Fort Warren, on an island, the place where the song of "John Brown" was first sung, and where, it is quite likely, Mason and Slidell heard it as they sat in the evening in the comfortable quarters provided for them. During the summer the Boston Light Infantry had been quartered there. Some of the soldiers were accustomed to hold prayer-meetings in the evening when off duty. This is one of their songs:



"Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?"

The melody had been sung in many camp-meetings long before the war began.(⁵) One of the soldiers bore the name of John Brown. He was from Scotland, always good-natured. His messmates made fun of him for being a little behindhand at times. They asked, "Where's John Brown?" Then came the answer: "Oh, he's dead. They hung him down in Old Virginia." There was a laugh, and then one said, "His body is mouldering in the grave." All of which John Brown from Scotland took in good part. The jolly members of the company improvised other words. One member—James E. Greenleaf—played the organ in church on Sunday when at home in Charlestown. His friend, C. S. Hall, came to see him, and together they arranged some verses which were printed by Mr. Hall, the music arranged by Mr. Marsh. In a few days all the boys on the street, working-men, teamsters, clerks were singing it. Regiments departing for Washington took it up, and a few weeks later the entire army was singing the apotheosis of the man who had been hung in Virginia, and whom the world had regarded as either a lunatic or a fanatic, but who precipitated the mighty conflict.

There was great rejoicing in Boston when the *San Jacinto* sailed into the harbor. A meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and resolutions of thanks to Commodore Wilkes adopted. Congress approved his action. The Secretary of the Navy thanked him. Far different the state of affairs in England when it was learned, on November 27th, that a United States war-



JOHN M. MASON.

ship had stopped a British merchant steamer and seized the Confederate ministers. It was looked upon as an affront to Great Britain so flagrant that if Mason and Slidell were not given up on demand and a fitting apology tendered, it was the duty of England to instantly declare war against the United States. There was bustle and preparation at Portsmouth, where the great fleet of war-vessels were lying, shipments of powder, shot, and shell, mustering of crews, the returning, in hot haste, of all absent officers; eight thousand soldiers were ordered to Canada to be ready to strike a quick blow to avenge the insult. The heaviest-armed ships of the navy sailed, or prepared to sail, for Halifax to be ready to send the whole of the insignificant vessels of the United States Navy, which had been fitted up to blockade the Southern ports, to the bottom of the sea; to bombard Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; capture Fortress Monroe, and open all the ports of the Confederacy once more to commerce; sail up the Potomac and send shot and shell through the White House; batter down the unfinished marble walls of the Capitol. We are to remember that in 1861 the navy of England was exceedingly powerful, while that of the United States was very weak, with scarcely half a dozen first-class frigates.

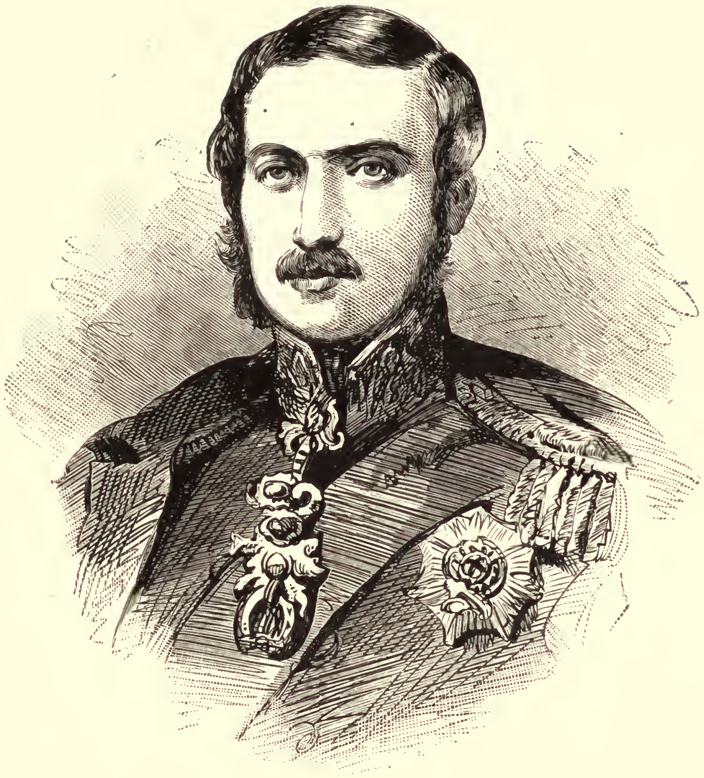
Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, the members of Parliament, the newspapers, merchants, and manufacturers forgot that in years gone by hundreds of American vessels had been stopped on the ocean by the frigates of England, and more than six thousand American citizens and nearly as many more British citizens had been seized and impressed into

JOHN SLIDELL.

the navy of England; that some of them had been unmercifully flogged and maltreated for not obeying every order or satisfying every whim of the officers on the quarter-deck. They forgot that Lord Castlereagh had admitted there had been thirty-five hundred violent and unjust seizures of American citizens; that the United States declared war against England in 1812 to vindicate the rights of American sailors; that though England had discontinued the practice, she had persistently refused to make a renunciation of the right to stop American vessels or take sailors from them. Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell were not citizens of Great Britain, but, up to the secession of the Southern States, they had been citizens of the United States. Lord John Russell could put in no claim that England was bound, on the score of the nationality of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, to demand their release. The stopping of the *Trent* and their seizure constituted the insult.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were at Windsor Castle, on the banks of the Thames, out from London, where from the round tower one may look down upon the green meadows of Runnymede, where King John was compelled to sign the Magna Charta. A great herd of deer roam the pastures and moorlands, and pheasants build their nests in the giant oaks of the forest where William Rufus once hunted. To this spot, with its historic memories, came a messenger on Saturday evening, the last day of November, with the document which Lord John Russell had written to be sent across the Atlantic to Lord Lyons, in Washington.

The Queen and Prince Albert did not relish the tone of it. They had a liking for the people of the Northern States, and were grateful for the cordial and hearty reception which had been given everywhere in the North to the Prince of Wales a few months before; and they also remembered that he was treated with discourtesy at Richmond so marked that he would go no farther south. Prince Albert, who was ever a good friend to the United States,(6) saw that Lord John Russell had so worded it that a proud-spirited people would be likely to resent the imperious demand. He was not well, and passed a restless night. He was thinking of the momentous results that might come from the letter which was to be sent across the Atlantic — possibly a terrible war between the United States and Great Britain. He could eat no breakfast. His hand was weak and trembling when he took up his pen. He did not know that he was about to do his last writing, that the weakness which had come over him was the beginning of the end of life. He wrote what he thought ought to be sent to the United States—a despatch conciliatory rather than imperious —that the Queen hoped Commodore Wilkes had acted on his own author-



PRINCE ALBERT.

ity and not under orders; that her Majesty trusted the United States would spontaneously offer such redress as would satisfy the country. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell accepted what the Prince had written.

Far different in all probability would have been the outcome of affairs had the despatch as first written by Lord John Russell been approved by Prince Albert and the Queen. Prince Albert did not know, nor did Lord Palmerston or any member of the English ministry, what the Russian ambassador in London was writing to Count Gortschakoff, the Prime-minister of Russia: that England was preparing for war with the United States. When the despatch was received at St. Petersburg there was activity in the Russian navy, and two fleets sailed across the Atlantic with sealed orders, not to be broken except in certain events. Month after month a Russian fleet lay in the harbor of New York, and another in the harbor of San Francisco. It probably never will be known just what the orders contained, or what were the intentions of the Emperor of Russia; but there is much reason to believe that Russia would have been the ally(⁷) of the United States and against England and France in case of war with those countries.

Very fortunate for the whole human race that the man who, when young, split rails and built a fence to obtain a pair of jean trousers, who was so upright in all things that everybody called him "honest," was now, under a kind Providence, guiding the affairs of the United States in its struggle for national existence, and who saw that the *right* thing to do was to comply with the demand of England, for by so doing that country would be forever debarred from again stopping a vessel upon the sea and seizing a sailor; by complying with the demand, war, with all its terrible consequences, would not only be averted, but the *right*, for which the United States had fought in 1812, would become a great principle of international law.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell and their secretaries were given up, and were taken to England on the British war-ship *Rinaldo*. It was very mortifying to the United States to give them up after Congress had thanked Commodore Wilkes; but Mr. Seward surrendered them gracefully and acceptably to England, on the ground that Commodore Wilkes did not do as he ought to have done—seize the *Trent*, and have his action adjusted in a prize court, in accordance with international law, which was not the highest ground for him to take; but as the demand of England had been complied with, and the act of Commodore Wilkes disavowed, that country could have no further reason for complaint. But the affair made nearly all the members of Parliament, all but one or two of the Cabinet ministers, a great majority of the merchants, manufacturers, ship-owners, and nearly all the newspapers active partisans of the Confederate States.

The last week in January, 1862, the Confederate ministers arrived in London. Lord John Russell received Mr. Mason very courteously as a private gentleman,(⁸) but he was not quite ready to recognize him as an official representative of the Confederate Government. At that date there was not much distress in Lancashire for want of cotton, for there had been a supply sufficient to keep a large portion of the spindles whirling. Mr. Mason was much gratified to find that the sympathies of nearly all with whom he came in contact were for the success of the Confederacy.

This from a letter to Mr. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State:

"I am in full and frequent communication with many able and influential members of the House of Commons, who confer with me with

EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

great freedom and candor, and who are prepared to move the question (of recognition) whenever it may be found expedient.... The educated and enlightened classes are in full sympathy with us, and are becoming impatient at the supineness of the Government."(⁹)

Mr. Mason did not visit the humble homes of the men and women of Lancashire to find out what they thought of a government which was endeavoring to establish itself on unrequited labor.

Mr. Slidell reached Paris in February, and wrote to Mr. Benjamin that he was satisfied France was prepared to declare the blockade inefficient and not binding on the neutral powers. He had an interview with the Emperor Louis Napoleon at Vichy. "His sympathies," wrote Mr. Slidell, "had always been with the South, whose people were struggling for the principle of self-government. He considered the re-establishment of the Union impossible, and final separation a mere question of time. The difficulty was to find a way to give effect to his sympathies. He desired to preserve the most friendly relations with England, and in so grave a matter he was not willing to act without her co-operation. He had several times intimated his wish for action, but England wished him to draw the chestnuts from the fire for her own comfort.... He had committed a great error, which he now regretted. France should never have respected the blockade. The European powers should never have respected it last summer, when our ports were in our possession and our armies menacing Washington."(10)

The Emperor of France was watching every movement of the great struggle. The dream of empire had come to him, and he was at that moment turning over in his mind a scheme and course of action which he thought would send his name down the ages; it was to overthrow the Government of Mexico, establish an empire, and break up the republican form of government in America, which by its influence was threatening the stability of the monarchies of Europe.

How the scheme came about, how it began, the elevation of Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, his tragic end, the relations of Louis Napoleon to the Confederacy, the overturning of all his plans by the men beneath the Stars and Stripes, will ever be a dramatic episode in the history of our country.

The establishment of the United States as a free and independent nation, the adoption of the Constitution in 1787, set the whole world thinking upon the problem of government. As the years went by, Mexico and all the South American countries except Brazil became republics. During the administration of President Monroe the United States announced to the world that the countries in the Western Hemisphere must be allowed to choose their own form of government without interference from European nations. Mexico became a republic. Just before the secession of the Southern States there was no end of trouble in that country, revolution succeeding revolution, and civil war. There were two political parties, the "Church," or "Clerical," party, with the bishops, padres, priests, and many of the wealthy Mexicans at its head, and the "Liberal," or "People's," party. The Clerical party had vast wealth, while the Liberals were poor. From the time of Cortez those who owned large possessions at death had bequeathed their property to the Church, which held under *mortmain*—the dead hand—lands which were said to be worth three hundred million dollars, and which yielded twenty million dollars per an-num, or double the revenues of the nation. The Church owned two thousand houses which were the homes of the ecclesiastics, who paid no taxes; the whole property of the Church being exempt from taxation, made the burdens upon the people very heavy.

In 1857 the Clericals annulled the Constitution, electing General Zuloaga President, while the Liberals elected Benito Juarez — a man of great force of character, and who had the good of his country ever in view. Zuloaga was soon succeeded by Miramon, of the Clerical party, who was wholly destitute of moral principle, who shot in cold blood men politically opposed to him, and appropriated their property. He had no regard for law, but was a law to himself. In 1860 he seized six hundred and sixty thousand dollars, which had been set aside to pay interest on bonds held in England. He issued bonds to the amount of many million dollars to some French bankers, receiving for them about seven hundred thousand dollars.(11) Paper was cheap, and the printing cost but a trifle. But he was defeated in battle, and obliged to flee the country. The Liberals, having obtained control of the Government, passed a law recovering to the State a very large portion of the lands held by the Church. Some of the bishops who had been very obnoxious were ordered to leave the country, also the Papal nuncio, together with General Almonte, who had commanded the Clerical troops. Up to this time, all marriages must be authorized by the priests, but a law was passed making marriage by civil law legal. The reform brought about in 1859–60 was the beginning of a new national life in Mexico. The people were poor; the Clerical party had plundered them, and there was no money in the treasury to carry on the Government nor to pay the interest on bonds. On July 17, 1861, the day on which the army of the United States began its march to fight the first battle at Bull Run, the Mexican Congress passed a law suspending the payment of interest on the bonds for two years, whereupon the ministers of England, France, and Spain informed President Juarez that unless the law was annulled in twenty-four hours they should haul down their flags and suspend all intercourse.

Men who have once exercised and enjoyed great power do not like to surrender it. The defeated Clericals had rioted in wealth drawn from the estates of the Church; they had wielded political power for a long period; to lose their riches, become poor, and be driven from office all at the same time made them very bitter. They determined to recover what they had lost. Archbishop Bastida, ex-President Miramon, and the Papal nuncio Clementi all sailed for Europe, to counsel with Cardinal Antonelli, the Prime-minister of the Pope, who wielded great influence among the Caththe principle of self-government. He considered the re-establishment of the Union impossible, and final separation a mere question of time. The difficulty was to find a way to give effect to his sympathies. He desired to preserve the most friendly relations with England, and in so grave a matter he was not willing to act without her co-operation. He had several times intimated his wish for action, but England wished him to draw the chestnuts from the fire for her own comfort.... He had committed a great error, which he now regretted. France should never have respected the blockade. The European powers should never have respected it last summer, when our ports were in our possession and our armies menacing Washington."(10)

The Emperor of France was watching every movement of the great struggle. The dream of empire had come to him, and he was at that moment turning over in his mind a scheme and course of action which he thought would send his name down the ages; it was to overthrow the Government of Mexico, establish an empire, and break up the republican form of government in America, which by its influence was threatening the stability of the monarchies of Europe.

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and the agents of France at once entered upon: the construction of vessels in that country for the Confederate navy.

A great fleet of steamships and war-vessels sailed from the ports of France in January, 1863, transporting forty-five thousand troops to Vera Cruz, from whence they marched to the City of Mexico without serious opposition, for President Juarez could not hope to defeat so large a force.

A form of an election was held by the French commander, Marshal Bazaine. The Clericals voted that Maximilian be invited to become Emperor of Mexico, and a deputation departed for Trieste, in Austria, where Maximilian and Carlotta were living in the beautiful palace of Mirama, informing them of the decision of the Mexicans.

In June, 1861, an agent of the Confederacy was in England to obtain ships which would destroy the ships owned by the merchants of the United States. He found some builders at Liverpool who were ready to construct a vessel, and who had the draft of a British war-ship. While the vessel was building, it bore the name of *Oreto.* Mr. Charles Francis Adams informed the British Government that it was being built for the Confederates. Under the loose neutrality which England and France saw fit to pursue, the *Oreto* was built and equipped, but not armed, and in March, 1862, was ready to sail from Liverpool to begin her work of burning ships owned by the merchants of New York, Boston, and other Northern cities.(13)

In August, at Green Cay, a small, barren island in the Bahama group of islands, the *Prince Alfred*, a British merchant-vessel, transferred cannon and ammunition to the *Oreto*, and the Confederate captain, Maffit, who took the place of the English captain, hoisted the Confederate flag, and changed the name of the vessel to *Florida.* Captain Maffit needed more men, and succeeded in getting in past the United States vessels blockading the bay of Mobile, and out again, and lighting up the ocean by setting on fire the vessels which he captured.

On May 15, 1862, a ship was launched at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, by the ship-builders Messrs. Laird, which was called "290," it being the two hundred and ninetieth vessel constructed by them. One of the members of the firm was a member of Parliament. When the vessel glided into the water, a lady gave the Spanish name *Enrica* to the vessel. The United States consul at Liverpool, and Mr. Adams, at London, laid before Lord John Russell a great amount of evidence that the vessel was to be a Confederate war-ship, but the Government took no measures to prevent its completion. Under the neutrality laws, a vessel might be built for the Confederates, but there was a law against enlisting men to serve against the United States, with whom England was at peace. Mr. Adams informed Lord John Russell that English sailors were being secured to man the *Enrica*, and called upon the British Government to prevent her departure. The evidence was so strong that Lord John Russell saw he must do something, or the United States would have good ground for complaint. He did not, however, hurry in the matter, but delayed several days. Captain Bulloch, who had charge of the *Enrica*, made all haste to get to sea. "I received," he says, "information from a private but most reliable source that it would not be safe to leave the ship in Liverpool another forty-eight hours."

It was a select party of ladies and gentlemen which gathered by invitation on the deck of the *Enrica* for a trial trip of the vessel down Liverpool harbor. It is quite probable that not many on board knew that she never would again drop anchor in the Mersey. The vessel was followed by the tug-boat *Hercules* with a strange company on board: from eighty to one hundred men and women; the men mostly English sailors, with Frenchmen, Italians, and dark-featured Malayans—some of them boys—all gathered from the slums of Liverpool; the women hard-featured, from whose cheeks beauty had long since faded, from whose brows the light of heaven had forever departed. Of the crew Captain Semmes, who commanded the *Alabama*, has this to say: "These boys had been taken from the slums and haunts of vice about Liverpool, and were as great a set of scamps as any disciplinarian could desire to lick into shape."(14) While sherry and champagne were quaffed on board the *Enrica*, there was much drinking of rum on board the *Hercules*. The *Enrica* ran into the calm waters of Moelfa Bay. The steward of the *Enrica* had his stewpans steaming and smoking with soup to feed the hungry crowd. Captain Bulloch, agent of the Confederate Navy, called the boozy sailors around him, asked them if they would like to ship for a cruise to the West Indies, provided they could have a month's pay in advance; and all but two or three agreed to go. He gave them and the women each a parting glass of grog, and the *Hercules*, with the ladies and gentlemen, and the women from the dens and alleys, steamed back to Liverpool, while the *Enrica* sailed away, shaping her course to the Azores, where, a few days later, she dropped anchor alongside the bark *Agrippiana*, from which cannon, shot, shell, powder, muskets, pistols, and swords were transferred to the *Enrica*. The Confederate steamer *Bahama* came with a lot more scapegraces who had been gathered from the lowest sailors' dens of a great commercial city.

On a Sunday morning the two vessels steamed out from the harbor of the little town of Angra, on the Island of Terceira, till more than three miles from land. Standing upon the quarter-deck of the *Enrica*, Captain Raphael Semmes, in a Confederate uniform, with his officers around him, read the commission which Jefferson Davis had given him, appointing him captain in the Confederate Navy, and his order from Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy. The crew uncovered their heads. The English flag was flying above them, but at a signal it came down and a ball of bunting at the mast-head fluttered out into the Confederate flag. The ship was no longer the *Enrica*, but the *Alabama*—built in England by English ship-builders, English workmen, mounted with English cannon, supplied with shot and shell and powder from English manufacturers, every anchor, cable, mast, halyard, and belaying-pin supplied by England, manned by an English crew in part, all cunningly transferred to the Confederacy, to begin a work of destruction which would be beneficial to English ship-builders, masters, merchants, but disastrous to the people of the United States; which would bring poverty to homes where there had been plenty; which would drive the commerce of the United States for a third or half a century from the sea and build up that of Great Britain, and arouse an angry feeling towards that country which would not be allayed even by the acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain of the accountability of that Government, and the payment of fifteen million dollars as damages —a destruction which would in no way be of benefit to the Confederacy.

During the summer months schools of whales may be seen around the Azores. Captain Semmes was sure that he would soon find a large fleet of whaling-vessels there; nor was he disappointed. On the afternoon of September 4th, a sailor in the main-top of the *Alabama* gave the cry of "Sail, ho!" and, in a short time, this swift-sailing vessel, new, neat, trim, and bright from an English ship-yard, was alongside the American ship *Ocmulgee*, the crew of which had captured a whale, and were cutting out the blubber. The *Alabama* came up with the English flag flying, but Captain Semmes, when alongside, hauled it down, and ran up the Confederate flag. In the morning the torch was applied, and a pillar of smoke rose heavenward from the burning oil. He ran in towards the Island of Flores, and landed the captured crew without money or means to sustain them.

While the prisoners were being sent ashore, "Sail, ho!" came from the mast-head. Up went the English colors over the *Alabama*, and the ship *Starlight* of Boston fell into the hands of Captain Semmes, with its crew of seven men.

Captain Semmes had previously commanded the *Sumter*, a Confederate cruiser, and had already burned many ships. The *Sumter* had reached Cadiz, and the paymaster of the vessel went to Tangier, in Africa, to obtain some supplies that were needed, when he was arrested by the authorities, at the request of the United States consul, under a treaty between the United States and Morocco, and was harshly treated, having been put in irons. Captain Semmes determined to have his revenge, and the captain and crew of the *Starlight* soon found themselves in irons on board the *Alabama.* Although there were several women on board the vessel who had taken passage to Boston, their discomfort, disappointment, and trouble did not deter him from carrying out his work of destruction. Nor did the putting of the seven men in irons satisfy his desire for revenge for the indignity to the paymaster of the *Sumter.* These his words:

"I pursued this practice, painful as it was, for the next seven or eight captures, putting the masters, mates of ships, as well as the crews, in irons."(15)

For the next few days the ocean around the Azores was lighted with burning vessels, set on fire by Captain Semmes—officers and crew enriching themselves with whatever they could find upon the unresisting and helpless whaling-vessels, manned by the peaceful toilers of the seas.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

(1) Mason to Benjamin, Confederate State Papers.
(2) Russell to Lyons, diplomatic correspondence.
(3) Mason to Benjamin, unpublished Confederate State Papers.
(4) Wilkes's report to the Secretary of the Navy.
(5) George Kimball, member of regiment, to author.
(6) Martin, "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. v., p. 423.
(7) "Life of Thurlow Weed," vol. ii., p. 347.
(8) Mason to Benjamin, unpublished Confederate State Papers.
(9) Idem.
(10) Slidell to Benjamin, July 25, 1862.
(11) Corwin to Seward, diplomatic correspondence, June 29, 1861.
(12) Slidell to Benjamin, October 28, 1862.
(13) Bulloch, "Confederate Secret Service," p. 238.
(14) Semmes, "Memoirs of Service Afloat," p. 454.
(15) Idem, p. 429.

CHAPTER III.

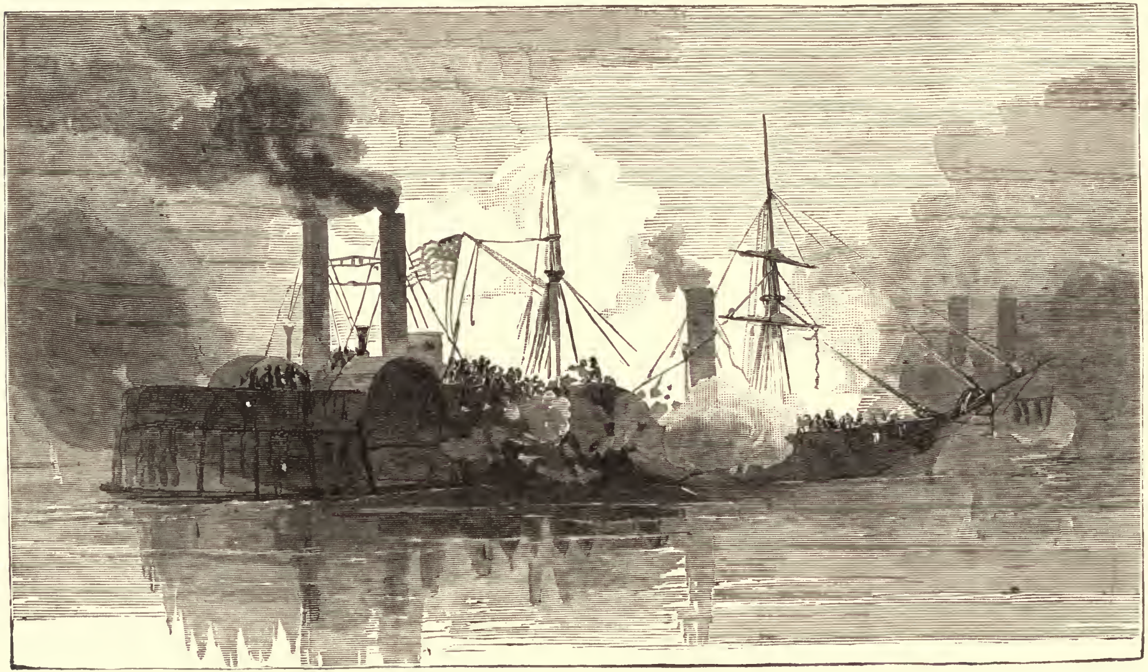
IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

THE year 1863 opened with victory for the Army of the Cumberland at Stone River, but with disaster to the Union cause at Galveston, in Texas, held by three companies of the Forty-second Massachusetts regiment, commanded by Colonel Burrell. In the harbor was a naval force—the *Harriet Lane*, *Owasco*, *Westfield*, and *Clifton*. The two last were old ferry-boats, fitted up for blockaders, carrying heavy guns. Captain Renshaw commanded the fleet. He took possession of the city before the arrival of the troops, and assured Colonel Burrell that the Confederates would not dare to make an attack.

General Magruder was in command of the Confederates in Texas. He fitted up two steamers—the *Bayou City* and the *Neptune*—filling them with bales of cotton, with embrasures for his cannon. He had one heavy gun—a 68-pounder—but his other cannon were field-pieces. One hundred and fifty sharp-shooters were placed on each vessel, to pick off the gunners of the Union fleet.

It was three o'clock in the morning New-year's-day when the Union pickets discovered between four and five thousand Confederate troops advancing to attack the town held by the handful of men who had built a barricade of cotton-bales on a wharf. The Union vessels—*Sachem*, a small steamer, *Corypheus*, a yacht, and the *Owasco*—opened fire, which with the musketry kept the Confederates at bay. Twice they attempted to charge, but were repulsed, with many killed and wounded.

At daylight the two Confederate steamers came down the river, and the *Harriet Lane* steamed up the channel to meet them, firing with her bow gun, which burst at the third discharge, steering straight for the *Bayou City*, striking her wheel-house, pouring in a broadside, being struck in turn by the *Neptune*, which did little injury to the *Harriet Lane*, but which opened her own seams so wide that the water rushed in, and a few moments later she went to the bottom. The *Bayou City* ran alongside the Union vessel, and the sharp-shooters began to pick off the men at the



CAPTURE OF THE "HARRIET LANE."

guns, mortally wounding Lieutenant Lea. They leaped on board, but were met by Captain Wainwright, who fought till pierced with seven wounds. The acting-master who succeeded to the command needlessly surrendered the ship. The *Westfield*, with Commodore Renshaw on board, was three miles away, and in attempting to reach the *Lane* ran aground. The *Clifton* went to her assistance. The *Owasco* started to assist the *Harriet Lane*, but after her surrender could not open fire without killing or wounding those who had surrendered. The Confederates ran up a flag of truce, sent word to Renshaw announcing their capture of the *Harriet Lane*, and saying that two-thirds of her crew had been killed or wounded, whereas the number was less than a dozen. They offered Renshaw the privilege of taking one of the vessels out of the harbor with the crews of all.

While this was going on, a flag of truce was hoisted on shore under which the Confederates came down with the *Harriet Lane* and *Neptune*, and took position to pour a fire upon the Union troops, which compelled their surrender. The terms proposed to Commodore Renshaw were refused by him, but the *Westfield* could not be removed, and had to be destroyed. A train was laid, but some one lighted it too soon, and the explosion of the magazine came before the commodore could leave the ship. He was killed, together with several sailors. The other vessels made their way out of the harbor and sailed for South-west Pass, leaving Galveston without any vessel to continue the blockade. The affair was a series of mishaps. General Magruder issued a proclamation announcing that the blockade was raised; but before the week ended Commodore Bell was off the harbor with the *Brooklyn* and *Hatteras* and several other vessels, again closing the port.

Commodore Bell saw a vessel in the distance, and sent the *Hatteras*, commanded by Captain Blake, to find out what ship was sailing away towards the south, as if trying to escape. It was seven o'clock in the evening when the *Hatteras* came up with the stranger. The last ray of twilight had faded from the western sky, and it was quite dark.

"What steamer is that?" was the hail from the *Hatteras*.

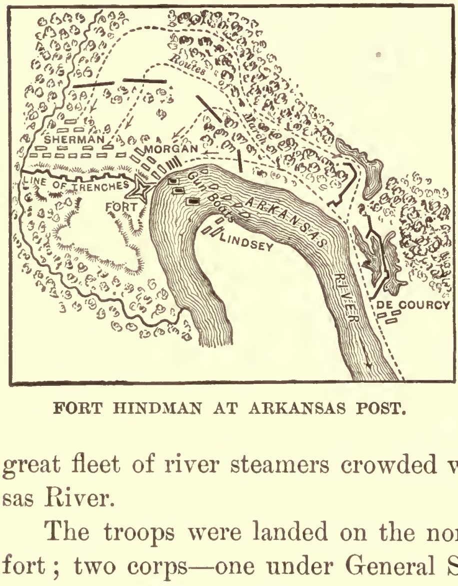
"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Vixen*," the reply.

"I will send a boat on board," the response from the *Hatteras*.

The boat was lowered. "This is the Confederate steamer *Alabama*," came through the darkness; and at the same moment the thunder of a broadside, the crash and explosion of shells in the *Hatteras*, which sent back a feeble reply, and which in thirteen minutes was at the bottom of the sea. When Blake saw that his vessel was going down, he fired a lee gun as a signal that he had surrendered, and the *Alabama's* boats were lowered, and the crew transferred to that vessel. The *Hatteras* was no match for the *Alabama*, which steamed rapidly away, Captain Semmes, well knowing that the *Brooklyn* would ere long be down upon him. He landed his prisoners at Port Royal, Jamaica, and received the congratulations of the officers of several English war-ships over his exploit.(1)

During the last days of December, 1862, the army under General Grant, which had been moving southward along the railroad to gain the rear of Vicksburg, had been compelled to turn back, not from defeat in battle, but because the Confederates had succeeded in capturing and destroying his supplies at Holly Springs, in Mississippi. General Sherman had been repulsed at Chickasaw Bluffs, on the Yazoo, a short distance above Vicksburg, and on January 2, 1863, was at Milliken's Bend, on the Mississippi. General McClernand, having been appointed by President Lincoln to fit out an expedition against Vicksburg, arrived and assumed command. General Sherman, although repulsed in his movement, had already planned another.

Fifty miles up the Arkansas River the Confederates had constructed Fort Hindman, located at a bend of the stream, to prevent the passage of the Union gunboats. Three heavy cannon had been placed in position, together with fourteen pieces of field artillery. General Churchill, with five thousand troops, held the position. General Sherman thought that it would not be a difficult matter to capture the fort, and so on January 5th seven gunboats and the ram *Monarch* steamed up the Mississippi, accompanied by a great fleet of river steamers crowded with troops, and entered the Arkansas River.



FORT HINDMAN AT ARKANSAS POST.

The troops were landed on the northern bank, three miles below the fort; two corps—one under General Sherman, and the other commanded by General Morgan. A brigade commanded by General Lindsey landed on the south bank, and marched through the woods up to the bend of the river opposite the fort, to prevent the Confederates from crossing at that point and escaping.

A line of breastworks extended from the fort westward to a bayou,

DESTRUCTION OF THE "WESTFIELD."

where most of the Confederates were in position, to prevent the Union troops from attacking from the rear. Just at sunset the gunboats steamed up towards the fort, and sent their shells into it for a few minutes; but the troops had not reached the position assigned to them, and were not ready for a battle, whereupon the gunboats ceased firing, floated back with the current, and waited till morning. Not till past noon the next day (January 10th) were the troops in position, and then, at a signal from the shore, the solid shot ploughed up the embankments, and shells exploded among the Confederate gunners, quickly silencing the fire of the fort, dismounting the guns, and splintering the carriages.

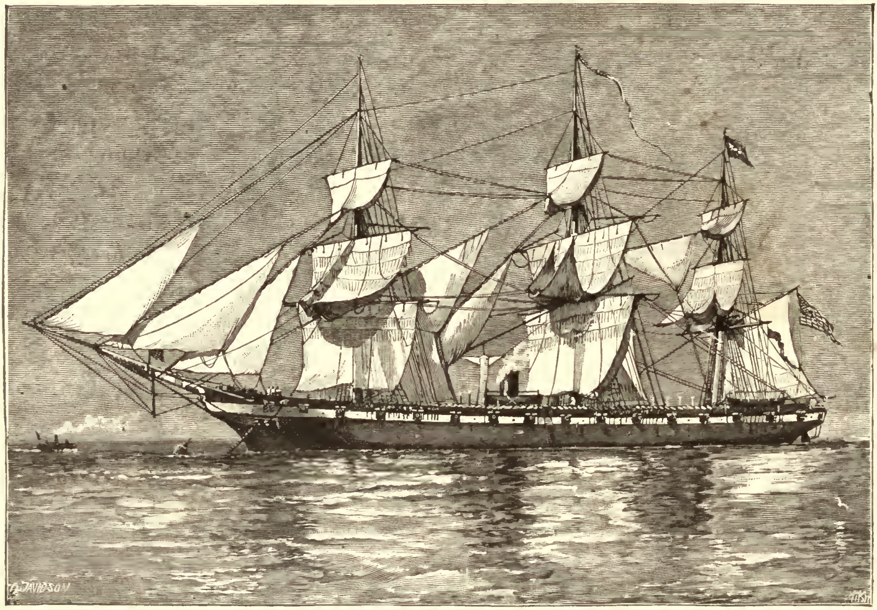
While this tempest was raining upon the Confederates from the fleet, Sherman and Morgan opened their field batteries. Then the troops advanced, and the musketry began. The Union troops were preparing to charge across the plateau and sweep over the breastworks, when they saw a white flag go up. General Churchill had not ordered it, nor did he know who had raised it. "Take it down!" shouted a Confederate officer; but no one obeyed the order, for the soldiers had lost heart and thrown down their guns. The whole Confederate force was surrendered, with seventeen cannon. The success revived the spirits of the Union troops, which had begun to droop after the repulse at Chickasaw Bluffs.

The army returned to the mouth of the Arkansas, where General Grant soon arrived and took command of all the troops, and laid his plans for capturing Vicksburg. General Banks, with several thousand men, and the fleet under Admiral Farragut, were to co-operate with him by advancing from New Orleans to capture Port Hudson.

During the winter gangs of slaves had been at work on the bluffs at that point, piling up great banks of earth and lifting heavy guns into position. The batteries commanded the river for a distance of four miles. Opposite the town the river makes a bend — running north-east, then turning sharply to the south. Many of the vessels of Farragut's fleet had been sent from the Mississippi to service elsewhere, and he had only seven, besides the mortar-boats. The *Hartford*, destined to become, like the *Constitution*, one of the historic ships of our country and of the world, was the flag-ship. The fleet was to ascend the river, not for the purpose of engaging the batteries, but to aid General Grant and to patrol the river between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, to prevent the Confederates east of the Mississippi from receiving supplies from the States west of it. To insure success a gunboat was to be lashed to the port or left side of the three largest ships. The *Albatross* was fastened to the *Hartford*, the *Genesee* to the *Richmond*, the *Kineo* to the *Monongahela*. The

Mississippi was an old steamer with side wheels, and could not be lashed to another vessel. General Banks was to advance from Baton Rouge, to make a demonstration by land. He had only twelve thousand men, while General Gardiner, commanding at Port Hudson, had sixteen thousand Confederates.

On the afternoon of March 14th the fleet steamed up the river, the iron-clad *Essex* and the mortar-boats tying up to the eastern bank by Prophet's Island. The sailors up at the mast-head could see the yellow earth-works where the Confederate cannon were planted. A courier came in from General Banks, who was ready to advance in rear of the town. The sun went down and the twilight faded away. During the night the sailors saw a red light flickering at the stern of the *Hartford;* there were answering lights from each ship, and then the anchors began to rise from the water, and each crew stood beside their guns, their sleeves rolled up, rammers and sponges in hand, shells placed beside the cannon. Upon the quarter-deck stood the admiral, with his little boy—his only son—by his side, who had come to visit his father.



UNITED STATES SLOOP-OF-WAR "HARTFORD."

"Your son will be safer down below with me, and he may be able to assist me," said Surgeon Foltz to Farragut.

FARRAGUT PASSING THE BATTERIES AT PORT HUDSON.

"No, that will not do. It is true our only child is on board by chance, and he is not in the service; but being here, he will act as one of my aides to assist in conveying my orders, and we will trust in Providence and in the fortunes of war," was the reply.

"I want to be on deck where I can see the fight," said the boy.

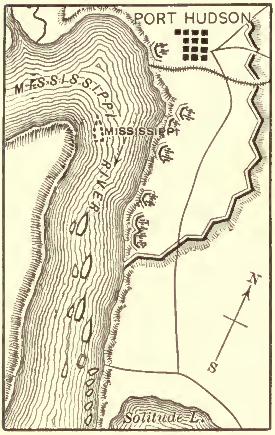
While the vessels were getting ready, the admiral was showing his son how to make a tourniquet to stop the flowing of blood from an artery—putting a piece of rope around his arm, with a knot in it which would press against an artery, then twisting it with a bit of wood or a jack-knife.

Those on the vessels saw a rocket rise in the air from the eastern bluffs, and the next moment shells were bursting over the fleet. Then the rifled-gun at the bow of the *Hartford* sent its answer. From the fleet of mortar-boats down by Prophet's Island came a roll of thunder, and arched lines of light trailed through the air. Then there were flashes above the Confederate batteries where the thirteen-inch shells were bursting, and raining jagged pieces of iron upon the men working the guns.

Fires of pitch-wood were kindled upon the shore by the Confederates to light up the river that the gunners on the bluffs might take surest aim at the vessels. Clouds of smoke roll up from the guns of the *Hartford* so dense that Thomas R. Carroll, pilot up in the mizzen-top, who knows every sand-bar, eddy, and current in the river, cannot see just where he is for the moment; but when the cloud drifts away the men at the wheel, with shells exploding around them and solid shot crashing against the sides of the vessel, hear him saying, as coolly as if on his own river steamboat, "Starboard! Port!" and the grand ship moves on, the spars splintering, the rigging cut into shreds, but no shot reaching the boilers or engine.

Less fortunate the other vessels. A shot passed through the steampipe of the *Richmond*, stopping the working of the engine. She was almost past the batteries, in the sharp bend of the river where the current is swift and strong, swirling with such force that the *Genesee*, lashed to her, was powerless; and the two boats were whirled back—a whole gun's crew being swept away by a single cannon-shot.

The *Monongahela*, near the turning-point in the river, grounded on the western shore. The *Kineo's* rudder had been shot away, also the cables which lashed her to the *Monongahela*. For thirty minutes the vessels lay there, the shot from the batteries sweeping the decks, disabling three guns. The *Kineo* threw out her cables and pulled the *Monongahela* from the shore, and the vessels drifted down the stream within one hundred feet of the muzzles of the Confederate cannon belching grape and canister, and sharp-shooters jumping upon the parapets and firing their muskets at the men on the vessels.



PORT HUDSON.

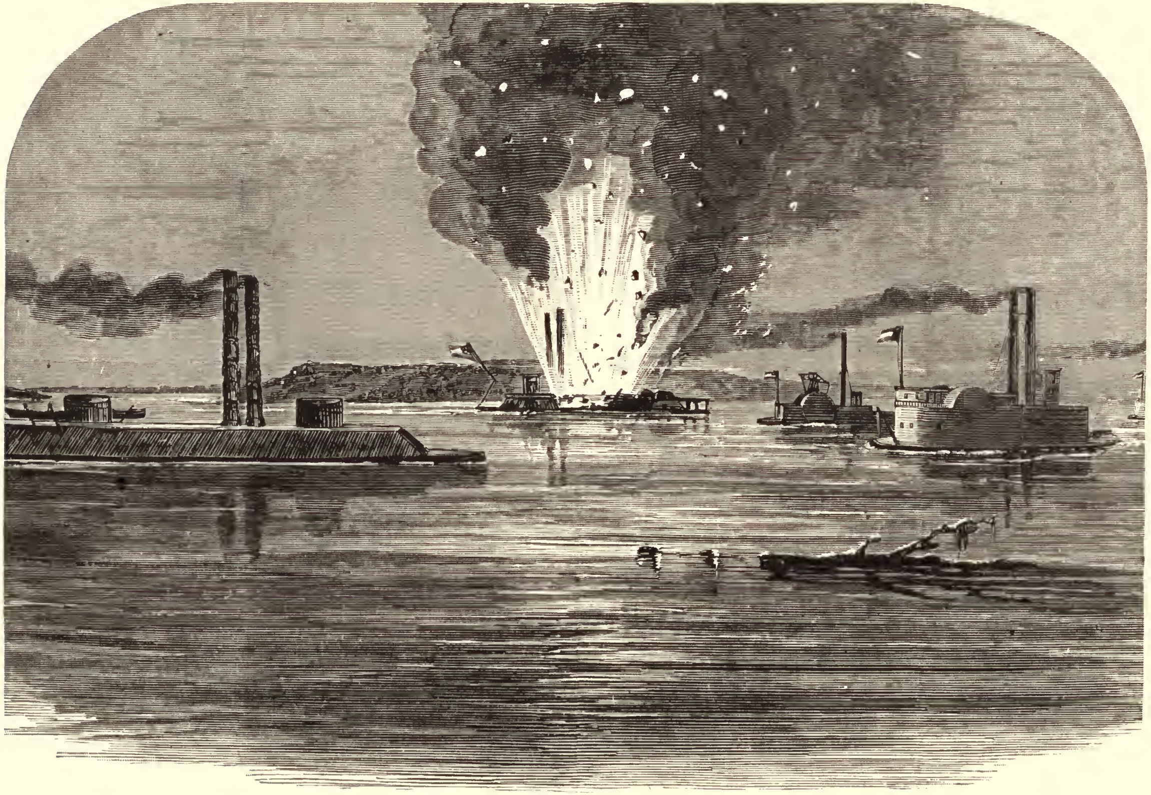
A worse fate befell the *Mississippi*, which ran ashore on the point opposite the last Confederate battery. The engineer put on all steam and tried to back the vessel. A cross-fire from three batteries was tearing the vessel to pieces.

"It will be impossible to get the vessel off," said the pilot. Captain Smith ordered the small boats to be launched and the wounded lifted into them. The guns were spiked, the vessel set on fire, burning till daylight, then blowing up with an explosion heard far away. When morning dawned the *Hartford* and *Albatross* were above Port Hudson, the remainder of the fleet, each vessel more or less disabled, below the town. Thirty-five had been killed and seventy-eight wounded; but the two vessels above the town, together with the river gunboats which ran past the batteries at Vicksburg, were sufficient to patrol the river and interfere seriously with all efforts of the Confederates to ferry troops or supplies across the stream.

Admiral Porter sent down the iron-clad gunboat *Indianola.* It was a large, unwieldly craft. The Confederate batteries opened, and it was a grand spectacle—the flaming of the great guns two hundred feet above the river, together with those at the base of the bluff, the shot and shells tossing up the water or exploding around the *Indianola*, which was uninjured.

The *Queen of the West*, the ram which had taken part in the naval battle at Memphis, ran past the batteries on the morning of February 2d, starting just as the sun was rising, and was under fire nearly an hour. When opposite the city, the *Queen of the West* rammed the Confederate *City of Vicksburg*, lying at the levee, damaging that vessel. The ram was struck twelve times, and had one cannon dismounted. A shell exploded in the cabin, but she reached the lower fleet.

The Confederates had several vessels up Red River which the *Queen of the West* attempted to capture, but in engaging a Confederate battery ran aground and was abandoned by her commander, Colonel Ellet, who went on board a small steamer and escaped. The Confederates repaired the *Queen of the West*, and with the ram *Webb* and two other boats, on a



FOOLING THE CONFEDERATES.

dark night, came upon the *Indianola*, which had two great coal-barges lashed to her sides. There was a flashing of cannon in the darkness, and a ramming of the *Indianola* by the powerful *Queen.* The water began to pour in through the seams of the *Indianola.* The gunners pitched their cannon overboard and then surrendered.

The sailors and soldiers with Admiral Porter and General Grant above Vicksburg obtained an old coal-barge, raised a frame over it which they covered with boards, making port-holes in which they placed logs of wood to represent cannon. They knocked out the heads of some empty pork-barrels and piled one upon another for smoke-stacks, placed one tobacco hogshead forward, another aft, to represent turrets, and a third for a pilot-house, made a fireplace under the smoke-stacks, in which they placed a barrel of tar. The night was dark when they cut it adrift—first setting the tar on fire, which sent up a great black column of smoke. The Confederate sentinels saw a craft in appearance almost like the *Indianola,* which they had captured, and which was being repaired below Vicksburg. The batteries opened, but the Union craft moved slowly on, never returning fire. The Confederates could not think of having the *Indianola* recaptured; they set her on fire and fled to the shore. Then came a loud explosion; the air was filled with planks and burning timbers, which rained down into the water, and that was the last of the *Indianola.* The *Queen of the West* and the other Confederate vessels steamed down the stream to get beyond the reach of the guns of the iron-clad, as they supposed it to be, while the Union soldiers on the Arkansas shore danced, shouted, and hurrahed at the fooling they had given the Confederates.

The valley of the Mississippi below Memphis is very wide, and there are many windings to the great river. When the winter floods pour out from the Ohio and its tributaries—the Cumberland, Tennessee, Wabash, Muskingum, Scioto, and Illinois, on the eastern side, from the Missouri, Arkansas, and the vast net-work of lakes, bayous, and rivers of Arkansas on the west, the bottom-lands of the valley are all overflowed, or are only kept free from inundation by the embankments which have been erected, and which are called *levees.* The bottom-lands are covered with a dense forest of luxuriant tulip, magnolia, cypress, sycamore, cotton-wood, and gum trees, with twining vines and cane thickets. The soil is deep and black. Along the crescent-shaped lakes and shores of the bayous it is a slimy ooze. There are sink-holes where man or animal would disappear, where the air is thick with malaria, and where chills and fever break down the strongest constitution. People who live upon these lands have sunken cheeks and sallow complexions. At times the floods suddenly rise and then their log-cabins, corn-ricks, and barns, their horses, cattle, and everything else is carried away by the sweeping torrent, which frequently cuts across a point of land and forms a new channel for the Father of Waters.

The winter floods were rising. General Grant knew that the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Yazoo flows north-east five miles until it strikes the high bluffs above Vicksburg, makes a sharp bend opposite the city, then flows south-west. He knew that the bluffs extended south for nearly seven miles to Warrenton; that twenty-eight heavy guns had been mounted by the Confederates nearly two hundred feet above the river, which could send their shot and shell down upon the gunboats, or throw them far and wide over the point of land opposite the town. When Admiral Farragut came up from New Orleans with his fleet of ocean sailing war-ships in 1862 he ran past the batteries, but it was seen that the place could not be taken by the gunboats. He set two thousand negroes to cutting a canal across the point of land opposite the town, intending by so doing to open a new channel for the river, but the opening at the upper end did not start at the proper angle to make it successful, and the Mississippi still swept past the town. General Grant set four thousand men to work enlarging and altering it, but the dam at the upper end gave way, filled the canal with water, stopping work, but not clearing a new channel. Dredge-boats came from Louisville worked by steam-engines, which scooped out cart-loads of mud, but the Confederate cannon opened upon them, new batteries were constructed opposite the lower end of the canal, and the work had to be abandoned.

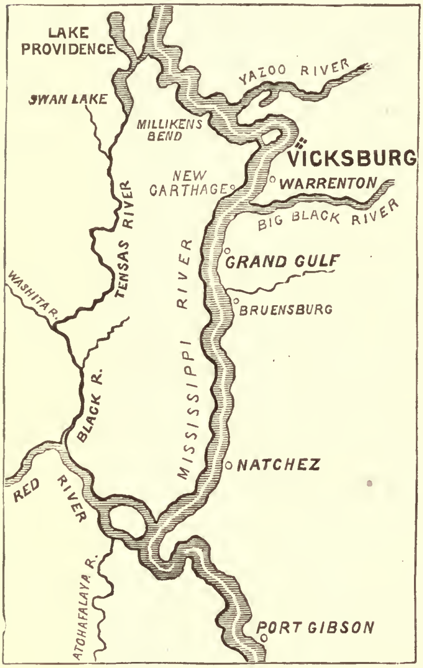
General Grant had foreseen the possible failure of the attempt, and was looking the while in other directions. Thirty miles above Vicksburg, in Arkansas, is Lake Providence—a crescent-shaped sheet of water which connects with the Tensas River, a branch of Red River. The engineers thought a passage might be opened to that stream, by which the troops could co-operate with General Banks and Admiral Farragut, take Port Hudson, receiving their supplies from New Orleans. General M'Pherson's corps was sent to clear a channel. The soldiers stood waist-deep in mud and water digging out stumps, cutting down trees, doing a great deal of hard work. The canal was opened, one steamboat with barges passed through, but the river did not cut a new channel, and when the water began to fall it was no longer navigable.

The engineers reported another plan—the opening of what all the river men called the Yazoo Pass. Opposite the town of Helena is Moon Lake, connected by a narrow channel with the Mississippi, and also connected with the Coldwater River, a branch of the Tallahatchie, which

CUTTING THE CANAL.

From a Sketch made at the Time.

emptied into the Yazoo. The lake is seventy miles north of Vicksburg. When the levees — the embankments along the Mississippi — were constructed the channel leading to Moon Lake was filled. The engineers now proposed to cut the embankment. The soldiers dug away the earth, and the water rushed in, sweeping fallen trees, drift-wood, and everything else before it. The gunboats followed, and steamers with four thousand soldiers, but they found it difficult to get on, for the great sycamores and cotton-woods with their interlocked branches blocked the way. There was a clattering of axes, and the removal of great piles of drift-wood, but the boats only made eight miles in three days.



PROVIDENCE LAKE EXPEDITION.

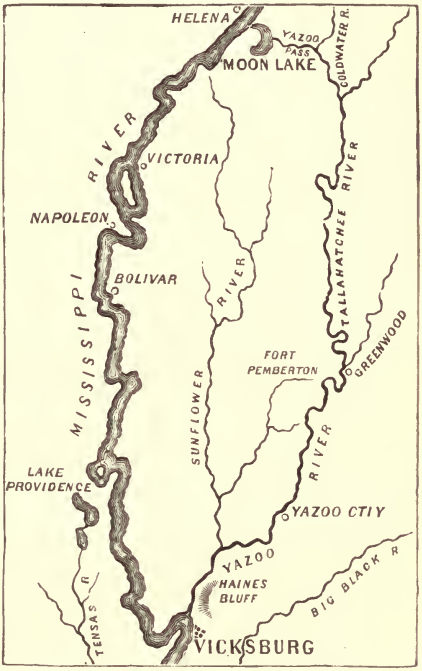
General Pemberton, at Vicksburg, learning through his scouts and spies what General Grant was doing, constructed a fort, which bore his own name, at Greenwood. Eight heavy cannon were mounted, trees felled, and a great raft moored to prevent the passage of the gunboats. General Loring was in command with two thousand men.

Admiral Porter sent five gunboats to bombard the fort. General Grant sent a brigade to assist; but the whole country was under water, and the troops could do nothing against the Confederates, who were on a point of land not overflowed. The gunboats opened fire, but it was soon seen that there was little chance of accomplishing anything, and the fleet returned to Helena.

General Grant had discovered another route by which he hoped to gain the rear of Vicksburg. He could not go up the Yazoo above Haines's Bluffs with the fleet, for there Confederate batteries blocked the way; but he could go up Steele's Bayou, near the mouth of the Yazoo, forty miles to Black Bayou, go through that into Deer Creek, and up that thirty miles to Rolling Fork, through that to Sunflower River, and down that fifty miles to the Yazoo, above Yazoo City. The entire distance would be nearly two hundred miles. General Grant and Admiral Porter both went as far as Black Bayou, and found nothing in the way which could not readily be removed. They hoped to get the gunboats and steamers with troops into the Yazoo before Pemberton learned of the movement.

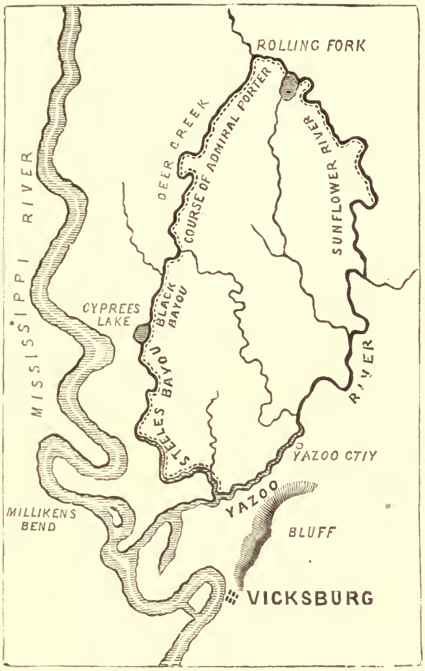
They did not know that Pemberton's spies kept him fully informed of all that was going on.

On March 16th the gunboats started, and on the 18th they were almost to the Rolling Fork. Admiral Porter had seen no signs of any Confederates; but on the 19th, when near the Sunflower, shells came crashing through the woods, sharp-shooters began to pick off the men, and Porter discovered that a brigade was moving to get in his rear, erect a battery, build a raft, and prevent his going back. General Sherman had been directed to follow Porter with his corps, but was several miles distant. The admiral found a negro who knew all the surrounding country, and who could pick his way through the swamps in the darkest night, and intrusted him with a message to Sherman. It was written on tissue-paper, and the negro wrapped it up in a plug of tobacco, made his way through the canebrakes, along lonely paths, eluding the Confederate pickets, and found General Sherman, who was at Hill's Plantation, on Deer Creek, and who ordered Gen. Giles A. Smith, who had eight hundred men there, to start at once and make his way to the gunboats. General Sherman jumped into a canoe, and paddled down Black Bayou alone to the steamer *Silver Wave*, with more troops on board. He ordered a portion of the troops to get into a coal-barge, which was taken in tow by a tug-boat, which was followed by the *Silver Wave;* and together they went up the bayou, crashing between the trees, losing the pilot-house, the smoke-stacks, and everything above the deck. The night was pitch dark, and the steamer could make little headway, whereupon General Sherman, impatient at the delay, landed the troops, lighted torches, and they picked their way through the canebrake till they reached an old cotton-field. Daylight came. They could hear the thunder of the cannon, and went in that direction upon the run, General Sherman on foot with the soldiers. They followed an old road, which took them through



EXPERIMENT BY MOON LAKE.

swamps where the water was waist-deep, where the soldiers slung their cartridge-boxes around their necks, and the drummer-boys held their drums above their heads. The cannonading was thirty miles away, but before noon they had made twenty-one miles, when they met a portion of the Eighth Missouri, which had been sent down by Admiral Porter to prevent the Confederates from planting a battery in his rear.



EXPERIMENT BY STEELE'S BAYOU.

General Sherman sat down upon the door-sill of a negro cabin to rest, when just ahead he heard the rattle of musketry. He ran up the road and found that the troops had suddenly come upon a detachment of Confederates, and a gang of slaves with axes and shovels, intending to erect a battery. The troops deployed and charged through the woods, putting the Confederates to flight. Major Kirby, of the Missouri Eighth Regiment, had picked up a horse which he brought to General Sherman. There was no saddle, but the general leaped upon the bare back of the animal and went on. The sailors on the gunboats gave a cheer when they saw the soldiers led by a general riding an old horse without a saddle. Protected from the sharp-shooters, the gunboats worked their way through the bayous, and once more reached the Mississippi at the mouth of the Yazoo, where they had been through the preceding months.

General Banks, in December, sailed from New York with an army of more than thirty thousand men for New Orleans to relieve General Butler, and to operate against the Confederates in Texas and Louisiana. He was to co-operate with Admiral Farragut in the capture of Port Hudson, and when that place was taken, ascend the river and aid in capturing Vicksburg; but Port Hudson was strongly fortified, and had not been taken.

The repeated failures of General Grant to take Vicksburg and open the Mississippi greatly encouraged the Confederates. Jefferson Davis visited Vicksburg, made speeches to his old friends, saying that it was a

STEAMBOATS IN THE WOODS.

From a War-time Sketch.

Gibraltar, and could not be taken. The Peace Democrats in the Northern States gleefully reiterated the statement. They said that the Union army and gunboats never could reopen the Mississippi. Intermeddling politicians went to Washington to induce President Lincoln to remove General Grant and appoint General McClernand, or some other man, to command the army.

"I rather like the man," was the President's calm reply.

General Halleck was urging General Grant to do something. "The President seems to be rather impatient about matters on the Mississippi. Could you not co-operate with Banks against Port Hudson?" he wrote, April 2d. Through the winter General Grant had been doing his utmost. People who were at home, with all the comforts of life around them, little knew of the obstacles in his way. The Confederate batteries and the army under Pemberton, at Vicksburg, were not the chief obstructions, but the swamps, and the great flood pouring out from all the streams. The troops at Young's Point, on the bank of the Mississippi, were only a few inches out of water. From January on the whole region had been flooded. The troops had waded through swamps by day, and slept at night upon the water-soaked earth. The one object which General Grant had in view was to gain the rear of Vicksburg with sufficient supplies to support him till he could open communications. All his efforts had resulted in failures. General Sherman believed that the best course for him to take was to go back to Memphis with the whole army, march east to Corinth, and take the route he had tried in 1862,(²) depending upon the railroad for food; but General Grant remembered the burning of his supplies at Holly Springs ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 452), and made no reply to the letter which Sherman had written advocating the movement.

Again General Halleck wrote on April 9th, urging him to do something. It is a great and noble character which can maintain its calmness and serenity at such a time. He was confronted by a large army, in a position so strong by nature that it was regarded as impregnable. He himself had been turned back from Holly Springs. General Sherman had been repulsed at Chickasaw bluffs. The war-ships of Farragut, the gunboats of Porter, and the mortar-boats had rained their shells upon the enemy's batteries, but with no more effect than gravel-stones tossed upon the roof of a house. All the attempts through the bayous had failed. Sickness was thinning the ranks. Hospital boats were transporting hundreds of soldiers broken down by malaria to Cairo. The graves of the dead along the levee at Young's Point and Milliken's Bend were rapidly multiplying. Men who knew nothing of the obstacles that confronted General Grant, who were utterly ignorant of military affairs, were denouncing him as incompetent. They said that the army was wasting away; the Mississippi was swallowing it; it was lost in the swamp; nothing would be accomplished under such a commander. The newspapers began to speak disparagingly. General Halleck was informing him that the President

MARCH THROUGH THE SWAMP.

From a Sketch of the Time.

was impatient. General McClernand wanted to be commander, and his friends were at work to secure the removal of Grant. The Copperheads were plotting against him. Through all the trying period, no word in self-defence fell from the lips of the man whose only thought was how to get at the Confederate army holding Vicksburg.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III.

(1) Semmes, "Memoirs of Service Afloat," p. 584.
(2) Badeau, "Military History of General Grant," p. 180.

CHAPTER IV.

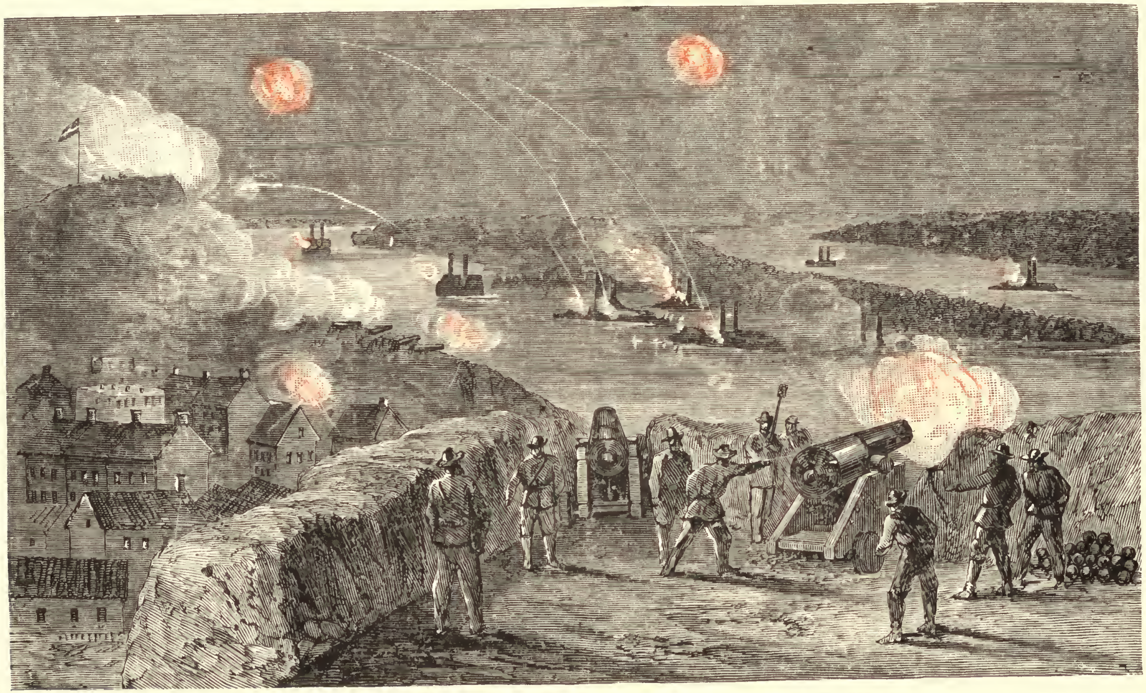
GETTING IN REAR OF VICKSBURG.

GENERAL GRANT the while was studying the map which the engineers had made for him. He saw that the Big Black River, which rises north-east of Vicksburg, runs south-west and empties into the Mississippi twenty miles south of the city in a straight line, but much farther than that by the river. General Pemberton, in command of the Confederates at Vicksburg, would make it his line of defence in rear. He saw that there was also a net-work of lakes and streams west of the Mississippi, and that by cutting a short canal from Duck Point, opposite the mouth of the Yazoo, to Walnut Bayou—a small stream winding through the forest, he could send flat-boats loaded with supplies by a roundabout way, past Vicksburg, to the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of the Big Black. The gunboats had run past the batteries so often that he determined to send down transport steamers. The army could march to a place called Hard Times, a hamlet opposite the mouth of the Big Black.

On April 13th the short piece of canal was completed, and all was ready for the most brilliant strategic movements of the war. Small steamers worked their way through the canal into the bayous. The wood-choppers cut away the trees. Flat-boats loaded with provisions followed. The army picked its way through the forest, building miles of corduroy road for the artillery and wagons.

At ten o'clock on the night of April 16th, Admiral Porter, on the flagship *Benton*, gave the signal and moved down the river. The *Lafayette* followed with the *Price* lashed on the starboard side to shield her; then came the *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Pittsburg*, and *Carondelet*, and the transports *Forest Queen*, *Silver Wave*, and *Henry Clay*, each protected by cotton bales, loaded with supplies and ammunition, and each with a boat in tow, transporting ten thousand bushels of coal. The *Tuscumbia* brought up the rear.

It is ten minutes to eleven when the *Benton* rounds the point above the Confederate batteries. Instantly the Confederate artillerymen spring



RUNNING THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

to their guns. The bluffs are a sheet of flame. The Confederates set a block of houses at the front of the bluff on fire to light up the river, but at two o'clock all the gunboats and all but one of the transports are safely moored at Hard Times. The transport *Henry Clay* is the only vessel lost—set on fire by a shell. On the night of the 22d five more river steamers safely passed the batteries.

Just below the mouth of the Big Black is Grand Gulf—a landing-place on the east side of the river, where the bluffs rise seventy-five feet above the water, and where the Confederates had erected a line of batteries. In the upper battery were two seven-inch rifled guns, one eight-inch smooth-bore, and a 30-pound rifled cannon. Three-quarters of a mile farther down were one eight-inch smooth-bore, two 32-pounders, and one 100-pound rifle and five smaller cannon.

At 7 A.M. on the morning of April 29th the gunboats attacked the batteries. The Confederates' cannon could send their shot and shell straight down upon the boats, which suffered so much that at one o'clock they withdrew. General Grant saw a better way.

At eight o'clock in the evening the gunboats and the transports ran past these batteries and came to anchor four miles below. While this was going on General McClernand's troops were marching from Hard Times to Mr. De Shroon's plantation.

At daylight, April 30th, 18,000 troops were drawn up in long lines on the bank of the river. The steamboats ran out their planks, the regiments went on board, and at noon they were on the eastern shore.

General Pemberton was greatly perplexed. He had more than 60,000 men, but they were widely scattered. At Vicksburg there were 22,000; at Port Hudson, 16,000; at Grand Gulf, 2500; at Fort Pemberton, on the Yazoo, more than one hundred miles from Vicksburg, 7000. While General Grant and a portion of the gunboats were moving down the river, General Sherman and the rest of the fleet (eight gunboats) were threatening to attack at Haines's Bluff, on the Yazoo. At that moment a cavalry force under General Grierson was sweeping south the whole length of the State, destroying bridges and railroads.

It was startling news which came to Pemberton over the wires on the evening of the 30th—that a great body of Union troops had crossed the river and was marching north-east from the plantation of Mr. Bruin towards Port Gibson, on the south side of the Big Black, ten miles south-east of Grand Gulf. He saw that it was not at Haines's Bluff, north of Vicksburg, but that south and east of the city was the great danger. Grant was threatening his rear. He sent telegrams in all directions for troops at

Granada, Columbus, Meridian, and other points, to hasten to Jackson, the capital of the State. He sent Tracy's and Baldwin's brigades to Port Gibson to join General Green and oppose Grant's advance.

At daylight, May 1st, General Carr's division of McClernand's corps came upon the Confederate pickets at Magnolia church, three miles west of Port Gibson.

The Confederates were commanded by General Bowen, who had 8500 men, and who posted them across the road near the church, in a strong position on uneven ground, with a canebrake in front. They fought stubbornly, but were driven, losing 60 killed, 340 wounded, 600 prisoners, and a battery. The battle was fought by McClernand's corps. General Bowen retreated, burning the bridge over the south fork of the Bayou Pierre.

The Union troops pressed on, entered Port Gibson, rebuilt the bridge, marched eight miles to the north fork, found the bridge there on fire, extinguished the flames, put in new timbers, and at daybreak, May 3d, the army was moving across it.

General Pemberton hurried up reinforcements, swelling the Confederate force to 17,000; but Bowen saw that he must retreat still farther. He crossed the Big Black to the northern bank and blew up the batteries at Grand Gulf. The gunboats took possession of that place, and Grant made it his base of supplies.

"Join me as quickly as possible," was the order sent April 29th by Grant to Sherman, who was at Haines's Bluff on the Yazoo, and who received it the next morning.

"Take up your line of march for Hard Times," was Sherman's order to General Steele and General Tuttle, commanding divisions at Milliken's Bend. In the darkness his own and Blair's divisions moved away from before Haines's Bluff to Milliken's Bend, and thence began their march for Hard Times.

"Organize a train of one hundred and twenty wagons," was Grant's order to Sherman.

The wagons worked their way through the woods and over the corduroy roads to Hard Times, and were ferried across the river to Grand Gulf. Sherman's troops crossed, and on May 7th the whole army was on the east bank of the river.

General Grant had planned a campaign which must be carried out with great energy. He proposed not to march directly upon Vicksburg, but to push north-east to Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, capture it, destroy the railroad, then turn about, march west, cross the Big Black, and drive the Confederates from Haines's Bluff and open communication with the Yazoo River. The one hundred and twenty wagons would carry only five days' rations. When those were gone the army must live on whatever corn and bacon they could find in the granaries and smoke-houses of the plantations.

His troops were the Thirteenth Corps (McClernand), Fifteenth Corps (Sherman), Seventeenth Corps (McPherson). They marched north-east.

At daylight, May 12th, Logan's division of McPherson's corps came upon the Confederate pickets at Fourteen Mile Creek, a small tributary of the Big Black. They belonged to Gregg's brigade, which had come in hot haste from Port Hudson to dispute Grant's advance to Jackson. Gregg was driven, losing more than five hundred men and two cannon.

A railroad runs east from Vicksburg to Jackson, crossing the Big Black at Bovina. Edwards's Station is the first east of the Big Black. The town of Raymond is fourteen miles south-east of Edwards's Station, and the same distance from Jackson. Clinton is the first station on the railroad west of Jackson.

"Grant cannot live long for want of provisions," was the message sent by Jefferson Davis, in Richmond, to Pemberton.

"Proceed at once to Mississippi and take chief command of the forces there," was Davis's message to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who arrived at Jackson May 13th, just as Gregg, with Walker's brigade, was coming into the city after being defeated at Raymond.

"I am too late," was the message which flew over the wire to Richmond from Johnston.

"Vicksburg must be held at all hazards," was the despatch to Pemberton from Jefferson Davis, who was undertaking to direct affairs. Johnston had laid his plans to concentrate the scattered Confederate troops, and defeat Grant in a pitched battle. Pemberton was holding Vicksburg, and had his army scattered along the Big Black at the several ferries.

General Grant saw that he must act with great energy, move east, wipe out the forces gathering at Jackson under Johnston, then turn and confront Pemberton, cut off his communications, open his own, and pen him up in Vicksburg.

There was excitement in Richmond and also in Washington. General Grant had not informed General Halleck of his plans, but had exercised his own judgment as to what he ought to do. General Halleck was angry at what he regarded as rashness and disobedience on the part of General Grant, and sent a despatch ordering him to turn back, go down the river, unite his forces with those of General Banks, and attack Port Hudson.

Through the winter and spring Grant has been trying to get at Vicksburg. He has made such slow progress that the Confederates have laughed at him. It has never occurred to them that he might suddenly abandon the attempt to get in at the front door and make his appearance with a loud knocking at the back door. But there he is, and whatever is done to stop him must be done quickly by Pemberton and Johnston.

The rain is pouring on the morning of May 14th, but there is great activity in Jackson. General Johnston is loading supplies, ammunition, and baggage of every description into the cars. He knows that Grant is pushing east to capture the city. He has only Gregg's and Walker's troops to oppose him. He posts Gregg on the road leading to Raymond, facing west, and Walker on the Clinton road, leading north, and hopes that they will be able to hold the intrenchments till General Maxey arrives from Port Hudson with a brigade, and Colonel Gist with another from South Carolina, which will give him eleven thousand. They are only twenty-four hours distant.

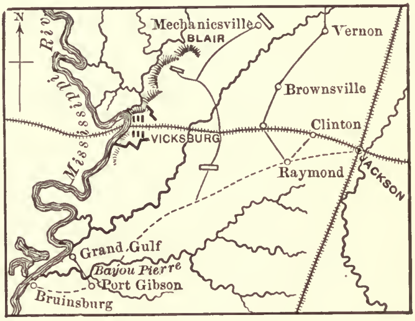
Through the morning the Union soldiers stood in the pelting rain. They could not handle their cartridges; but at noon the clouds cleared, and Sherman advanced against Gregg, and McPherson against Walker.

Crocker's division was in the front on McPherson's line, Logan in his rear, with Stevenson's brigade on the left to flank the Confederates. The conflict began in a thicket a mile in front of the Confederate breastworks Crocker's men quickly cleared the woods.

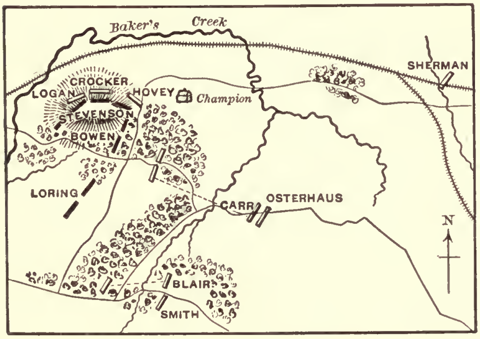
McPherson waited to hear from Sherman. Going south-west, we see Sherman's artillery beginning the cannonade. General Johnston acts with admirable prudence. He orders the Confederate artillery and skirmishers to keep up a continuous fire. He sees that he cannot resist the combined attack of McPherson and Sherman, and while his seventeen cannon are flashing, Walker and Gregg are hastening northward. It was three o'clock before Sherman was ready to advance. When his troops moved on they found only a line of skirmishers and the artillerymen, who surrendered, two hundred and fifty in number, with ten cannon.

Crocker's division at the same time rushed across the open field, drove the Confederates, capturing seven guns and several hundred prisoners. With drums beating and colors flying, the Union troops entered the city and flung out the Stars and Stripes above the capital.

A cotton warehouse with a steam-engine and machinery, which Sherman thought might be of value to the Confederates if not destroyed, was set on fire by his orders. Soldiers with crow-bars and sledges tore up the tracks of the railroads. There were barrels of flour, bacon, and ham in the warehouses which Johnston had not been able to take away, and the Union soldiers, who had had little to eat since crossing the Mississippi, satisfied their hunger with the captured food. General Grant supposed that Johnston would retreat southward, but he was, instead, marching towards Clinton, northward, hoping to join Pemberton. He did not comprehend the meaning of Grant's movement; neither did Pemberton understand it. General Johnston had ordered Pemberton to march north-eastward towards Clinton, hoping thus to join the two forces and make an army large enough to resist Grant. Pemberton called a council of his officers. They were divided in opinion as to what ought to be done. He decided at last not to march to join Johnston, but to attack Grant's rear, not seeing that what on the 14th was the rear, on the 15th would be Grant's front. The Union troops were no longer moving east, but all were facing west — Hovey's, Logan's, and Crocker's divisions at Bolton Station, marching along the railroad; Osterhaus's and Carr's divisions on the Middle road, four miles south; Blair's and A. J. Smith's divisions on the Raymond road, two miles farther south—all moving west towards Baker's Creek.



GRANT'S MOVEMENT IN REAR OF VICKSBURG.



CHAMPION HILL.

General Pemberton had placed his army in position east of the creek. Suddenly he changed his mind and decided, instead of attacking Grant, to obey Johnston, hasten northeast and join his superior. He did not realize that, while his troops were scattered, Grant at sunset on the night of May 15th had thirty-two thousand men at hand. Pemberton had eighty regiments, with about twenty-five thousand men.

On the south side of the railroad, half-way between Edwards's and Bolton stations, was the plantation of Mr. Champion, on a hill which rises seventy-five feet above the surrounding plain and extends southward more than a mile. The road from Clinton running west winds along the eastern base, joins the Middle road, which runs along the southern slope, and crosses Baker's Creek.

It was nearly eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th of May when A. J. Smith's division, which had bivouacked near Mr. Elliston's house, moving west along the Raymond road, came upon Loring's division of Pemberton's army. Bowen's Confederate division was next in line towards Champion's Hill, while Stevenson's division was at the foot of the hill, near the junction of the Clinton and Middle roads. Pemberton's troops were all hastening north with the intention of joining Johnston, but suddenly found that they must fight a battle. Hovey's Union division was advancing rapidly towards the hill, with Logan close at hand and Crocker not far behind. At ten o'clock there was a rattling fire along the picket lines. Both armies were deploying—Hovey's division of Grant's army at the turn of the road, facing west; Logan's, moving by the right flank, holds the right of the line, his men facing south.

In front of Logan was Barton's Confederate brigade; in front of Hovey, Lee's and Cummings's brigades. Hovey began the attack, his left flank pushing up the hill, advancing step by step, charging upon Cummings's brigade, capturing eleven cannon.

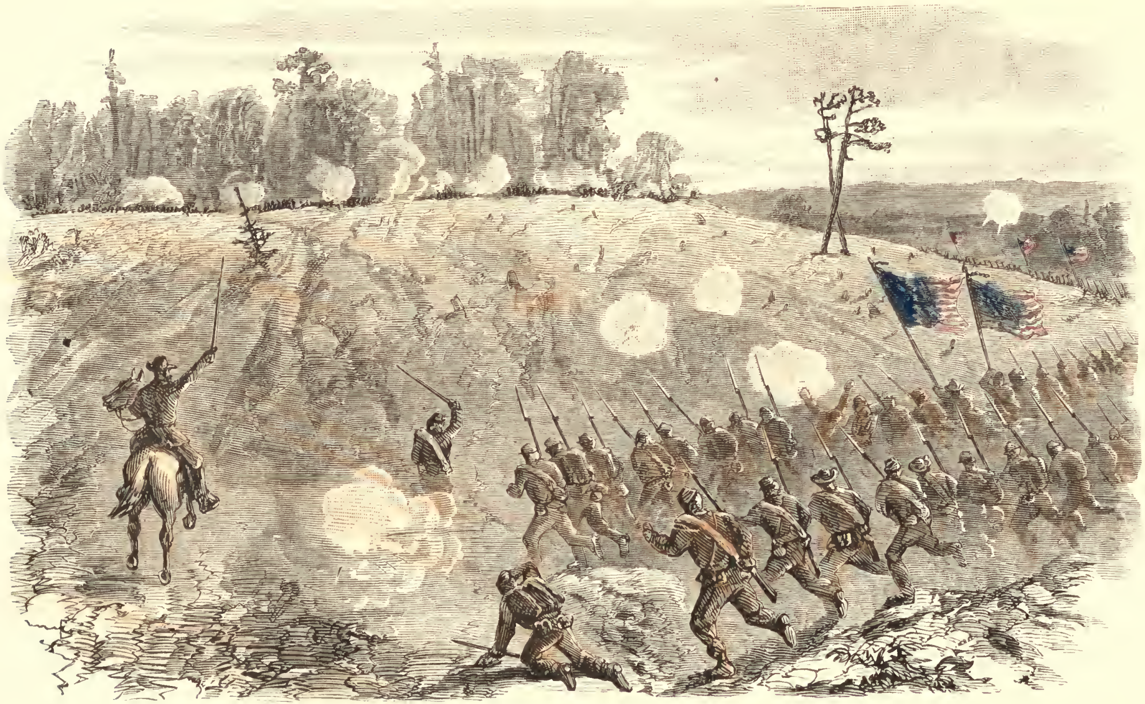
J. E. Smith's and another brigade of Logan's division advanced on Hovey's right, but met with a stubborn resistance.

General Logan halted a soldier who was making his way to the rear. "The rebels are awful thick up there, general," the soldier said.

"Then that is the place to shoot them," was the answer.

Logan brought up his reserve brigade—Stevenson's. We are not to forget that the Confederate general Stevenson commanded a division, while the Union general Stevenson commanded a brigade. The Union Stevenson's men rushed across a ravine, striking the Confederate line between Barton's and Lee's brigades and captured seven guns.

Things had gone badly with the Confederate Stevenson, but help was at hand. Bowen arrived, Cockrell's brigade in advance, with Green's behind it. They came upon Hovey's flank, forcing the Union troops down the hill and back through Mr. Champion's fields, compelling them to abandon all but two of the eleven cannon captured.



CROCKER'S CHARGE.

From a Sketch made at the Time.

A Confederate soldier gives this description of the scene:

"One of the charges was made by General Green's brigade of Missouri and Arkansas troops, not numbering over eleven hundred men. They advanced with the utmost coolness upon the enemy's forces, consisting of two batteries supported by another division. They charged up to within thirty yards of the artillery when the Yankee gunners, who were lying beside their pieces, drew the strings attached to the friction primers, discharging their guns, and poured in such a volley of canister as compelled our men to fall back."(1)

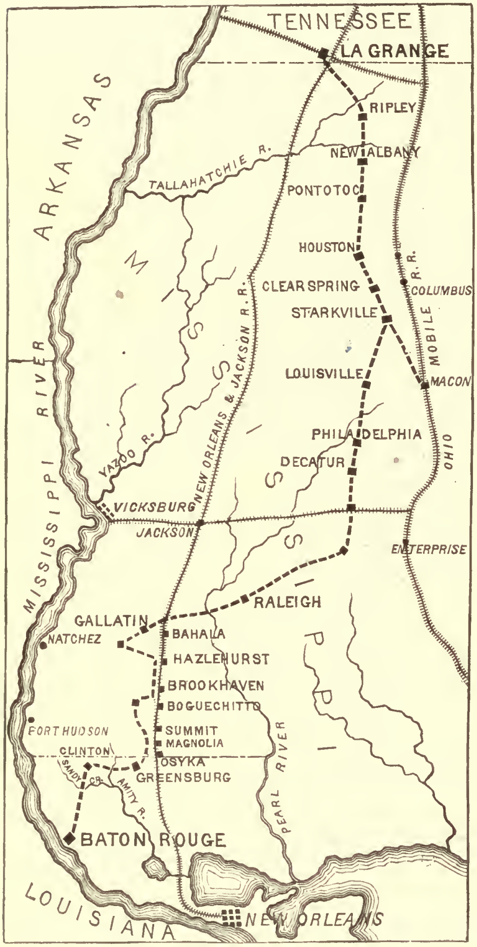
But help was at hand for Hovey—Crocker's division. Together they advance, driving Cockrell and Green, while Cummings's brigade, which had stood resolutely through the forenoon, broke and fled towards Baker's Creek. Bowen's Confederate division held its ground for a while, but was pushed back, leaving five of the guns which had been lost in the beginning, then recaptured, while Bowen retreated towards Baker's Creek, and the Union troops took possession of the hill.

Going south, we see Loring sending Buford's and Featherston's Confederate brigades north to assist Bowen and Stevenson, while Tilghman's brigade remains to hold A. J. Smith's and Blair's Union divisions in check; but before Loring reaches the hill Bowen and Stevenson are fleeing towards Baker's Creek. Loring formed his two brigades across the road, but Osterhaus routed him. Tilghman was killed, and his brigade (with Loring's) retreated towards a ford across Baker's Creek. Before the Confederates could reach it General Carr's division pushed on and took possession of the road. Loring abandoned all his cannon and wagons and hastened south across fields, through woods, reaching Crystal Springs, twenty-five miles south of the battle-field, while Bowen and Stevenson made their way to the Big Black River.

Pemberton had lost twenty-four cannon and nearly four thousand men. As he rode across the Big Black to the western bank he said to those around him, "I call upon you, gentlemen, to witness that I am not responsible for this battle—I am but obeying the orders of General Johnston."(2)

Sunday morning dawned, August 17th, with Bowen's division of Confederates behind a line of breastworks which had been thrown up on the east bank of Big Black River. It was nearly eight o'clock when Carr's division of McClernand's corps came through a piece of woods on the north side of the road leading to the river; Osterhaus's and A. J. Smith's divisions were south of the road. The Confederate artillery opened fire, and the Union cannon replied. Through the morning hours the cannonade went on. The time came for an assault, and the Union troops went forward upon the run—in solid ranks, brigade following brigade, their bayonets gleaming in the sun.

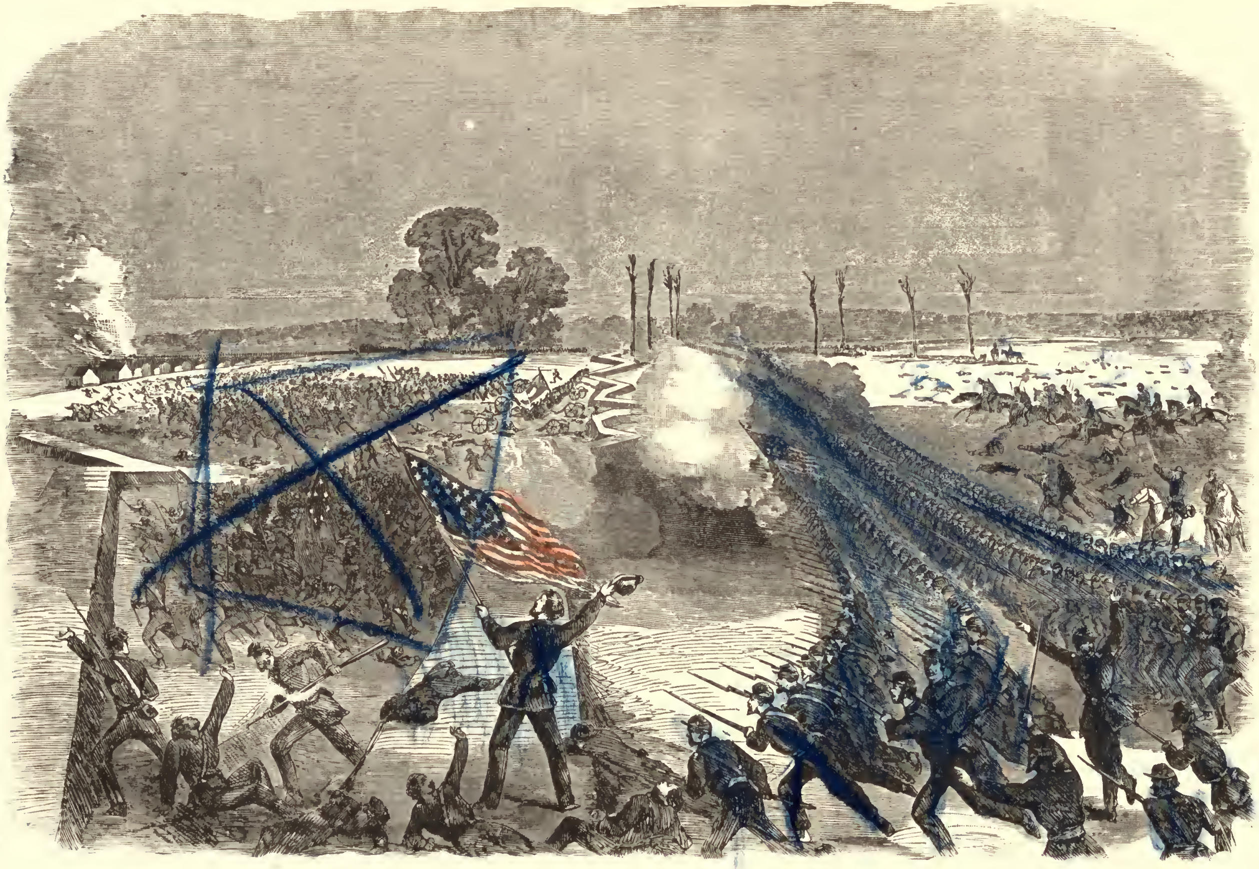
The Confederate troops, disheartened by defeat, worn down by hard marching, saw that they were in danger of being cut off. Vaughan's brigade was the first to break, then Bowen's whole division was in flight. The lines dissolved, and all order was lost. The soldiers were panic-stricken. They left eighteen cannon and fourteen hundred muskets; seventeen hundred and fifty-seven men gave themselves up as prisoners. The others reached the bridge, set it on fire, and fled in consternation towards Vicksburg.



GRIERSON'S RAID.

While the infantry and artillery under General Grant were making this movement—which will ever be regarded as a masterpiece of strategy—General Grierson, with a brigade of cavalry, was marching nearly the entire length of the State.

It was a beautiful spring morning, the 17th of May. The birds were singing, the air was fragrant with opening flowers, the apple-orchards were white with blooms. A brigade of Union cavalry was moving out from La Grange, fifty miles south-east of Memphis—the Sixth and Seventh Illinois, Second Iowa, and Smith's battery of artillery (Company K, First Illinois)—commanded by Colonel Grierson, who had submitted a plan of operations to General Grant. He had conceived the idea of making a rapid march, for the purpose of burning railroad bridges, tearing up the tracks, destroy-



BATTLE OF BIG BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

From a Sketch made at the Time.

ing trains, and committing havoc which would paralyze the Confederate operations. If he could destroy the bridges it would prevent General Johnston from sending troops and supplies to Vicksburg or from gathering a Confederate army.

The preparations were made secretly. The Union soldiers did not know whither they were going. It was of the utmost importance that no one should know what Colonel Grierson intended to accomplish. He left behind all broken-down horses, all weak soldiers, took no provision train. He was to march swiftly. He reached the Tallahatchie River, crossed it near New Albany, hastened on to the town of Pontotoc, where several hundred bushels of salt were stored belonging to the Confederate Government, also a quantity of ammunition. The salt was destroyed, the ammunition captured. The rapid march had broken down a large number of horses and several men, who were sent back to La Grange with one of the cannon. Colonel Grierson had fifteen hundred men left. Each cavalryman carried eighty rounds of ammunition.

On the fifth day Colonel Hatch, with the Second Iowa and one cannon, turned east towards Columbus to destroy the railroad and to puzzle the Confederates. The movement would lead General Johnston to think that Grierson was intending to push east into Alabama. Colonel Hatch intended, after destroying the railroad, to sweep north-east and then north-west back to La Grange; but a Confederate force was gathering to intercept him, and he was obliged to turn south and rejoin Grierson. He lost ten men, but captured three hundred rifles and two hundred horses.

A general to be successful must plan to deceive his opponent. Colonel Grierson was in a hostile country, did not know the roads, was ignorant of the whereabouts of the Confederate forces, except that Pemberton was in Vicksburg, Gardner at Port Hudson, Bragg in Tennessee, and Johnston somewhere in Mississippi, exercising general supervision of the Confederate armies. It was necessary that Grierson should have a body of men always several miles in front or on his flanks to pick up information. He accordingly organized a company of scouts—brave, quick-witted men, who would never be caught napping, and who would always have ready a question or an answer. He armed and equipped them as Confederates, obtained butternut-colored clothing from the plantations, and supplied them with good horses. When they were fully equipped the members of their own regiments did not know them. They had signs to use in the daytime, passwords at night. They visited plantations, pretending to be Confederate soldiers, and were royally cared for by the planters, their wives and daughters.

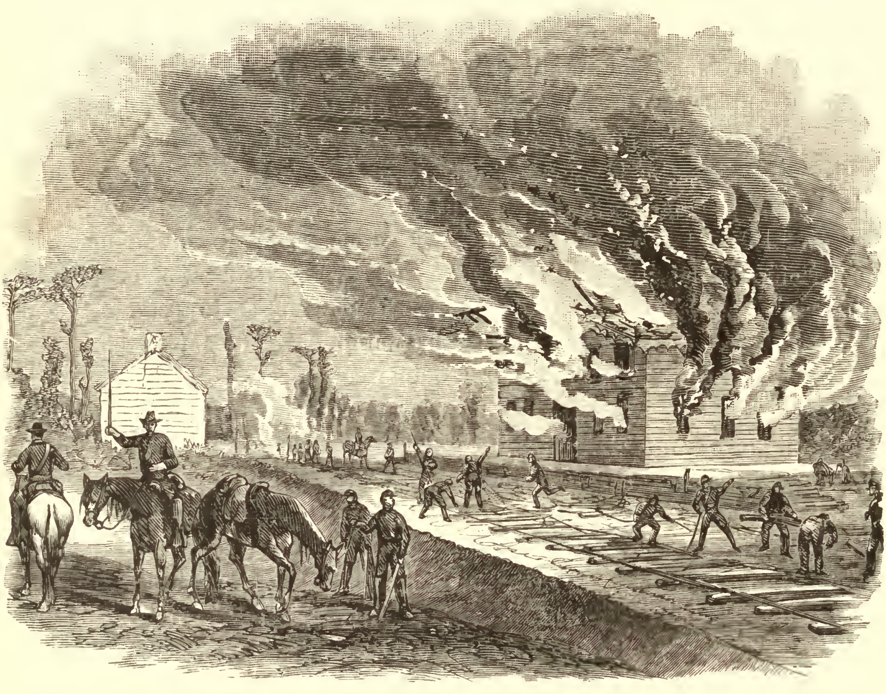
"Have you seen any Yankee soldiers?" they asked.

"How lately have any Confederate soldiers been here?"

"How far is it to the next town?"

"What roads should we take?"

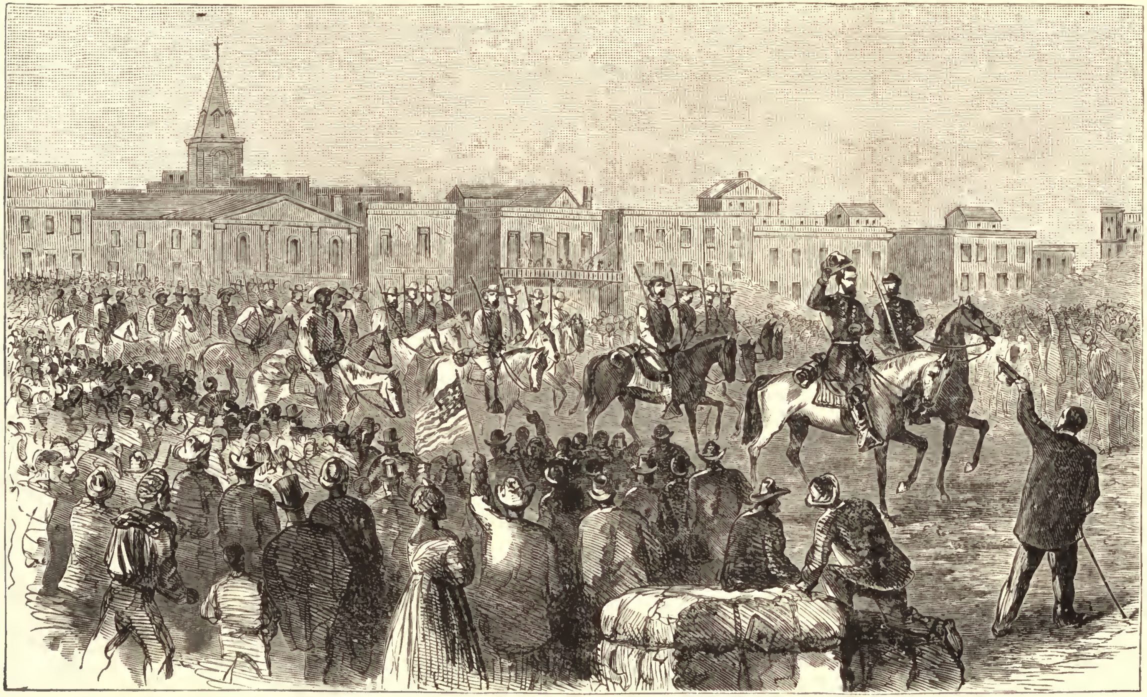
Such were their questions. At Starkville Colonel Grierson found a shoe-factory which was manufacturing thousands of shoes for the Confederate Government, also a hat-factory—both of which were destroyed. He captured a Confederate quartermaster obtaining shoes for the army.



DESTROYING THE RAILROAD.

The rains had swollen the rivers, and a great flood was pouring down the Big Black, overflowing its banks. But Colonel Grierson was not to be turned back by high waters. He obtained a boat, in which the ammunition was carried over. The river was too deep to be forded, and the men swam their horses. Some were swept away by the swift current, others went far down stream, and were obliged to pick their way through swamps, but the brigade and cannon gained the southern bank at last.

The scouts captured a courier who was carrying despatches from Gen-



GRIERSON ENTERING BATON ROUGE.

eral Gardner, commanding the Confederates at Port Hudson, to General Pemberton at Vicksburg, thus giving General Grierson important information. The country was well supplied with corn and bacon, and the Union soldiers had no difficulty in obtaining food.

It was half-past eight o'clock in the morning when the scouts reached the town of Newton, on the railroad leading east from Vicksburg.

"What time are the trains due?" they asked of an old man who lived in a small house on the outskirts of the village.

"The freight-train from the east ought to get along about nine o'clock," the reply. "There is the whistle now."

The scouts, hearing the scream of the locomotive and the rumbling of the cars, rode into the town, where there was a hospital with seventy-five Confederate patients. They galloped to the railroad-station, leaped from their horses, and rushed into the telegraph-office. "You are our prisoner," they said to the operator. They cut the telegraph-wires, and no more messages could be sent from that station till a new instrument was procured.

"The Yanks are here!" The cry came from the hospital, and the astonished patients rose from their sick-beds. Those who were nearly well rushed into the street.

"Go back!" was the stern order from the scouts, who levelled their carbines, ready to fire, and the patients obeyed.

The train came thundering up the track — twenty-five cars. It ran upon a side track to meet a train from the west. A moment later engineer, fireman, and brakeman were prisoners.

Down from the west came the other train — twelve freight-cars and one passenger-car; four are loaded with ammunition, six with quartermaster stores, two with goods belonging to people who were fleeing from Vicksburg. We are to remember that General Grant had not yet begun his movement eastward from Port Gibson. The two cars containing the household goods were separated from the others, wood was heaped around the engines, the fires were kindled, and in a short time they were shapeless masses of iron. At eleven o'clock the fire reached the shells, which exploded in volleys. Colonel Grierson with the main body was two miles away. He heard the explosion, and came up on the gallop, thinking that a fight was going on. He sent a company six miles east to burn bridges, and at two o'clock was moving south once more.

The destruction of the two engines and thirty-five cars was a serious loss to the Confederacy, for they could not be replaced. Men who made engines could not be found in a State where men were held as slaves.

On May 1st Colonel Grierson was entering Baton Rouge, in Louisiana, where there was a body of Union troops, who were astonished when they saw the brigade winding into town. They had been seventeen days on the march, destroyed a great many bridges, torn up miles of track, kindled fires, bent the rails so that they could not be used again, captured one thousand prisoners, one thousand two hundred horses, destroyed more than four million dollars' worth of property belonging to the Confederacy, but had scrupulously refrained from destroying private property. By his raid Grierson had paralyzed the movements of the troops under Johnston.

We are to remember that on the morning of May 1st, while Colonel Grierson was entering Baton Rouge, the troops under General Grant were leaving the Mississippi below Port Gibson to begin their Vicksburg campaign.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV.

(1) A. S. Abrams, "Siege of Vicksburg," p. 27.
(2) Idem.

CHAPTER V.

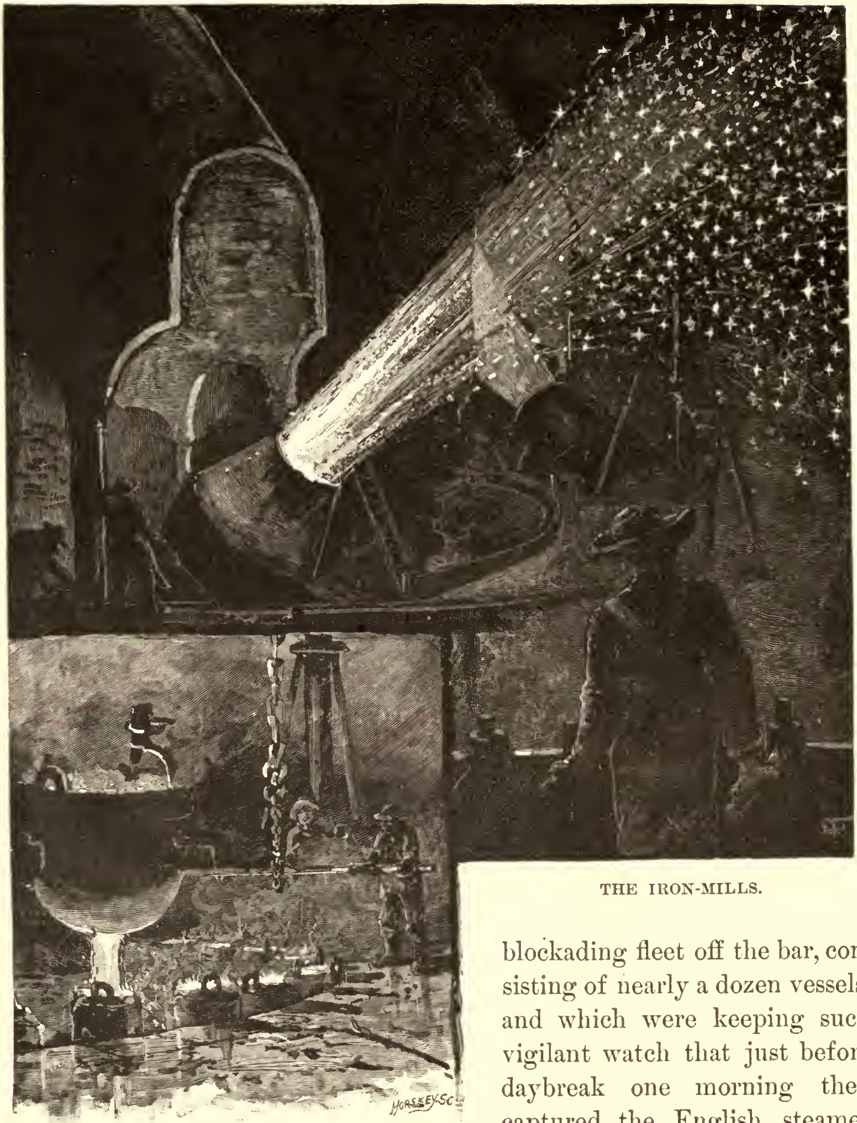
THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WHEN the *Monitor* sent the *Merrimac* from Hampton Roads back to Norfolk with the water pouring in through her seams, the world saw that the days of the old-time ships—the wooden seventy-fours and frigates—had gone by never to return. Orders were at once given for the construction of several more monitors, also of an iron-plated ship, to be called the *New Ironsides.* From the day when the Stars and Stripes had been lowered at Fort Sumter there had been one sentiment uppermost in the minds of the people of the North, one fixed, resolute determination that the flag should wave once more over that fortress—a determination which was behind the order of the Secretary of the Navy for the construction of the new turreted war-vessels.

A few days later and there was great activity in the iron-mills. Day and night the forges flamed. Through the weeks the great engines never ceased their throbbing, or the ponderous steam-hammers their pounding, in preparing the iron plates to resist the solid shot which would be hurled against them from Sumter. As fast as completed the monitors were sent south to Port Royal.

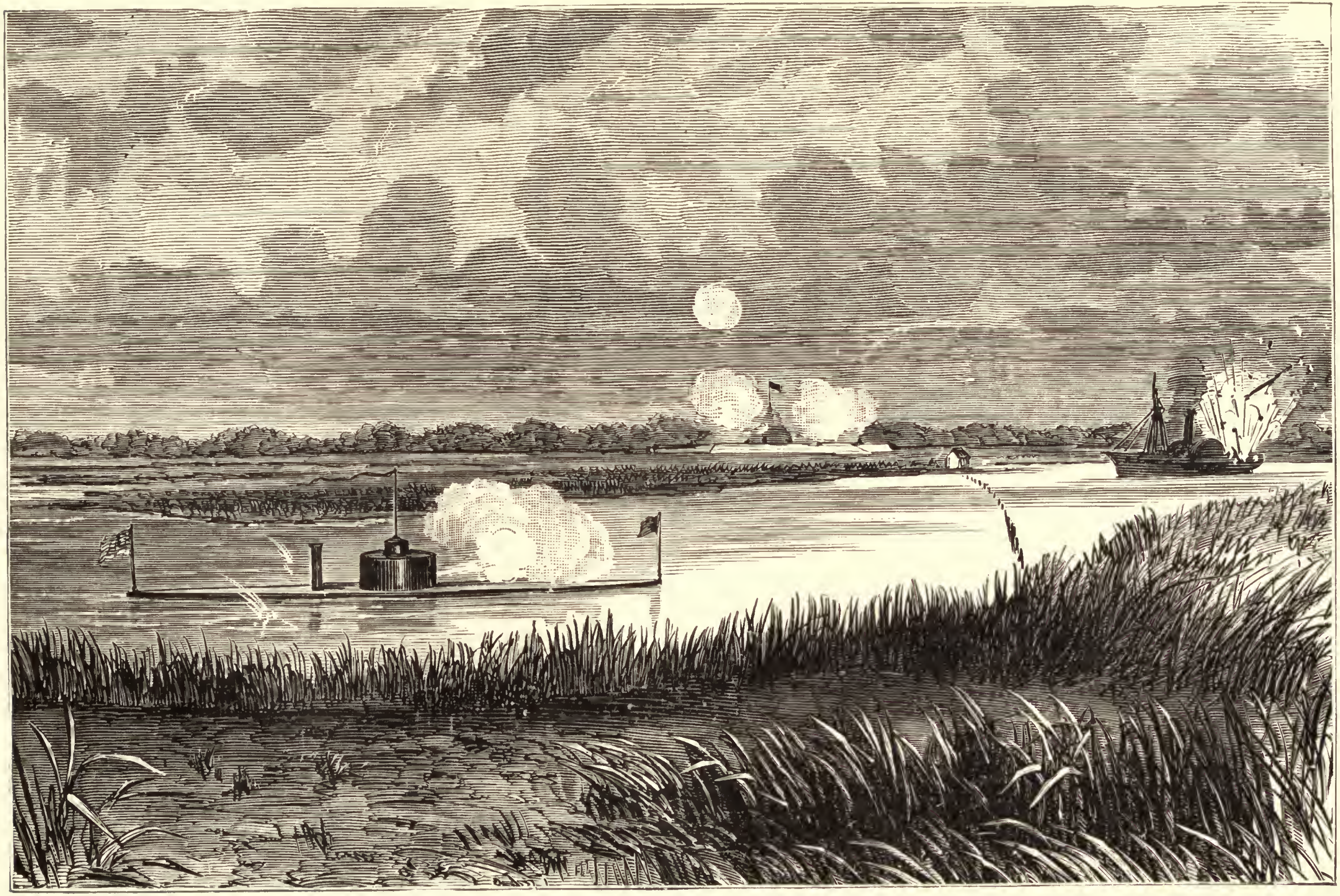
Knowing that there was to be a bombardment of that fortress, I made my way thither to witness it. The *Montauk* arrived first, steamed down past Savannah River to the Ogeechee Sound, and opened fire upon the Confederate Fort McAllister, to try her guns and machinery, dismounting one gun in the fort, killing and wounding several men, remaining four hours, using up all her ammunition, and then, the tide going out, steamed into deeper water unharmed by the eleven-inch solid shot which had struck the turret.

There was an exciting scene off Charleston on the morning of January 30th. The Confederates had plated two steamers — the *Palmetto State* and *Chicora*—with railroad iron. The vessels had been strengthened by timbers, were mounted with heavy guns, and provided with iron beaks which were to be thrust through the sides of the wooden steamers of the



THE IRON-MILLS.

blockading fleet off the bar, consisting of nearly a dozen vessels, and which were keeping such vigilant watch that just before daybreak one morning they captured the English steamer *Princess Royal*, from Bermuda, with a very valuable cargo. The sailors of the fleet were happy over the thought that they would have a portion of the prize-money. A thin haze was hanging over the water; the faint dawn of the morning was on the eastern sky when the sailors on the *Mercedita* beheld the *Palmetto State* rushing upon them; and at the same instant a shell crashed into the ves-



DESTRUCTION OF THE "NASHVILLE" BY THE IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MONTAUK."

sel, and through the boiler, letting out the steam upon the unsuspecting crew, and the next moment the iron beak of the Confederate craft pierced the side, letting in a torrent of water. The officer in command, knowing that his vessel is helpless, surrenders; but the *Palmetto State* cannot stop to take the crew on broad—it has more important work in hand, and steams with the *Chicora* for the *Keystone State*, both vessels sending shells through her sides. The Union sailors spring to their guns, the engineer puts on steam, and the *Keystone State* is rushing like a race-horse towards the *Chicora* to run her down, when a shot pierces her boiler, and she, too, is helpless. The whole Union fleet is in motion—the *Memphis*, while sending its shot against the *Chicora*, throws a cable to the *Keystone State* and takes her away; the *Quaker City*, the *Augusta*, the *Housatonic* are at hand, whereupon the two Confederate vessels turn about and make for the harbor, anchoring under the guns of Sumter and Moultrie. More than one-fourth of the crew of the *Keystone State* had been killed by the shells or scalded by the escaping steam. The Confederates issued a proclamation that every one of the vessels of the Union fleet had been driven away; that the blockade had been raised. The British and French consuls went down the harbor on a steamboat furnished them by General Beauregard, looked with their glasses, but did not see any of the vessels of the blockading fleet. General Beauregard published their statements, and announced that the blockade had been raised. It was telegraphed to Richmond, and Jefferson Davis reannounced it; but the next morning there were twenty-four war-vessels off Charleston harbor flying the Stars and Stripes.

If the blockade had been really broken, sixty days must have elapsed before it could be re-established under the international law; but the merchants of other countries did not see fit to send any vessels openly to Charleston. The blockade had not been broken, and the vigilance of the fleet was not relaxed.

The steamer *Nashville*, owned by the Confederates, which had brought a valuable cargo of arms from England to Wilmington, and which were used by the Confederate troops in the battles of the Peninsula against McClellan, at Fair Oaks, and Glendale, had been cooped up in Savannah several months. She was loaded with cotton, carried several cannon, and was waiting for an opportunity to slip past the fleet off Savannah, but in attempting to do so, on the night of the last day of February, ran aground. Captain Worden, on the *Montauk*, discovered the *Nashville*, but paying no attention to the fire from Fort McAllister, ran up so near that he could send his eleven-inch shells into the Confederate vessel, which was riddled through and through, set on fire, and blown up with an explosion heard far along the coast.

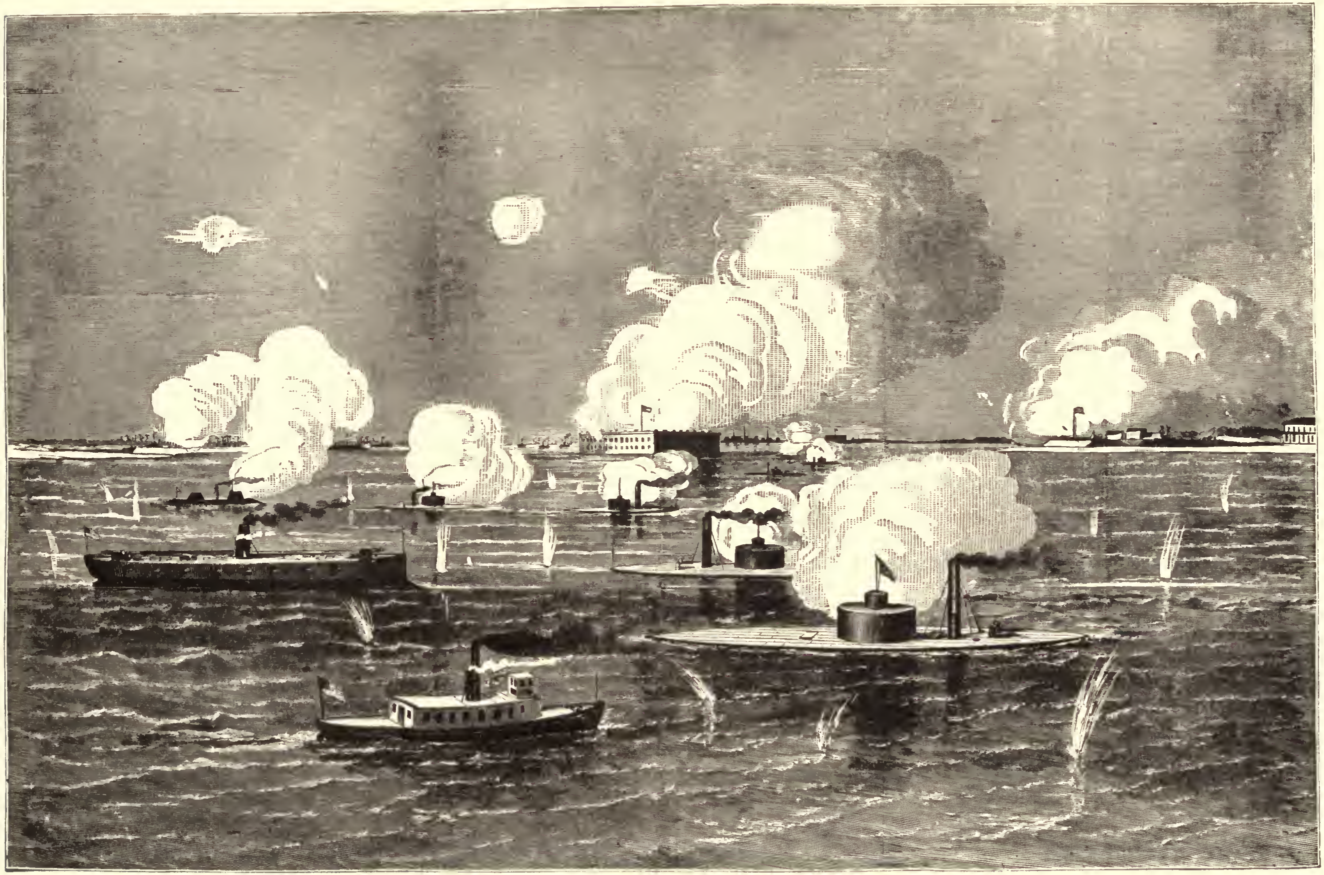
Three more monitors—the *Passaic*, *Patapsco*, and *Keokuk*—wished to try their guns on Fort McAllister before engaging Sumter. The channel was so narrow that they were obliged to advance in single file. The *Passaic* was foremost, and steamed to within half a mile of the fort. I saw the bombardment, which lasted eight hours, from the deck of a small steamer. The shells and solid shot from the monitors threw up clouds of sand from the embankments of the fort, while the solid shot from the Confederate guns plunged mostly into the mud and water around the vessels; but now and then there came a sound like the blow of a great tilt-hammer in an iron-mill—the crash of the shot against the iron turrets, which sustained no injury. It was seen, however, that it took so long to reload the guns that the Confederates, between the firing, could repair in part the damage done to the fort.

The first attack on Sumter occurred on the 7th of April. The fort stood out in bold relief, the bright noon sun shining full upon its southern face, fronting the shallow water towards Morris Island, leaving in shadow its eastern wall towards Moultrie. The air was clear, and looking inland with my glass, I could see the city, the spires, the roofs of the houses thronged with people. A three-masted ship lay at the wharves, the Confederate rams were fired up, sail-boats were scudding across the harbor, running down towards Sumter, then hastening back again, like restless little children, eager for something to be done.

The attacking fleet was in the main ship-channel—eight little black specks and one black oblong block, the *New Ironsides*, the flag-ship of the fleet.

The monitors were about one third of a mile apart, in the following order: *Weehawken*, *Passaic*, *Montauk*, *Patapsco*, *New Ironsides*, *Catskill*, *Nantucket*, *Nahant*, *Keokuk*.

General Hunter, commanding the troops at Port Royal, had courteously assigned the steamer *Nantucket* to the gentlemen connected with the press, to go where they pleased, knowing that there was an intense desire not only in the North, but throughout the world, to know the result of the first contest between iron-clads and fortifications. It was a small side-wheel steamer of light draft, and we were able to run in and out over the bar at will. Just before the signal was given for the advance we ran alongside the flag-ship. The sailors were hard at work hoisting shot and shell from the hold to the deck. The upper deck was bedded with sand-bags, the pilot-house wrapped with iron cable. All the



BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.

light hamper was taken down and stowed away, the iron plating slushed with grease.

It was past one o'clock when the signal for sailing was displayed from the flag-ship, and the *Weehawken*, with a raft at her prow, intended to remove torpedoes, answered the signal, raised her anchor, and went steadily in with the tide, followed by the others. There were no clouds of canvas, no beautiful models of marine architecture, none of the stateliness and majesty which have marked hundreds of great naval engagements. No human beings were in sight—no propelling power visible.

Straight on the *Weehawken* moves. The silence is prolonged—it is almost painful—the calm before the storm, the hushed stillness before the burst of the tornado!

There comes a single puff of smoke from Moultrie—one deep reverberation. The silence is broken—the long months of waiting are over. The shot flies across the water, skipping from wave to wave, tossing up fountains of spray, hopping over the deck of the *Weehawken*, and rolling along the surface with a diminishing ricochet, sinking at last close upon the Morris Island beach. Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, continues the story, sending a shot which also trips lightly over the deck, and tosses up a water-spout far towards Moultrie. The *Weehawken*, unmindful of this play, opens its ports, and sends a fifteen-inch solid shot towards Sumter, which, like those that have been hurled towards her, takes a half-dozen steps, making for a moment its footprints on the water, and crashes against the south-west face of the fort, followed a moment later by its eleven-inch companion. The vessel is for a short time enveloped in the smoke of its guns. There comes an answer. Moultrie, together with the batteries east of it, and towards the inner harbor, bursts in an instant into sheets of flame and clouds of sulphurous smoke. There is one long roll of thunder, deep, heavy reverberations and sharp concussions, rattling the windows of our steamer. Thus far Sumter has been silent, but now it is enveloped with a cloud—thick folds of smoke unrolling like fleeces of wool down the wall to the water, then slowly floating away to mingle with those rising from the batteries along the shore of Sullivan's Island. Then comes a calm, the Confederate gunners wait for the breeze to clear away the cloud, that they may obtain a view of the monitor, to see if it has not been punched into a sieve, and is disappearing beneath the waves. But the *Weehawken* is there, moving straight on up the channel. To her it has been only a handful of peas or pebbles. Some have rattled against her turret, some upon her deck, some against her sides. Instead of going to the bottom she revolves her turret and fires two shots at Moultrie, moving on the while to gain the south-eastern wall of Sumter.

There she is—the target of probably two hundred and fifty or three hundred guns, of the heaviest calibre, at close range, rifled cannon throwing forged bolts and steel-pointed shot, turned and polished in the lathes of English workshops—advancing still, a trial unparalleled in history!

For fifteen minutes she meets the ordeal alone, but the channel found to be clear, the *Passaic*, the *Montauk*, and *Patapsco* follow, closing up the line, each coming in range and delivering their fire upon Sumter. At twenty minutes past three the four monitors composing the right wing of the fleet are all engaged, each pressing on to reach the north-eastern face of the fort, where the wall is weakest, each receiving as they arrive at particular points a terrible fire, seemingly from all points of the compass—points selected by trial and practice, indicated by buoys. Seventy guns a minute are fired, followed by a prolonged roar of thunder. The monitors press on, nearer and nearer to Sumter, narrowing the distance to one thousand, eight hundred, six, five, four hundred yards, and send their fifteen-inch shot against the fort with deliberate, effective fire.

At first the fort and the batteries and Moultrie seem to redouble their efforts, but after an hour there is a perceptible diminution of the discharges from Sumter. I can see the increasing pock-marks and discolorations upon the walls, as if there had been a sudden breaking out of cutaneous disease.

The flag-ship, drawing seventeen feet of water, was obliged to move cautiously, feeling her way up the channel. Just as she came within range of Moultrie her keel touched bottom; fearing that she would run aground the anchor was let go. Finding the vessel was clear, the admiral again moved on, signalling the left wing to press forward to the aid of the four already engaged. The *New Ironsides* kept the main channel, which brought her within about one thousand yards of Moultrie and Sumter. She fired four guns at Moultrie, and received in return a heavy fire. Again she touched bottom, and then turned her bow across the channel towards Sumter, firing two guns at Cumming's Point. After this weak and ineffectual effort, the tide rapidly ebbing the while, she again got clear, but gave up the attempt to advance. The *Catskill*, *Nantucket*, *Nahant*, and *Keokuk* pressed up with all possible speed to aid the other monitors.

The *Keokuk* was different in construction from the others—built by a wealthy gentleman who had agreed that the crucial test for the acceptance of the vessel by the Government should be in action.

She presented a fair mark with her sloping sides and double turrets. Her commander, Captain Rhind, although not having entire confidence in her invulnerability, was determined to come to close quarters. He was not to be outdone by those who had led the advance. Swifter than they, drawing less water, she made haste to get up with the *Weehawken.* The guns which had been trained upon the others were brought to bear upon her. Her plating was as pine wood to the steel projectiles, flying with almost the swiftness of a minie-bullet. Shot which glanced harmlessly from the others penetrated her angled sides. Her after-turret was pierced in a twinkling, and a two-hundred pound projectile dropped inside. A shot crashed into the surgeon's dispensary. The sea with every passing wave swept through the shot-holes, and she was forced to retire or go to the bottom with all on board.

The tide was ebbing fast, and the signal for withdrawal was displayed by the flag-ship. It was raised, seemingly, at an inopportune moment, for the firing of the fort had sensibly diminished, while that from the monitors was steady and true. Never had there been such a hammering of iron and smashing of masonry as during the two and a half hours of the engagement.

We ran alongside the *Keokuk.* A glance at her sides showed how terrible the fire had been. Her smoke-stack, turrets, sides—all were scarred, gashed, pierced through and through. An inspection revealed ninety-four shot-marks. There were none below the water-line, but each wave swept through the holes on the sides. Only three of her officers and crew were wounded, although she had been so badly perforated.

"All right, nobody seriously hurt, ready for them again!" was the hearty response of Capt. George Rodgers, of the *Catskill*, as I stepped upon the deck of that vessel and grasped the hand of her wide-awake commander. The vessel had received about thirty shots. One 200-pounder had struck the deck, bending but not breaking or penetrating the iron. On the sides, on the turret, and on the pilot-house were indentations like saucers, but there was no sign of serious damage.

Going on board the *Nahant* we found that eleven of her officers and crew had received contusions from the flying of bolt-heads in the turret. One shot had jammed its lower ridge, interfering with its revolution. She had been struck forty times, but the armor was intact.

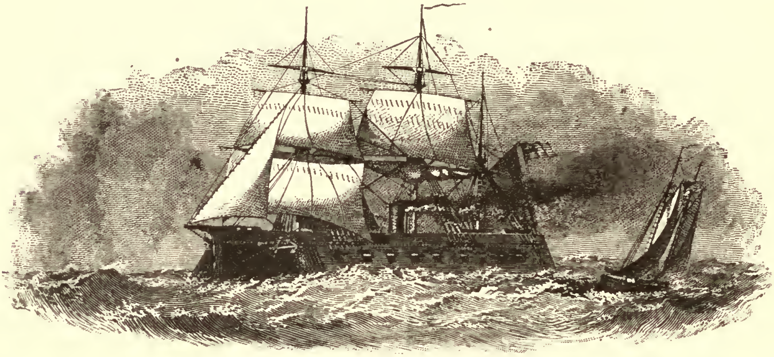
The other monitors had each a few bolts started. Four gun-carriages needed repairs—injured not by the enemy's shot, but by their own recoil. One shot had ripped up the plating of the *Patapsco* and pierced the wood-work beneath. This was the only one, out of the twenty-five hundred or three thousand fired from the forts, which penetrated the monitors!

The *New Ironsides* had received thirty balls, all of which had been turned by her armor.

One hundred and fifty-three shots were fired by the fleet, against more than twenty-five hundred by the Confederates. The monitors were struck in the aggregate about three hundred and fifty times.

About six thousand pounds of iron were hurled at Fort Sumter during the short time the fleet was engaged, and five or six times that amount of metal, or thirty thousand pounds, thrown at the fleet. The casualties on board the fleet were—none killed; one mortally, one seriously, and thirteen slightly wounded.

It is now known that the Confederate commander, General Ripley, was on the point of evacuating the fort when the signal was made for the fleet to withdraw, for the wall was badly shattered, and a few more shots would have made it a ruin.


THE "NEW IRONSIDES."

The iron-clads returned to Hilton Head, the expedition was abandoned, and Sumter was left to float its flag in defiance of Federal authority.

The Proclamation of Emancipation will ever be regarded as a great historic event in the history of our country, but coincident with it was another of great moment—the enlistment of the slaves as soldiers of the republic. A few men from the beginning had seen that the time would probably come when both the North and the South would enlist the slaves in some form. The Confederacy used them to construct the batteries on Morris Island for the bombardment of Sumter. Thousands had been employed to build the fortifications around Richmond, at Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson. When the war began the Confederates conceived the idea of enlisting, not slaves, but free negroes, and a recruiting-office was opened in Memphis.(1) In June, 1861, Tennessee passed a law for the enlisting of free negroes to do menial work in the military service of the State. The free negroes of New Orleans — fourteen hundred of them—were organized into a regiment. The New Orleans *Picayune* said of their review:

"We must pay a deserved compliment to the companies of free colored men, all very well drilled and comfortably uniformed. Most of them, unaided by the administration, have supplied themselves with arms, without regard to cost or trouble."(2)

A few weeks later, when the *Hartford* and other vessels of Admiral Farragut's fleet appeared at New Orleans, the regiment of free negroes in the Confederate service disappeared as swiftly as the dew-drops before the sun on a summer morning. The loss of Fort Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, and the fall of New Orleans so inflamed the editor of the *Confederacy*, a newspaper published in Georgia, that he said:

"We must fight the devil with fire, by arming our negroes to fight the Yankees. No doubt that in Georgia alone we could pick up ten thousand negroes that would rejoice in meeting fifteen thousand Yankees in deadly conflict. We would be willing almost to risk the fate of the South upon such an encounter in the open field."(3)

Very early in the war the colored people of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia declared their willingness to enlist as soldiers, but there was a very great prejudice against color throughout the Northern States. The degrading influence of slavery had so permeated society that negroes were regarded as an inferior creation, who had no natural rights equal to those with which white men were endowed. It would be degrading to the manhood of a white soldier to stand in the ranks with a negro by his side; such was the feeling.

The expedition to Port Royal, in 1861, was commanded by General Thomas W. Sherman, who received authority from the Adjutant-general of the United States to "employ all persons offering their services for the defence of the Union."(4) He was succeeded in command by General David Hunter, who, in May, 1862, issued orders for the recruiting of the First South Carolina Regiment of negroes. The action of General Hunter was condemned by a very large proportion of the newspapers of the Northern States. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, offered a resolution in Congress, asking for information from the Secretary of War, if a regiment of black men, fugitive slaves, had been organized; whether the War Department had authorized such action, and if the negroes had been furnished with uniforms and arms. The Secretary of War sent the resolution to General Hunter, at Port Royal, who replied that no regiment of "fugitive slaves" had been organized, but a fine regiment of persons had been collected, whose late masters were "fugitive rebels." Thus read the reply:

"It is the masters who have, in every instance, been the fugitives, running away from loyal slaves as well as loyal soldiers, and whom we have only been able partially to see—chiefly their heads over ramparts, or, rifle in hand, dodging behind trees in the extreme distance. In the absence of any 'fugitive master laws' the deserted slaves would be wholly without remedy, had not the crime of treason given them the right to pursue, capture, and bring back those persons of whom they had been suddenly bereft."(5)

The letter of General Hunter was read everywhere through the Northern States, and gave great satisfaction to those who wished to see the negroes marshalled under the Stars and Stripes. General Hunter gave freedom papers to all the members of the regiment.

General Phelps, of Vermont, was in Louisiana, and said to General Butler, in command there, that fifty regiments of negroes could be enlisted, but was informed by that officer that he was to use the negro as a laborer, not as a soldier.

"I am not willing to become the mere slave-driver you propose, having no qualification that way," was the reply from General Phelps, who sent in his resignation.

A governor of a State had a right to enlist negroes, and on August 4th, 1862, Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, appealed to the negroes of that State to enlist. The tide was rising, and in August General Butler issued an appeal to the *free negroes* of New Orleans—those who had formed the regiment under the Confederates, who were mustered into the service of the United States—and on the same day President Lincoln authorized the enlistment of negroes in South Carolina, making no distinction as to condition, whether free or slave.

The enlistment of negroes who had been slaves gave offence to the Democratic party, and to some of the officers in the army, who regarded the negro as an inferior being. They said that the slaves would murder their masters and families. These were the words of the London *Times:*

"It means ten thousand domestic tragedies, in which women and children will be the victims."(6)

I visited Beaufort, South Carolina, and the sea islands, from which the planters had all fled, leaving their slaves behind. Colonel T. W. Higginson, of Boston, gathered anew the members of the First South Carolina Regiment on a plantation near Beaufort, which before the war was the summer home of the rich slave-holders of South Carolina, whose stately mansions looked down the beautiful bay—occupied now by their former slaves, who had deserted their little cabins and were making themselves at home in the parlors and bedchambers of those who had brought about the war. I rode out to the camp of the First South Carolina loyal troops through old cotton-fields, beneath oaks with wide-spreading branches, overladen with jasmine and honeysuckle, and along an avenue bordered by magnolias in bloom, filling the air with fragrance, beneath trees from whose branches drooped festoons of dark-gray moss, which waved mournfully in the breeze.

DESERTED NEGRO CABINS.

The regiment was encamped on a plantation owned by a man who had been a cruel master, who used to tie up his slaves by the thumbs, their arms stretched high above their heads, their toes just touching the ground.

I saw the staples in the trunk of a tree, the rings through which the ropes were drawn which held them to the whipping-post. Near by was a little chapel, with a bell in the belfry. The master and mistress had been religious. Every Sunday morning the bell called the slaves to church, to listen to the gospel of love, peace, and good-will from a fellow-slave. The master and mistress were accustomed to say their prayers in Beaufort; but on the morning when Admiral Dupont's guns were heard at Port Royal they suddenly departed, leaving all behind. The whipping was ended, the slaves were free, and the able-bodied of them were wearing the uniform of the Army of the Republic, with the Stars and Stripes waving over them, ready to show their gratitude to President Lincoln and their loyalty to the Union.

So intense was the prejudice on the part of some of the officers against the negro, that General Hunter was obliged to arrest one of his brigadier-generals, who said that he would rather be defeated in battle than co-operate with negro troops.(7) The enlistment of the former slaves was a turning-point in the history of the war, and in the history of our country, which will be manifest as the story of the struggle unfolds.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V.

(1) Williams, "A History of Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion," p. 80.
(2) *New Orleans Picayune*, Feb. 9, 1862.
(3) "Rebellion Record," vol. v., p. 22.
(4) Greeley, "American Conflict," vol. ii., p. 251.
(5) Executive Document, 37th Congress, 2d S., No. 143.
(6) London *Times*, Feb. 6, 1863.
(7) Hunter's Special Order, No. 86.

CHAPTER VI.

IN VIRGINIA.

THE Army of the Potomac was on the Falmouth hills, opposite Fredericksburg, housed in huts. All the surrounding forests had disappeared, built into huts, with chimneys of sticks and mud, or burned in the stone fireplaces constructed by the soldiers, who also built mud ovens, and baked their beans and bread. The winter was severe, the snow deep. The soldiers were discouraged. They knew that they had fought bravely, but that there had been mismanagement and inefficient generalship. Homesickness set in and became a disease. General Burnside planned a movement up the river to United States Ford. He thought that by a rapid march he could cross the Rappahannock at that point, and gain a position where General Lee would not have the advantage of any strong fortifications.

On January 20th the army moved, but suddenly rain began to fall, and before night the artillery and wagons were hub-deep in the mud. Teams were doubled; the drivers whipped their horses and used a great many bad words; the horses tugged in vain; the soldiers sank to their knees. All day long the rain poured in torrents, and beat pitilessly upon them. At night they lay down upon the damp ground, with the cold storm drenching them. For two days they struggled through the mud, and then made their way back to the log-huts, to be laughed at by the Confederate pickets on the other side of the river. The soldiers called it the mud campaign.

Some of the officers were greatly dissatisfied with General Burnside. They said that he was not competent to command a great army. When the command was offered him by President Lincoln, General Burnside distrusted his own ability. The soldiers had little confidence in his judgment, but did not doubt his loyalty. His repeated failures brought despondency in the army and throughout the North. Soldiers deserted—not to the Confederates, but made their way to Washington, and thence to their homes. Mothers and sisters and wives, who longed to see them once more, sent them suits of clothing so that they could get away.

General Burnside saw that with the disaffection among the officers he could not hope to accomplish anything. Besides, there were spies everywhere. It never, probably, will be known just who they were, but they were in the army, in Washington, in the streets, the hotels, the Departments, and in the telegraph-offices. It was discovered that all orders were known to the Confederates in a few hours after their delivery. General Burnside asked the President to accept his resignation as major-general, which Mr. Lincoln would not do. The President remembered his faithful service in North Carolina, but he relieved him of the command of the army, and appointed General Hooker to succeed him, transferring General Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, to the Department of the Ohio.

How should General Hooker cure homesickness which had become a disease? Officers and men alike had an intense longing for home.

When he took command of the army, desertions were at the rate of two hundred a day. Two thousand nine hundred and twenty-two officers and eighty-two thousand men were reported absent, with or without leave! It was in itself a great army. We are not to think that they were all deserters. By far the larger number were absent on leave, but, once at home, had not returned.

"What word of encouragement can you give us?" asked a company of ladies of President Lincoln.

"I have no word of encouragement for you," he said. "The military situation is far from bright, and the country knows it. The fact is, the people have not yet made up their minds that we are at war. They have not buckled down to the determination to fight this war through. They have got it into their heads that they are going to get out of this fix, somehow, by strategy. That is the word—strategy. They have no idea that the war is going to be carried on by hard fighting; and no headway will be made while this state of mind lasts.

"There are regiments that have two-thirds of the men absent—a great many by desertion, and a great many more on leave granted by company officers, which is almost as bad. There is a constant call for more troops, and they are sent forward. To fill up the army is like undertaking to shovel fleas; you take up a shovelful, but before you can dump them anywhere they are gone."

"Isn't death the penalty of desertion?" asked a lady.

"Yes."

"Why not enforce it, then?"

"Oh no, you can't do that! you can't shoot men by the hundred for

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN HUTS.

deserting. The country would not stand it; it ought not to stand it. It would be barbarous. We must change the condition of things in some other way."

They were plain words. General McClellan had talked about strategy and strategic movements, and the people somehow thought that by some great, brilliant movement—by getting on the flank or the rear of the Confederate army—General Lee might be manœuvred out of Fredericksburg, and finally out of Richmond, and that would be the end of the rebellion. President Lincoln knew better. General Hooker saw that the first thing to be done was to cure the homesickness. The surgeons and physicians had no medicine in their chests to cure the disease. A sight of home, a look into the faces of loved ones, a clasp of the hand, the kiss, the welcome of father, mother, wife, or sister was the only medicine.

Although so many were absent, the first order which General Hooker issued provided that one brigade commander, one field-officer, two line-officers of a regiment, and two men out of every hundred might be absent at one time, not exceeding ten days to the near States and fifteen days for States farther away.

"You have ruined the army. They will go from Dan to Beersheba. You never will get them back again," was the despatch telegraphed by President Lincoln when he heard of it.

"Let me try it for three weeks," replied General Hooker.

The President consented. The soldiers were informed that if they did not return on the day fixed they would be court-martialed. If they did not return, their regiment could have no more furloughs. It touched their honor. If they did not return, none of their comrades could go home. Officers had been running up to Washington. The hotels were full of those who ought to have been at Falmouth.

"Officers visiting Washington without permission will be dismissed the service," was the order of the War Department.

During the bright winter days the soldiers went through their drills and manœuvres. The bands played stirring tunes. The inspector kept close watch of their arms and equipments and clothing. The surgeons were careful of the health of the army. The men on furlough returned with bright faces. Stragglers were brought back to their regiments. The army, instead of dwindling, became larger day by day. Homesickness disappeared. Wherever General Hooker rode he was welcomed with a cheer.

Stragglers in an army, when asked what division, brigade, or regiment they belonged to, usually gave a false answer. To correct the evil General Hooker devised a system of badges by which stragglers could be detected, and which enabled soldiers when on the march or in the battle to see where their brigade, division, and corps were. The division badges were red for the First Division, white for the Second, blue for the Third. The badge of the First Corps was a sphere; of the Second, a clover-leaf; the Third, a lozenge; Fifth, a Maltese cross; Sixth, a cross; Eleventh, a crescent; Twelfth, a star. It was a device of much value, for a great army when on the march becomes more or less confused. Before their adoption, soldiers who dropped out of the line had great difficulty in finding their regiments; but with badges on coats, flags, and wagons, every soldier could soon find his regiment.

The cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had been of little account. General Hooker saw, and the Government saw, that the cavalry must be increased; that men on horseback are the "eyes of the army," seeing what the enemy is doing or about to do. New regiments were organized, the horses exercised, and the men drilled.

General Averill, commanding a division, was encamped at Hartwood Church. There came a day when Fitz-Hugh Lee, commanding a Confederate division of cavalry, appeared suddenly north of the river and fell upon the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, which was out on picket—General Averill's own regiment. In the skirmish eighty Union men were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, while of the Confederates twenty were killed and wounded, and forty prisoners taken. The two commanders had been classmates at West Point. When the Confederates retreated Fitz-Hugh Lee left a surgeon with his wounded and a note to General Averill. Thus it read:

"My dear Averill,—I wish you would put up your sword and leave my State and go home. You ride a good horse; I ride a better. Yours can beat mine running. Send me over a bag of coffee. Fitz."

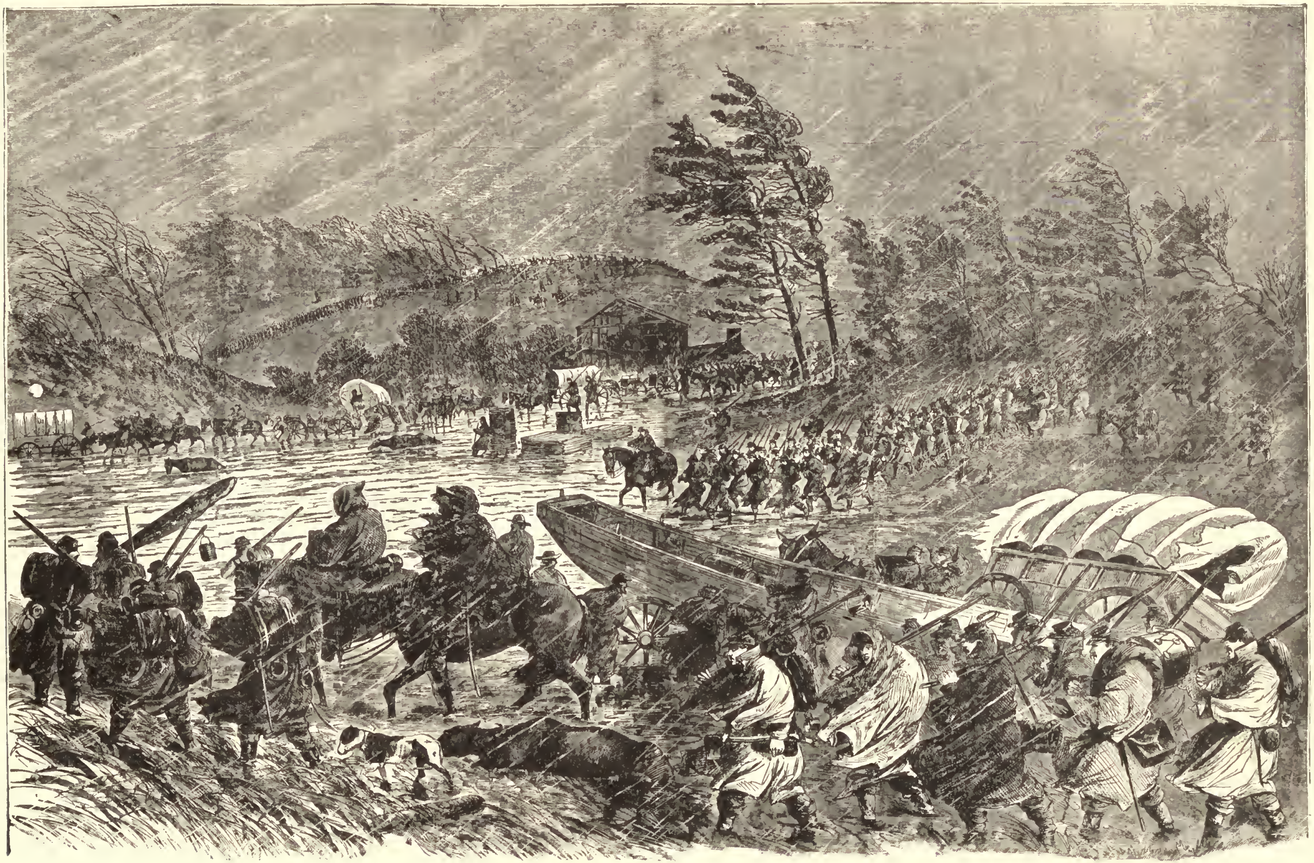
There was a taunt and a challenge in the note.

"I would like an opportunity to cross the river and try swords with the Confederates," said General Averill to General Hooker.

"You shall have the opportunity."

Early in the morning of March 17th the bugle sounded the call, and the Union cavalrymen leaped into their saddles. There were five regiments in the division. The First Brigade was commanded by Colonel McIntosh—the Third and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, two squadrons of the Fourth Pennsylvania, and the Sixth New York Battery.

The Second Brigade was commanded by Colonel Duffie—the First



IN THE STORM.

Rhode Island, Fourth New York, and Sixth Ohio. There were detachments from the First and Fifth United States Regulars. At daylight the division was on its way towards Kelley's Ford. They found the road leading to the river blocked with fallen trees, but the pioneers cleared the way with their axes, the Fourth New York keeping up at the same time a lively fire upon the Confederates on the other bank.

GENERAL HOOKER.

The Fourth Rhode Island charged to the bank of the river, to be forced back, but, rallying with a cheer, driving their spurs into the flanks of their horses, they went across the stream, up the other bank, and captured the astonished Confederates, who had dismounted, and were firing their carbines from an old mill-race.

The water was so deep in the river that it came into the caissons, and the cannon cartridges had to be taken out, put in the nose-bags of the horses, and thus carried to the southern shore.

The bugles sounded, and the division moved slowly on in order of battle; for not far away was the whole of Fitz-Hugh Lee's command—the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Virginia — soldiers who prided themselves on being fearless riders, and who had formed in line of battle, and were advancing. General Averill halted in a belt of woods bordering a field. Fitz-Hugh Lee did the same upon the opposite side of the field. The lines were straightened, and both came out into the cleared land. General Lee made a movement to turn Averill's right, but was stopped by the artillery. He moved to charge the left, but was met by Duffie's brigade and driven. Lee's whole line fell back, followed by Averill. Again the Confederates advanced, but again were turned back by the Third Pennsylvania and Fifth Regulars. When the Confederates retreated the Union troops poured in a volley. Men rolled from their saddles, and their horses ran wildly over the field.

The sun was going down. General Averill had accomplished what he came for—a disciplining of his men in battle. He had paid his compliments to his old classmate, and gave orders to recross the river, which was rapidly rising from rains in the mountains.

Many of the men were badly wounded, but he made them comfortable, left a surgeon in charge of them and a bag of coffee, with this note to his old classmate:

"DEAR FITZ,—Here's your coffee. Here's your visit. How do you like it? How's that horse?

AVERILL."

These men were old-time friends. War had not made them personal enemies. They were fighting for great principles—one for the Confederacy, the other for the Union. Averill returned well satisfied with the behavior of the troops. It was the first real cavalry battle of the Army of the Potomac.

While General Hooker was getting the Union army under discipline and curing the homesickness, General Lee was filling up his army with new conscripts. The Confederate Government did not organize new regiments, but put new men into the ranks with soldiers who had been in a score of battles. The new men soon became as brave and steady as they. It was a much better plan than that adopted by the Union Government—the raising of new regiments.

Day and night the Tredegar Ironworks at Richmond were blazing—casting cannon, shot, and shell. Carpenters were making cannon-carriages. Every steamer running the blockade into Wilmington or Charleston brought arms and supplies from England.

When General Lee, in February, learned through his spies that General Hooker was allowing his soldiers to go home, he rightly surmised that no immediate movement would be attempted by the Army of the Potomac. The Confederate Government determined to improve the opportunity to sweep the Union troops in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina into the sea. They would conceal their real design. They sent D. H. Hill to North Carolina. The Governor called out the militia. He was to make a demonstration against General Foster, in command at Newbern, who in turn would be compelled to ask General Keyes, at Norfolk, to send him reinforcements, which would weaken the force at Suffolk and Norfolk.

While this was going on, Hood's, Pickett's, and Anderson's divisions, commanded by Longstreet, were to be transferred by railroad to Suffolk, carry that position, and then push on to Norfolk. Hill was to join his troops to Longstreet's, and the united force would make clean work. Once more masters of Norfolk, they would make it uncomfortable for the Union fleet off Fortress Monroe, and would again close James River.

General Foster, to strengthen his position at Newbern, was constructing Fort Anderson, on the banks of the Neuse River. On March 13th General Pettigrew came down the road through the woods with two brigades of North Carolina troops. There was only a small garrison in the fort, but there were two gunboats in the river—the *Hunchback* and *Hetzel*—which opened fire, and the Confederates hastily retreated.

Twenty miles north of Newbern is the little town of Washington, on Tar River, which General Hill attacked, to capture the supplies stored there for the Union gunboats. It was occupied only by a small garrison. There were two gunboats in the river. General Hill planted his cannon on the north bank, to prevent any more vessels from arriving; but the *Ceres* ran past the batteries and brought a supply of ammunition. Foster came with two brigades on transports, but could not land. General Spinola started from Newbern, but was confronted by the Confederate cavalry at Blount's Mills, and turned back. General Foster was making arrangements for a combined attack upon Hill, when suddenly not a Confederate soldier was to be seen, for Hill was on his way northward to join Longstreet in his attack upon Suffolk. He had made General Foster believe that he had a large force—that Longstreet was on his way to join him. General Foster had sent for reinforcements. He was promised ten thousand men; three thousand were to be sent to him from Suffolk by General Peck, in command at that point.

We come to April 10th. The troops from General Peck's command are on the cars. In a few minutes they would be on their way to Norfolk, where transports were waiting to take them to North Carolina.

Just before the train started, General Peck received a despatch from General Viele at Norfolk, whose scouts had captured a Confederate mail. One of the letters stated that General Longstreet had from forty thousand to sixty thousand men, and that General Hill from North Carolina was on his way to join him. General Peck, instead of sending the three thousand troops to Norfolk, ordered them to remain.

General Longstreet was twenty miles away, west of Blackwater River, which runs south to Albemarle Sound. Opening your maps, you will see that the broad estuary of James River at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay is called Hampton Roads, where the fight took place between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. Norfolk is on Elizabeth River; Suffolk on Nansemond River, which rises in the dark and gloomy forests of Dismal Swamp, the haunt of runaway slaves before the war—

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path is rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never stood before."

The country is low between the James River and the Dismal Swamp. There are sand-knolls, swamps, thickets, groves of cedar, pine, and oak. We may start from James River and sail up a wide estuary four miles. This is called the Lower Nansemond. A stream—the Western Branch—comes in here, and the land at the junction is called Hill's Point. Large vessels can reach this point, but here the shallows begin, and only light-draught vessels can go up to Suffolk. From Hill's Point the stream is narrow and winding. From Suffolk the Jericho Canal leads south to the Dismal Swamp. The Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad crosses the Nansemond at Suffolk, turns north-east, skirts the northern edge of the Dismal Swamp, and runs to Norfolk.

The line which General Peck must defend extended from Hill's Point south and east along the river, and to the swamp, a distance of fifteen miles. A road comes from North Carolina, east of the swamp, to Norfolk, and he sent his cavalry thirty miles away—to South Mills—to hold this backdoor; for if he did not guard it, a Confederate force might gain his rear, turn his position, and seize Norfolk.

It was a great prize which Longstreet hoped to gain. If he could win victory he would capture a great pile of railroad iron stored at Norfolk—enough to lay sixty miles of track. The Confederates were sadly in need of it, for the rails of the roads were fast wearing out, and the South had no iron-mills and few workers in iron. He would capture a large number of heavy guns and a vast amount of naval supplies. If he could recapture Norfolk he would greatly embarrass the fleet blockading the Chesapeake. Then he would turn south, and make quick work in clearing North Carolina.

"Three thousand troops are to leave for North Carolina," was the word which Longstreet received from his spies. He knew all that was going on in the Union lines. General Hill had made such a demonstration at Newbern and Washington that the Union officers thought North Carolina was the point of attack. The time had come for him to strike the blow. He crossed the Blackwater April 12th. General Hood, marching on the South Quay road, captured some of the Union cavalry pickets, but others escaped to give the alarm. The other divisions marched on other roads — thirty thousand strong — converging towards Suffolk, with boats and material for laying bridges across the Upper Nansemond. Anderson's and Pickett's divisions came from the south. French's division advanced on the Somerton road; Hood's along the railroad, reaching Suffolk at noon April 13th.

General Peck's headquarters were on the bank of the Jericho Canal. He appointed General Getty commander between Suffolk and Hill's Point. In the river were several small gunboats—Lieutenant Lamson commanded those on the Upper, Lieutenant Cushing those on the Lower Nansemond. General Peck had fifteen thousand men and a large number of heavy cannon in position behind his fifteen miles of breastworks—so many and so advantageously placed that Longstreet saw that, instead of surprising Peck, he had serious work before him. Less prudent commanders would have charged the Union fortifications, but would have seen their troops cut to pieces. With thirty thousand men he hoped to turn the position; but he must get rid of the gunboats before he could lay his bridge. Then he would cross below the Union fortifications, and turn Peck's right flank. He would make a feint of attacking with Anderson and Pickett at Suffolk, while Hood and French forced the passage of the river at Hill's Point.

His engineers selected places for the batteries at the bends of the river, and all through the night the Confederate soldiers were at work with spades and axes, building breastworks.

Morning dawned, and when the Union gunboats steamed along the river, the Confederate cannon suddenly sent solid shot and shells into the *Mount Washington*, disabling the engine. Lieutenant Cushing, who was on the Lower Nansemond River, hastened up with the *Barney* and *Stepping Stones.* The Confederate sharp-shooters concealed along the shore opened fire from the thickets, picking off the sailors. For four hours the gunboats and batteries kept up the cannonade, when the rising of the tide floated the *Mount Washington* down-stream. The three gunboats were badly damaged.

General Longstreet erected a battery on the farm of Mr. Nafleet. He intended to build a bridge at that point, but the Union soldiers soon had a battery on the opposite shore. The gunboats *Alert* and *Cœur de Lion* came up the river; but the pilots were killed by the Confederates, and the boats riddled by cannon-balls.

On the west bank of the river, at Hill's Point, was a fort built by the Confederates in 1862, in which they now placed five cannon. General Getty resolved to capture it. He selected six companies of the Eighth Connecticut and six of the Eighty-ninth New York, in all two hundred and sixty men, commanded by Colonel Ward. They went on board the *Stepping Stones*, where a canvas screen drawn above the bulwarks of the vessel completely concealed them.

There is a bluff on the west bank near the Confederate cannon, behind which the boat would be hid for a moment from the Confederates.

"Make believe that you intend to run past the battery; but when you reach the shelter of the bluff, run the boat ashore, leap out, make a rush, and capture the guns," were General Getty's orders to Colonel Ward.

The *Stepping Stones* steams up the river. The Confederate artillerymen spring to their guns. She reaches the shelter of the bluff—is lost to sight; but the moment she comes in view the cannon will flame. But she does not come in view. The pilot has turned suddenly, laid her side to the shore, and three hundred men in a twinkling are swarming over her sides and rushing up the bank.

The sailors run their howitzers ashore, drag them up the bank, and wheel them into position. The Confederates are astounded. The fight is quickly over.

"We surrender!" shout the Confederates; and one hundred and sixty-one give themselves up. Other troops cross, and a strong garrison holds the fort.

General Longstreet was surprised. In a moment all his plans had been overturned. He saw that he must abandon all thoughts of crossing by a bridge. To capture the Union line he must begin a regular siege—the building of strong earthworks, mounting heavy guns, etc.; all of which would require time. He was surprised at the audacity of the Union troops. A party crossed the Lower Nansemond, marched out three miles, and drove the Confederate cavalry.

Two days later General Corcoran, with a brigade, made a sortie on the Edenton Road, below Suffolk, and drove the Confederates into their works.

Every day the batteries were thundering; but the Union guns were larger and heavier than Longstreet's, and had the advantage. But heavy guns came from Richmond, and on the last day of April were ready to open fire.

General Hill's troops were arriving (ten thousand men) from North Carolina, giving Longstreet forty thousand. With this reinforcement he hoped to make a successful assault.

He waited till night, and then, instead of attacking, withdrew his heavy guns, packed up his camp, and started his long lines of wagons. Daylight came, May 3d, and the Union pickets discovered that the Confederate breastworks, instead of swarming with troops, were silent and deserted. Longstreet was hastening northward, summoned by General Lee, who was fighting a great battle at Chancellorsville.

The movement of Hill in North Carolina, the expenditure of sending Longstreet's troops to Suffolk and bringing them back; all the marching, digging, building batteries, waste and expense, and a loss of fifteen hundred men in the skirmishes, had resulted in failure. Nothing had been gained. Quite likely there would have been a far different result if General Viele had not captured the man with the Confederate mail; for, with three thousand of his best troops gone, General Peck would have found it difficult to hold his line—fifteen miles long—and it seems probable that Longstreet would have broken through. As it was, nothing was gained, but much lost, by the Confederates.

CHAPTER VII.

COTTON FAMINE IN ENGLAND.

WHEN the great slave-holders planned the disruption of the Union and the building up of a Confederacy with slavery for its corner-stone, they fully believed that the whole world would be compelled to acknowledge its power. Several years before the breaking out of the war Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, declared in the Senate of the United States that "cotton was king," for over no other lands were wafted such balmy winds laden with moisture as those which floated inland from the Gulf of Mexico. In no other fields could be found cotton-plants of such luxuriant growth as those whitening the plantations of the islands off the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, along the coast of Alabama, producing every year nearly five million bales. The States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas were the world's cotton-garden. The world demanded cotton, and the Gulf States were so endowed by Nature that they, and they alone, could supply the demand. Nearly two-thirds of all the cotton used was produced in those States. In England nearly forty million spindles were whirling, and hundreds of thousands of men, women and children earning their daily bread in spinning, carding, and weaving cotton. In midwinter the Mississippi, at New Orleans, bore upon its tide a great fleet of ships laden with the raw material, which alone could keep the great multitude in England from starving, which enriched ship-owner, manufacturer, and merchant. "England," said Jefferson Davis, "never will allow our great staple, cotton, to be dammed up within our limits. She will aid us" ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 39). This was the great mistake of those who established a Confederacy with slaves and cotton the foundation materials of the structure.

The men who seceded from the Union were ignorant of the great economic principles governing the commerce of the world. Believing that slavery was a beneficent institution ordained by Almighty God, they did not comprehend the fact that they were attempting to establish a nation

SHIPPING COTTON TO ENGLAND BEFORE THE WAR.

upon a system which, during the middle period of the century, had become repugnant to the moral sense of the world. Thus it came about that they were confidently expecting recognition by England and France.

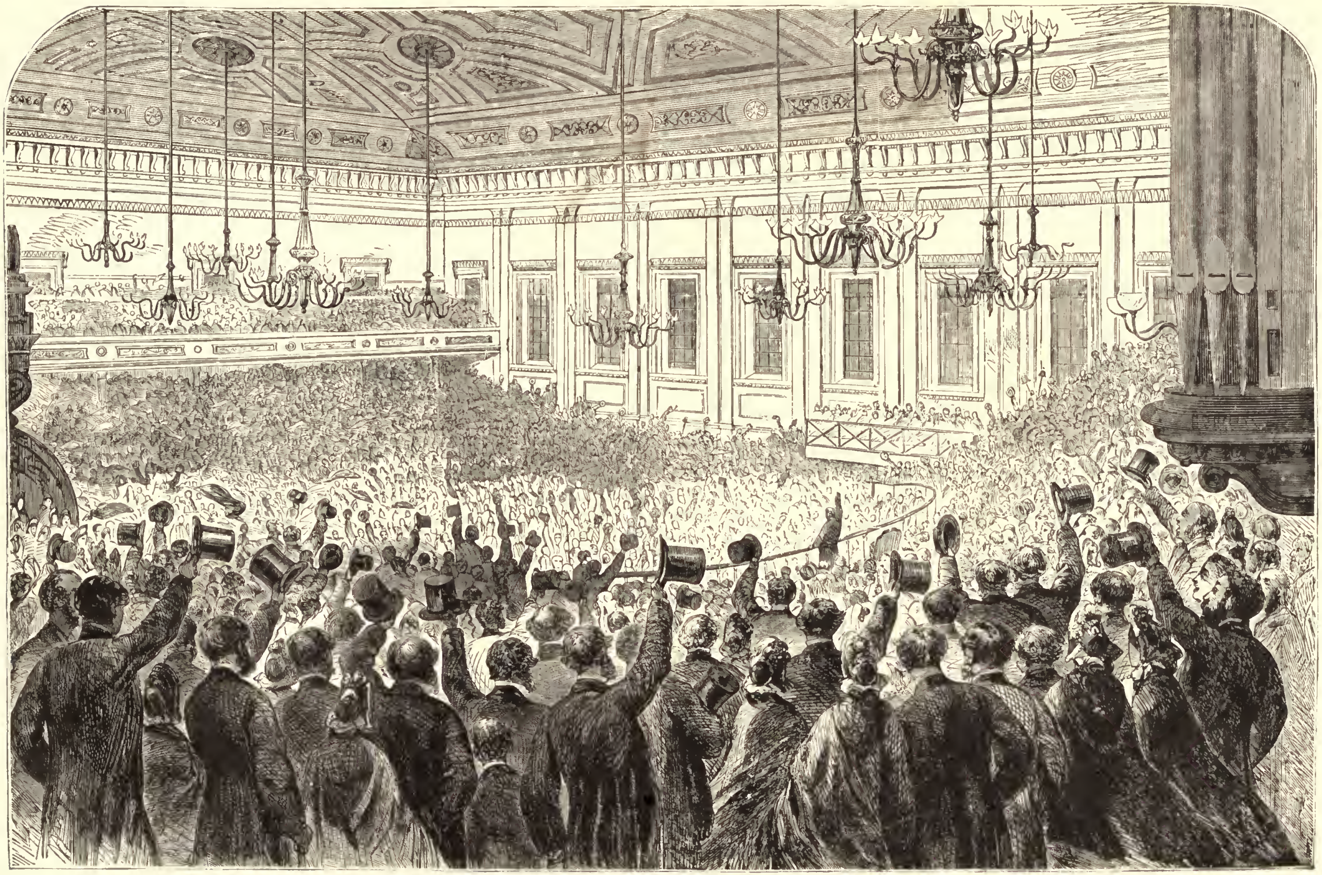
There were sad scenes in Great Britain. The supply of raw cotton was exhausted. No longer was there a throbbing of steam-engines. The machinery of the cotton-mills was motionless—no spindles whirling, no shuttles flying. Hundreds of thousands were out of employment. Seek work where they might, there was none for them. Starvation stared them in the face, and famine, with all its horrors, confronted them, and yet no murmur or complaint fell from their lips. The shillings they had saved by thrift and industry disappeared; the furniture of the humble home—the chair, the table, the clock upon the mantle—the Sunday coat, the best gown, the little gold-washed ornament, were taken to the pawn-shop, until the pawnbroker had no place for articles, nor money to give for them. When all was gone they did not beg for charity. There were no threats of violence, no attempt to help themselves from the stores of the rich, but with resignation like that of the martyr at the stake, with countenance illumined by the light of heaven, they calmly looked death in the face.

Beautiful picture of the ages! When the hunger was keenest, when loved ones were pining away, when children were crying for bread, when the last crumbs had gone, in humble homes, stripped of all furniture, these men and women, kneeling upon bare floors, lifted up their prayers to God, beseeching success to the men who were fighting to free the slave! For, by a heaven-born instinct they comprehended that the Stars and Stripes was the emblem of the world's best hope; that the men who were upholding that flag were fighting a battle for the poor and lowly of every land.

This the portrayal of the situation by the *London Illustrated News:*

"Hundreds of thousands, accustomed to win a comfortable livelihood by this honest industry, find themselves suddenly bereft of the raw material on which their skill and labor had been before employed. The catastrophe is as complete for the time being as if an earthquake had swallowed up the mills in which they were accustomed to earn their bread. Their own glowing hearths, their cherished household ornaments, the pleasant things about them which they toiled so long and patiently to acquire—all that administered to the comfort and attractiveness of their homes—all are gone; desolation has swept over them all, and nothing is left them but life, without the means of satisfying it, and brave hearts that bleed inwardly but make no complaint. The last-mentioned feature of the distress is the most touching of all. Most of us can well imagine the anguish which has wrung their souls as, hoping to avert the want, and looking with strained sight into the dim and dreary future for better times, they have surrendered one by one the articles which constituted their modest wealth. We can realize to some extent the intense anxiety with which they watched the rising tide of misery, the pangs which they have felt in the progress of the gradual but sure approach of that sharp penury which, in the case of the great majority of them, has already worn them to the bone. Savage winter, following close upon the heels of want and fever, is crouched and waiting to make prey of physical weakness.

"The scene does not need another touch of misery to deepen its pathos; but if it were possible to look upon it with callous feelings, the sublime pathos of the sufferings would make indifference impossible. There has been nothing like it in modern times. The unassuming manliness, the calm and intelligent fortitude, the unostentatious resignation, the marvellous abstention from all bitterness of utterance, and the cheerful acquiescence in the policy of right which the present distress has elicited, make



THE MEETING IN EXETER HALL.

such an appeal to English hearts for sympathy and help as never before, perhaps, was heard."

In Manchester, with a population of a little more than three hundred thousand, there were thirty-four thousand starving people. In other cotton manufacturing cities the distress was equally great. Soup-houses were established, great kettles brought into use, industries provided, contributions gathered, boards for distribution of food and clothing organized, with Lord Palmerston, Prime-minister, at the head. Contributions came from India, China, Australia, and Canada. Newspapers were provided, so that the men and women who could get no work might at least learn what was going on in the world. With eager eyes they read every item of news concerning the great struggle between Freedom and Slavery in the Western World.

This the pen-picture from the correspondent of the *News:*

"The people, as a rule, had rather starve than ask relief. I have made my observations in families where death was within a few stages, waiting to close the hard but unsuccessful struggle for life. One cannot withstand the intense pleading of silent want. Halfpence will drop into little famished hands and shillings into the palms of mothers, who weep over the sufferings of their children, from whose cheeks the roses have long since fled, but they never ask for charity."

This the record of earnings in the cotton mills: Betty Taylor earned in two weeks two shillings and elevenpence(1)—less than seventy-five cents for twelve days. Susannah Fletcher in two weeks earned one shilling and sevenpence—about thirty-six cents—going into the mill at eight o'clock and staying till half-past five.

Nearly six hundred thousand people(2) were receiving relief. In the cotton manufacturing districts only one-third were working on full time. One hundred and sixty thousand operatives were working half time, while two hundred and twenty-eight thousand could find no work. They were wholly dependent on charity.

Notwithstanding starvation stared them in the face, notwithstanding nearly all the newspapers of England, the lords, dukes, nobles, and nearly all the members of Parliament sympathized with the South, these famishing toilers prayed for the success of the North.

On the evening of the last day of the year the great town-hall of Manchester, England, was filled with the working men and women of that city, many of whom had gone hungry through the day because "King Cotton" had inaugurated a war in the United States for the establishment of a slave empire. The mayor of the city presided. They had assembled for the purpose of sending a letter to President Lincoln, thanking him for the Proclamation of Emancipation, which was to go into effect at the hour of midnight. These their words:

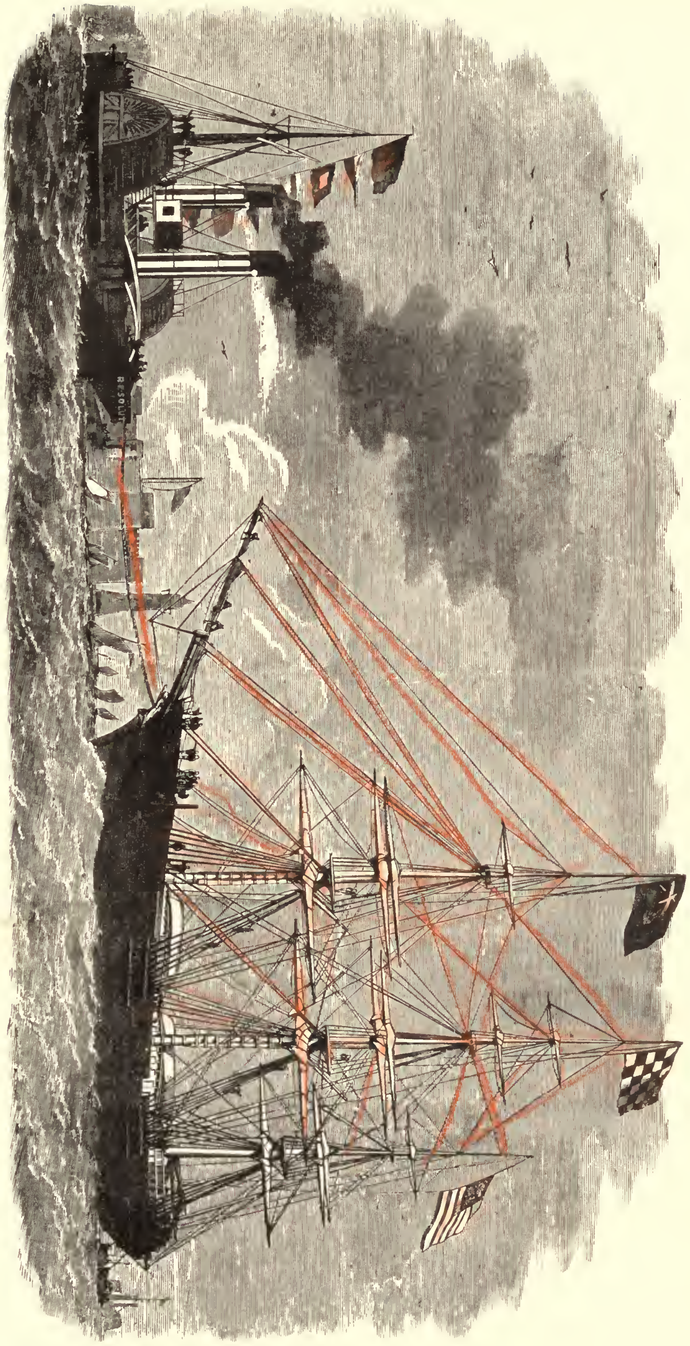
"Heartily do we congratulate you and your country on this humane and righteous course. We assure you that you and your country cannot now stop short of a complete uprooting of slavery. . . . We implore you for your own honor and welfare not to faint in your providential mission. Leave no root of bitterness to spring up and work fresh misery to your children. . . . Our interests are identified with yours. We are truly one people, though locally separate; and if you have any ill-wishers here, be assured they are those who oppose liberty at home. . . . Accept our high admiration of your firmness in upholding the proclamation of freedom."

The steamship which brought this address across the Atlantic passed a gallant new ship, built at Quincy, Massachusetts, the *George Griswold*, with all sails set, bound from New York to Liverpool. This her cargo: One hundred barrels of pork, fifty barrels of beef, one hundred and two boxes of bacon, three tierces and two bags of rice, one hundred and seven bags and five hundred barrels of corn, one hundred and twenty-five barrels and four hundred and fifteen boxes of bread, fourteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-six barrels of flour.

The ship was full, and the cargo was valued at $108,000 — all contributed by the people of New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, for the starving of Lancashire: the committee of relief had still thirty-five thousand dollars left. The *George Griswold* went down the harbor and out through the Narrows on January 10th, with all her flags flying, to be followed, on the 19th, by the bark *Achilles*, from Philadelphia, on their errands of mercy in the spirit of that Christmas song first chanted on earth by the angels of God above the green pastures of Bethlehem— "Peace on earth, good will to men."

On the 9th of February, the *George Griswold* reached Liverpool, sailing up past the ship-yards of the Messrs. Laird, whence the *Florida* and the *Alabama* had sailed to begin their work of destruction. The people of Liverpool had heard of the departure of the vessel from New York, and the commander of the fort at the entrance of the harbor welcomed her with a salute. A tug took the *Griswold* in tow, and that vessel, decorated by her captain with the flags of all nations, laden with food for the famishing, freely given, went on to her dock amid the swinging of hats and the hurrahs of a multitude of the workingmen of Liverpool.

At that same hour the Lord-mayor of London and his invited guests



THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD" AT LIVERPOOL.

were sitting down to a banquet, where the tables were loaded with the roast beef of Old England and the delicacies of every land, with champagne, sherry, and burgundy sparkling in goblets, with flowers perfuming the air. The guests were two hundred and fifty — lords, members of Parliament, officers of the army and navy, including Mr. Mason, of Virginia, author of the Fugitive Slave Law, Minister of the Slave Confederacy, impatiently waiting for its recognition by the British Government. The lord-mayor thought that so distinguished a gentleman should be honored with a toast.

"My lord-mayor, my lady-mayoress, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen," said Mr. Mason, "I am a stranger among you, or rather I was a stranger; but I have learned since I came to London that men of English blood from my own Southern land are not strangers among you [cheers]. I speak this from my heart [cheers], for I have been by every circle in England, and by every class of society, a welcomed and honored guest [cheers]. The day will come—it is not far off—when the relationship between my government, now in its infant fortune, and yours will be one of close and intimate relations" [great cheering].

"Mr. Mason is right in saying that the Confederacy will at length be welcomed into the family of nations," said the *Saturday Review* in its next issue.

The London *Times* of the next morning had the report of the banquet and room for many editorials upon various subjects, but never any space for a recognition of the generous gift of the people of the United States to the famishing of England.

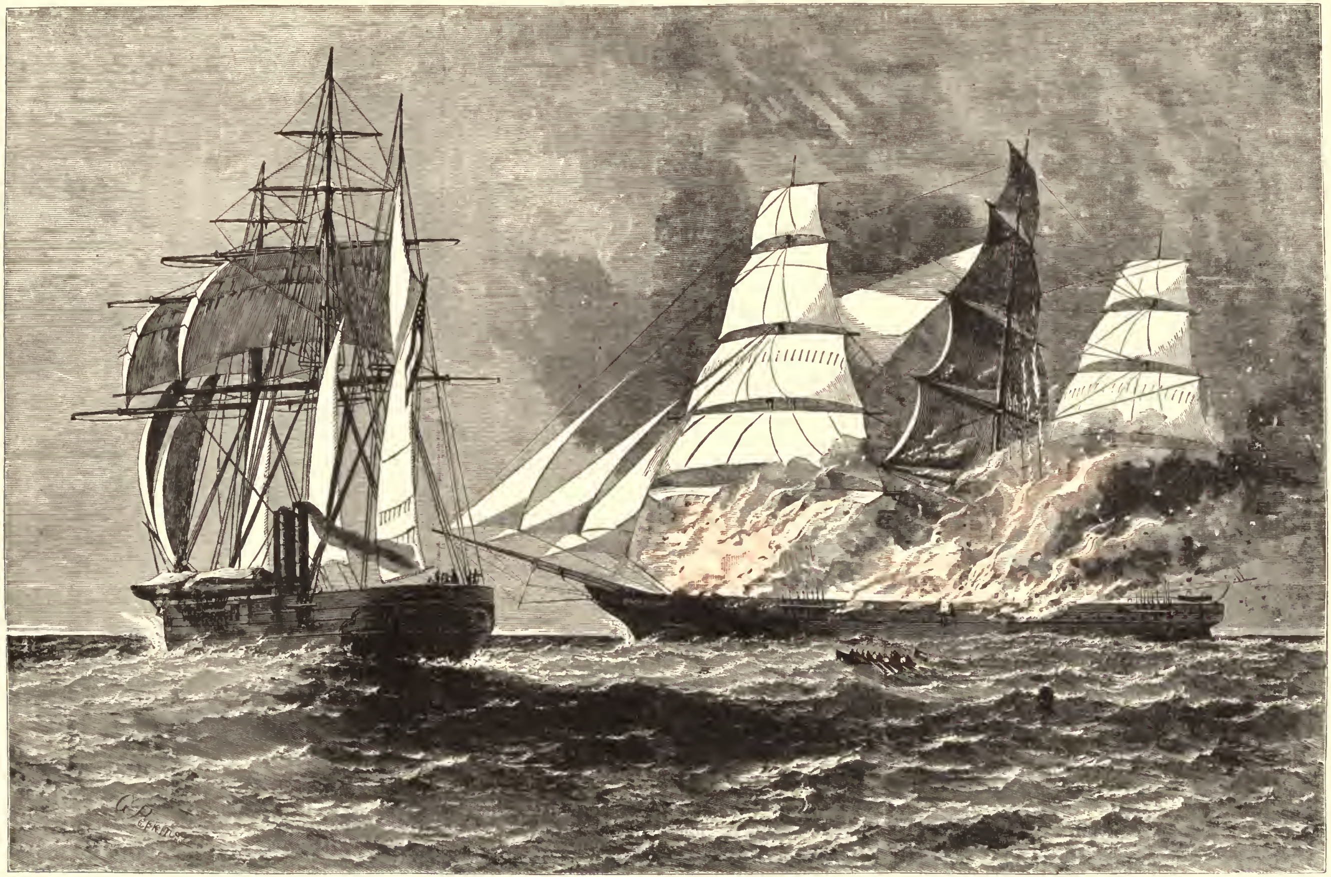
In its news columns of that morning is the reply of Abraham Lincoln to the workingmen of Manchester. "· · · It has been studiously represented," wrote Mr. Lincoln, "that the attempt to overthrow this government [United States], which was built on human rights, and to substitute for it one which should exclusively rest on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain favor in Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens the workingmen of Europe have been subjected to a severe trial. I cannot but regard your decisive utterance upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or country. It is indeed an energetic and inspiring assurance of the power of truth, and the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity and freedom."

We are not to think that all of the people of Great Britain sided with the South. On the contrary, meetings were held in nearly all the large cities and towns by those whose sympathies were with the North. Many of the Dissenting clergy labored with great zeal to arouse public sentiment in favor of the Proclamation of Emancipation. An immense meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London.

On the evening of February 12th, while the people of England were reading the letter of Abraham Lincoln to the workingmen of Manchester, while the thousands of barrels of flour, the beef, pork, bread, and bacon were being transported from Liverpool to that city and the other manufacturing towns of Lancashire, the *Florida* was falling in with the *Jacob Bell*, one of the finest ships that ever sailed the seas, loaded with tea from China: nine thousand chests — owned by English merchants, insured in English companies—the ship and cargo valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars. But the ship is American built. The mechanics of the United States hewed the stalwart timbers, fashioned mast and spar, and wove the sails and spun the ropes. Free labor constructed the noble craft, and the government built on slave labor, toasted by the Lord-mayor of London, cheered by the nobles, lords, and members of Parliament, decrees that the stately craft shall be given to the flames. At that hour the *Alabama* is steering southward across the equator, to place herself in the track of the great fleet of tea-ships doubling the Cape of Good Hope, thence sailing onward to the China Seas, beyond the reach of any war-ship of the United States, to light up the sea with burning vessels. On that same evening hour the great ship-constructors, the Lairds, one of them a member of Parliament, had contracts in hand for the construction of formidable iron-clads, intended for the Confederate service, with which the blockading fleets of Charleston and Wilmington were to be scattered to the winds, or sent to the bottom of the sea.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII.

(1) London *Times*, February 4, 1863.
(2) Idem, February 5, 1863.



BURNING OF THE "JACOB BELL" BY THE "FLORIDA."

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

ALL through the winter the Confederate soldiers and slaves were building forts and breastworks along the Rappahannock from Banks's Ford up-stream a distance of twenty-five miles. General Hotchkiss, General Lee's engineer, thus speaks of what was done: "No time, labor, nor skill was spared, and when completed an almost impregnable barrier was presented to the progress of the Federal army throughout the whole distance. Behind these works the Confederate army was as secure from attack in front as Wellington at Torres Vedras. In addition, masked batteries were placed in commanding positions where there was a possibility of the Union army attempting to cross. General Judson concealed near the crossings artillery which might be brought into use instantly, but the positions of which could not be suspected."

It was a great problem which General Hooker had to solve. He could not do it by mathematics. He could not sit still forever at Falmouth. He must go somewhere. He must make a movement in some direction. He could not cross at Fredericksburg and attempt to carry the heights, where Burnside lost so many gallant men in a fruitless endeavor. The Confederate army was there in a position stronger than ever. General Lee's spies knew every movement and plan. The first possible crossing-place above Fredericksburg was at Banks's Ford, six miles up-stream. The next was at United States Ford, seven miles above Banks's. To reach this ford a road must be constructed for the artillery and wagons. General Lee had constructed intrenchments, and posted troops at both fords. Just above the United States Ford the Rapidan pours its flood into the Rappahannock. If General Hooker were to undertake a flank movement above this point he must cross two streams. The Rappahannock comes down from the north-west, the Rapidan from the west. It was so improbable that General Hooker would cross two streams and attempt to gain his rear that General Lee had few troops guarding the Rapidan.

"My army is at the bottom of a well, and the enemy holds the top," wrote General Hooker to General Peck, who was at Suffolk, holding that place against Longstreet. How should he get out of the well? That was the one question which General Hooker pondered day and night. He kept his thoughts to himself. Whatever they were no one knew—not even his most trusted corps commanders or engineers. No spy could get at any plan, yet he had a plan. He knew that the Confederate cavalry in the West had done great damage in rear of Buell and Rosecrans. Why could not the Union cavalry do equal damage in rear of Lee? He appointed General Stoneman to command an expedition to go up the Rappahannock, cross, move rapidly south, getting in Lee's rear, destroy the railroad to Richmond, attack trains, cut off all parties sent in pursuit, and commit all possible havoc.

General Stoneman started on the 13th of April. He crossed the river at Rappahannock Station; but it was raining in the mountains. The river was rising, the mud growing deeper. He saw that he could not go on, and recrossed the river, pitching his tents upon the northern bank. The plan which General Hooker thought would be productive of confusion in the Confederate army had failed. He must wait for fair weather and dry roads, and must think of some other plan.

In war it is of the utmost importance to deceive the enemy when a movement is to be made. The great French general, Jomini, laid down this rule: "If you are to cross a river in face of an enemy, you must deceive him as to the place. False attacks must be made near the real ones, to divide the attention and means of the enemy."

While the cavalry were pitching their tents on the bank of the Rappahannock, twenty-five miles up-stream, General Doubleday, commanding the First Corps, marched down-stream to Port Conway, a little hamlet opposite Port Royal. He had a long train of pontoons. The Confederate pickets guarding the river could see the wagons winding over the hills, and catch a glimpse of long lines of troops and artillery trains. The First Corps at night kindled fires, not only for each regiment, but enough for half the army, and the Confederates could see the glimmering lights over a large stretch of country.

General Doubleday planted his artillery. His soldiers cut logs the length of a cannon, mounted them on the forward wheels of baggage-wagons, and placed them behind breastworks. The Confederate pickets reported that an immense number of guns were in position. The Twenty-fourth Michigan laid the pontoons and crossed the river. General Doubleday acted his part so well that General Lee ordered Stonewall Jackson to move down towards Port Royal.

An aide-de-camp handed an order to General Howard, commanding the Eleventh Corps, on the evening of April 26th, and another to General Slocum, commanding the Twelfth Corps. They were confidential orders, directing them to march at daylight the next morning.

The troops moved their encampment at the appointed hour, General Howard leading, and the next afternoon reached Kelley's Ford, twenty-eight miles from the starting. A part of General Bushbeck's brigade crossed the Rappahannock in boats, and drove away the few Confederates guarding the ford.

At ten o'clock in the evening the army began to cross. The troops pushed on to the Rapidan, crossing it at Germania Ford, coming suddenly upon the Confederates, who were building a bridge, and who ran into a mill. The Union troops wheeled into line and charged upon them, compelling them to surrender. The bridge was quickly completed, and at daybreak on the morning of the last day of April the three corps were on the south bank of the Rapidan.

It was noon when General Lee heard of it. Nor did he know what to make of it. Down the river, opposite Port Royal, was evidently a large force ready to cross on the pontoons already laid. From his headquarters he could look over Fredericksburg and see a large body of troops on the Falmouth Hills getting ready to lay pontoons across the river. Up-stream nearly twenty-five miles the roads were swarming with Union troops.

What was General Hooker going to do? All through the winter General Lee had been making the front side of his house stronger day by day, but now a large Union force was knocking at the side door.

At one o'clock a Confederate courier fell into the hands of General Pleasonton. He was riding hard with a despatch from General Lee to General Anderson, commanding the Confederate troops up the river. The ink was hardly dry. "I have just received," it read, "reliable information that the enemy has crossed the river in force. Why have you not kept me informed? I wish to see you at my headquarters as soon as possible."

General Hooker, by sending the First Corps down the river, by keeping General Sedgwick with a large force opposite Fredericksburg, by marching rapidly with the main body of his army up the Rappahannock (for the Second and Third Corps were following), and by crossing that river and the Rapidan, had not only deceived General Lee, but had performed one of the most brilliant strategic movements of the war.

An important feature of the plan was the movement of the cavalry. General Stoneman was on the Upper Rappahannock, near Kelley's Ford.

He was to cross, divide his force, send part of it south-west to destroy the railroad and canal leading west from Richmond, and the Confederate supplies stored in that direction guarded by Fitz-Hugh Lee's division. The canal viaduct across the Rivanna River was to be blown up.

The main movement, however, was to be the destruction of the railroad leading from Fredericksburg to Richmond, over which Lee received his supplies. With this destroyed, it was expected that the Confederates would be compelled to evacuate Fredericksburg.

"Your watchword should be 'Fight! fight! fight!'" said Hooker, in his instructions.

Fitz-Hugh Lee was on the south bank of the Rapidan with two thousand Confederate cavalry, but the Union cavalry had no difficulty in crossing Raccoon Ford and advancing to Louisa Court-house.

The Virginia Central Railroad, which runs from the Shenandoah Valley to Richmond, was torn up, but the destruction had no effect upon Lee. Colonel Wyndham, with a regiment, reached the canal, intending to destroy the aqueduct over the Rivanna River, but found that he had no means of blowing it up. The whole expedition was a lamentable failure.

Chancellorsville was not a collection of residences, but only a single farm-house, with a broad piazza, surrounded by barns, sheds, and corn-ricks—the home of Mr. Chancellor, where General Hooker established his headquarters. Standing on the piazza and looking south, you see a level field, with woods beyond. South-west, half a mile, are the ruins of a once stately home—"Fairview."

The gentlemen of Old England who settled in Virginia two hundred years ago gave pleasant names to their homes. Still farther towards the south-west is "Hazel Grove."

If you would go to Fredericksburg from Chancellorsville you can have the choice of two roads part of the way—the turnpike, which is the shortest, and the plank road, which joins the turnpike between Tabernacle Church and Salem Church. It is three miles from Salem Church to Fredericksburg. If we go due north one mile from Salem Church we come to the Rappahannock, and if the water is not too high, may cross it at Banks's Ford. If we go due north from Chancellorsville we must travel three miles before reaching the river at United States Ford. Going west from Chancellorsville two miles, we come to Dowdall's Tavern, on the south side of the road. North of it, and a few rods farther west, are Wilderness Church and a farm-house.

The turnpike runs along a swell of land—the water-shed between the Rappahannock and the head-waters of the Ny River, which runs south-east. A very large portion of the country is covered with a dense forest, with paths and unfrequented roads winding through it. This is the ground and position reached by General Hooker April 28th.

The best men and greatest men make mistakes. The movement to Chancellorsville had been splendidly accomplished. General Hooker had forty-six thousand men, and General Sickles, with the Third Corps, fifteen thousand men, was making haste to join him.

General Anderson's division of Confederates was the only force in position to oppose him. Anderson was at Tabernacle Church, and set his men instantly at work building breastworks.

General Lee was in Fredericksburg; Jackson was down the river almost to Port Royal. The Confederate army was widely scattered. Lee did not know what to make of Hooker's movement. He saw a large body of Union troops still on the Falmouth Hills, under Sedgwick, who was getting ready to cross where Franklin's division crossed in December. If General Hooker were to advance at once, he could brush Anderson away before Lee could join him, forcing him back into Fredericksburg, and compelling Lee to fight at a disadvantage, or abandon all his fortifications, and leave the place which he had held securely during the winter. Such a movement would open Banks's Ford and bring Hooker several miles nearer Sedgwick, whose cannon were thundering, his engineers preparing to lay pontoons, but making little progress; and General Lee at last discovered that Sedgwick's movement was only a feint—that the real movement was the body of troops at Chancellorsville. He did not discover it till the evening of the 30th. A messenger rode to Stonewall Jackson with orders to hasten westward. Jackson's troops started at midnight, and at eight o'clock on the following morning were at Tabernacle Church. The whole of Lee's army was there, excepting Early's division of Jackson's corps and Barksdale's brigade of McLaws's division of Longstreet's corps, which had been left to confront Sedgwick.

It was eleven o'clock Friday, May 1st, before General Hooker was ready to advance. He moved down the plank road and the turnpike. The troops deployed as well as they could in the thickets. General Sykes met the troops of McLaws's division and drove them towards Tabernacle Church. General Anderson advanced to support McLaws. General Warren, chief engineer for Hooker, thought the ground favorable for fighting a battle, but General Hooker thought otherwise, and ordered the troops to fall back to Chancellorsville, as a much stronger position. He selected a defensive line and threw up breastworks and felled trees, making a strong abatis in front.

The Union troops, for the most part, were covered by woods. To find out just where they were, General Lee sent Wright's and Stuart's brigades forward. They attacked the outposts of the Twelfth Corps and drove them in. The Confederate artillery opened fire, and the Union batteries replied. General Lee saw that General Hooker occupied a very strong position, which he was making still stronger by breastworks and fallen trees. The Union artillery was planted to sweep every road and field; but he must attack, or fall back towards Richmond.

General Stuart, commanding the Confederate cavalry, was riding everywhere through the woods examining the Union lines. He was familiar with all the roads and paths. Through the winter Stuart had ridden many times through the Wilderness. He saw where the pickets of the Eleventh Corps were stationed; how General Howard had formed his brigades; that the best point to get at the Union army was on its right flank and rear.

General Lee and General Jackson passed the night beneath the pine-trees near Tabernacle Church. They were up very early, and were sitting on two cracker-boxes that the Union troops left behind as they fell back to Chancellorsville, when Stuart arrived from his reconnoissance. They had a map which showed all the roads and paths. General Stuart pointed out the position of the Eleventh Corps.

"I suggest that we make the march and attack their right flank," said Jackson.

"With what force?" Lee asked.

"My corps."

"What shall I have to prevent Hooker from pressing towards Fredericksburg?"

"Anderson's and McLaws's divisions."(1)

General Lee reflected. It would be a bold, audacious movement. His army was already divided, and this would divide it again. But Hooker was so strongly intrenched that to attack in front would result in terrible loss, and quite likely be a repulse. If Jackson would make the march secretly, and strike a blow where it was not expected, there would be a better prospect of success.

"You may make the movement."

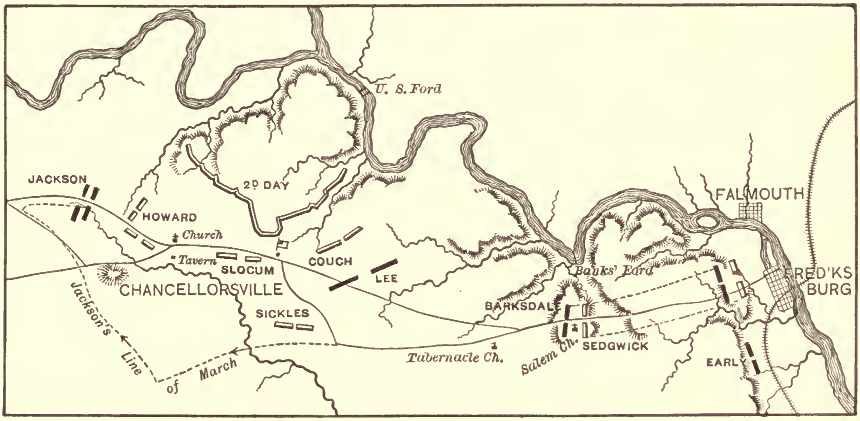
"Let there be no cheering, no noise, no loud talking," said Jackson to his officers, who repeated the order to the men.

Rodes's division led the advance, and A. P. Hill's brought up the rear. The column turned to the left from the plank road near the house of Mr. Aldrich. The mud was deep, and the men followed old paths through the woods to Mr. Wolford's iron furnace, turning south-west, then north-west, making a zigzag march to reach the old Wilderness Tavern, two miles west of General Hooker's right wing. General Stuart posted his cavalry along the roads and paths to screen the movement; but the Union pickets heard the tramping of feet and the rumbling of wheels.

"A column of the enemy is moving westward," was the message sent from General Birney at nine o'clock.

He was at Hazel Grove, and could see the troops, cannon, wagons, and ambulances streaming along the road.

What was the meaning of it? General Hooker saw what it might be —a movement of Jackson to gain his right flank. He sent this despatch to Howard and Slocum: "The disposition you have made of your corps has been with a view to a front attack by the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he [Hooker] wishes you to examine the ground and determine upon the position you will take in that event. The right of your line does not appear strong enough. No artificial defences worth naming have been thrown up. We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Please advance your pickets for purposes of observation as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach."



MAP OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

General Howard saw the Confederates, and sent this despatch at half-past ten: "From General Devens's headquarters we can observe a column of infantry moving westward on the road about one and a half miles south of this. I am taking measures to resist an attack from the west."

General Sickles beheld the Confederate column—men, cannon, wagons, and ambulances—winding along the road, and ordered Captain Clark's battery to open fire. The shells made a commotion among the Confederates, who soon abandoned the road, taking a wood path instead.

General Hooker, to make the right wing secure, ordered General Sickles to send a brigade to strengthen the Eleventh Corps, and General Graham, with a battery, moved up the turnpike. General Howard was confident that the Eleventh Corps was strong enough to resist any attack which might be made upon it, and General Graham marched back again.

This was the position of the two armies at noon, May 2d.

General Jackson's corps of Confederates was travelling south-west, whereupon the Union officers came to the conclusion that they were retreating. General Sickles obtained permission from General Hooker to advance and fall upon them. It was past noon when he started with Whipple's and Birney's divisions. He came to a swamp, and was obliged to halt while the engineers cut down trees to corduroy a road across it. It was three o'clock when he reached the road along which Jackson had marched. Colonel Berdan's regiment of sharp-shooters in advance came upon the Twenty-third Georgia, of Jackson's command, and captured a portion of the regiment.

Some of the prisoners said that Jackson was moving towards Gordonsville, which was true, but he was not going very far in that direction; but General Sickles sent word to Hooker that they were on their way to Gordonsville, which was twenty miles distant. We do not know whether General Hooker believed the report or not, but he sent this despatch to Sedgwick:

"We know that the enemy is flying—trying to save his trains. Two of Sickles's divisions are among them."

General Hooker ordered General Howard to send out a brigade to support Sickles; and General Barlow, who was in reserve in the field north of Dowdall's Tavern, just where he ought to be, and where he ought to have remained, moved south over a road leading to the iron furnace. The soldiers left their knapsacks behind, little thinking that they would not see them again for several months, and that they would recover some of them on the field of Wauhatchie, at the base of Lookout Mountain, in Tennessee.

General Williams's division, of the Twelfth Corps, went out to join Sickles, with Livingston's and Randolph's batteries. Three regiments of cavalry also marched in that direction — in all, fifteen thousand men — removed from the defensive line which Hooker had chosen, and sent to strike the rear of a column which was supposed to be retreating to Gordonsville.

At the hour of four the Eleventh Corps, with Barlow's brigade, one of the most efficient of the corps, taken from it, stood alone, with no supports near at hand. General Howard's headquarters were at Dowdall's Tavern. In the field south of the tavern a few rods was Bushbeck's brigade. West of Dowdall's half a mile is the house of Mr. Tally, where General Steinwehr, commanding one of Howard's divisions, had his headquarters. At Mr. Tally's house the line turned a right angle to the north through a tangled thicket to Mr. Hawkins's farm. On the north side of the turnpike, a short distance from Dowdall's, is the Wilderness Church, a plain building, with no tower or spire. General Schurz's division was around and beyond it. On the farm of Mr. Hatch, north-west of the church, was General Devens's division, Von Gilsa's brigade holding the extreme right of the line. With Barlow gone, General Howard had about nine thousand five hundred men—three-fourths of a mile from their nearest supports.

The soldiers of the Eleventh Corps could see clouds of dust in the west. Captain Von Fitsch, sent out with a company to reconnoitre, saw a body of Confederates. The pickets reported that a Confederate column was moving north-west along the flank of the Eleventh Corps; they could hear the rumbling of cannon-wheels. General Howard listened to the stories of the pickets, but made no change in the position of his troops. He says, in his account of the battle, "I did not think that General Lee would be likely to move around our right, because our force was much larger than his. He had already been compelled to divide his army, in order to hold Sedgwick back. He could not afford to divide it again; for should he attempt to do that, Hooker would attack his separate bodies and conquer them in detail; so I reasoned, and so did others."

Had the Union commanders reflected upon Stonewall Jackson's tactics, they would have seen that it was not his way to retreat, but that it was his way to gain the rear and flank of his opponent, as in his movement upon McClellan on the Peninsula, upon Pope at Manassas.

Mr. Tally, who owned the house where General Howard had his headquarters, and who knew every acre of ground, all the roads and paths, rode by the side of Fitz-Hugh Lee in advance of the Confederate cavalry. Mr. Tally took him to the top of a rounded hill. The scene below him is thus described by General Fitz-Hugh Lee: "What a sight presented itself to me! Below, but a few hundred yards distant, ran the Federal line of battle. I was in rear of Howard's right. There was a line of defence, with abatis in front and a long line of stacked arms in rear. Two cannon were visible in the part of the line seen, the soldiers were in groups in the rear, laughing, chatting, smoking, engaged here and there probably in games of cards and other amusements. In rear of them were other parties slaughtering cattle."

General Fitz-Hugh Lee and Mr. Tally came down from the hill and found General Jackson.

"Come with me, and I will show you the advantage of attacking by the turnpike instead of by the plank road," said Fitz-Hugh Lee.

General Jackson had made his plan to march up the plank road and fall upon Howard with his troops facing north-west, which would have brought him squarely against Howard's breastworks. He rode with Lee to the base of the hill, dismounted, and gained the top. He gazed upon the scene with keen delight. Every feature revealed his ecstatic enjoyment as he noted the positions of the divisions of the Eleventh Corps.(2) He was a very religious man, and his soldiers often heard him offering prayer. Fitz-Hugh Lee and Mr. Tally heard his low utterances. He saw just where he could strike a blow which would crush Howard's line as one might crush a bandbox.

He rejoined his troops, went on to the turnpike north-west, then turned due east and deployed his divisions in the fields by the Wilderness Tavern, leaving Paxton's brigade and the cavalry at the plank road.

Stealthily the Confederate skirmishers approached the spot where Howard's videttes were stationed on the turnpike—three of them—one of whom was captured, one shot, while the third, with bullets whistling past him, made his way like a deer towards the Union lines.

"The woods are full of rebels," he shouted. Others had told the same story, and nothing was done to verify its truth or falsity. The belief that Jackson was retreating towards Gordonsville had been accepted, and it was taken for granted that his cavalry was guarding his rear.

Jackson formed his lines with Rodes's division in front, Iverson's and Rodes's old brigades north of the road, Dole's and Colquitt's south of it. Six hundred feet in rear came Colston's division.

A. P. Hill's division brought up the rear—not in line of battle, but in column in the road.

The woods were very thick, the trees small, standing so closely that the troops found it difficult to make their way. All the cannon, except two pieces of Stuart's artillery, were left behind.

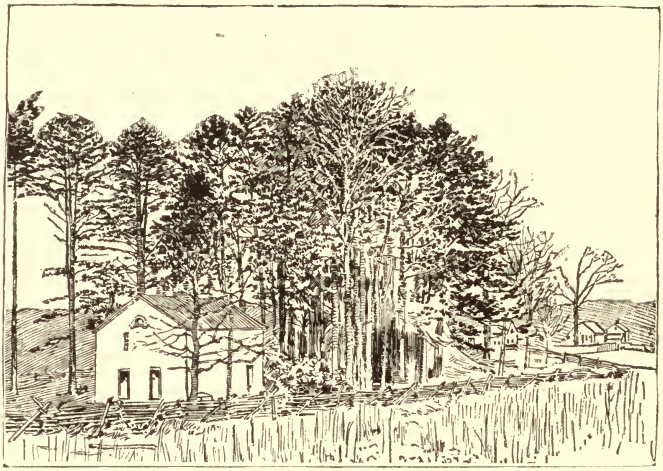
It was just six o'clock, the sun an hour above the western horizon. The young leaves were on the trees, the air fragrant with the perfume of opening spring flowers. The forest was alive with game, and the Confederates saw rabbits and squirrels running in advance of them as they marched on.

Twenty-six thousand men were moving as noiselessly as the tides of the sea to overwhelm the less than ten thousand troops of the Eleventh Corps, who were eating supper, playing cards, or lying listlessly on the ground, their heads upon their knapsacks, their cartridge-boxes unslung, their arms stacked, and who had no suspicion of the whirlwind that was advancing to sweep them away.

Suddenly the Union pickets saw rabbits and squirrels leaping past them and scampering towards the Union position. A moment later they heard a confused hum, the tramping of feet, the rustling of the last year's leaves, and beheld a line of men in gray swiftly advancing. They fired their guns and fled, the Confederates rapidly following. Howard's men heard the guns, and beheld the rabbits and squirrels bounding over their breastworks. In came the pickets, shouting that the Confederates were upon them. They heard a rustling like the rising of the wind, like the surge of an advancing wave.

The One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania and the Sixty-eighth New York were on the extreme right of Howard's line—new regiments recruited from the German population of those States who had seen no service, never had heard the sound of a minie-bullet whistling past them, and who knew nothing of discipline. They were in groups, with their guns stacked. Upon them the blow was to fall. They heard a wild yell as startling as the warwhoop of a tribe of Indians in battle; then came a roll of musketry and a humming like that of bees in the air around them. A shell exploded among them. All this in one minute. We might as well expect a house built of laths to withstand a whirlwind as to count upon such undisciplined soldiers to seize their guns, form in line, and confront Stonewall Jackson's veterans under such circumstances. A few grasped their guns and fired, but most of the soldiers of those two regiments ran like deer across the fields of Mr. Hawkins, some of them never stopping till they reached Ely's Ford, where a German threw himself panting upon the ground, exclaiming "Mine Gott, vat a times!" Baggage-wagons, ambulances, ammunition trains, together with a herd of oxen, all the camp-followers, and frightened soldiers went tearing down the plank road and streaming across the fields in rout and panic.

"I could see," says General Howard, "numbers of our men—not the few stragglers that always fly like chaff at the first breeze, but scores of them, rushing into the opening, some with arms and some without, running or falling before they got behind the cover of Devens's reserves, and before General Schurz's waiting masses could deploy or charge.(3) The noise and smoke filled the air with excitement; and to add to it, Dickman's guns and caissons, with battery, were scattered, rolled and tumbled, like runaway wagons and carts in a thronged city. The guns and the masses of the right brigade struck the second line of Devens's before McLain's front had given way; and quicker than it can be told, with all the fury of the wildest hail-storm, everything—every sort of organization that lay in the path of the mad current of panic-stricken men—had to give way and be broken into fragments. My own horse seemed to catch the fury; he sprung, he rose high on his hind-legs, and fell over, throwing me to the ground. My aide-de-camp, Dessane, was struck by a shot and killed, and for a few moments I was as helpless as any of the men speeding without arms to the rear."



WILDERNESS CHURCH.

The view is from Dowdall's Tavern, looking north-west. General Devens's brigade was in the field beyond Hawkins's house, seen in the distance. Wiederick's and Dilger's batteries came into position in the foreground, where General Howard formed his second line.

Captain Hickman, Battery I, First Ohio, had two cannon in the road leading up to the woods from Hawkins's house, but before he could get them into position the Confederates were upon him, and the gunners were compelled to flee, leaving their cannon.

A few men of the Pennsylvania regiment, not panic-stricken, fired a volley, which did great execution; but they too were obliged to go.

The Seventy-third and Twenty-fifth Ohio seized their guns, changed front, and made a stubborn fight. McLain's brigade of Union troops, which had faced south, changed front to the north-west, and resolutely confronted Dole's brigade of Confederates. It was a veteran brigade—had been in many battles. Though so greatly outnumbered, the brigade maintained its ground till five commanders of regiments were killed or wounded—till the Confederates were folding round its flank, and then the survivors, with more than six hundred of their number killed or wounded, retreated across the field.

General Devens, commanding the division, was wounded, but did what he could to form a new line.

General Schurz was at Howard's headquarters when the crash came. He dashed up the turnpike, and saw the Confederates falling upon the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin and One Hundred and Nineteenth New York—new regiments—but they held their ground till more than half the officers and a large number of the men were killed or wounded, and then retired in good order past the Wilderness Church.

General Schimmelpfennig, an officer from Germany, commanded a brigade in the second line of the Eleventh Corps. When the troops of the front line came dashing through his regiments he kept them steady, changed front, advanced, and met the Confederates. Seventy men went down in the Eighty-second Illinois. Its commander, Colonel Hecker, to rally his men, seized the flag and waved it, but the next moment fell from his saddle pierced by a bullet. Slowly across the field the brigade retired, firing upon the advancing Confederates.

General Howard saw that the only place where he could make a stand was on the ridge north of Dowdall's Tavern. He ordered the artillery into position. There was a quick lashing of horses, and in two minutes Dilger's and Wiederick's batteries were sending shells into the Confederate ranks. Bushbeck's brigade opened a fire which did great execution, maintaining their position. For more than an hour the four thousand men and the artillery on the ridge east of the church confronted the Confederates, who outnumbered them three to one after the crumbling of Howard's first line. Darkness was coming on, the night settling down, when these men of the Eleventh Corps moved down the road towards Chancellorsville. Without assistance from any quarter they had done what they could to check the advance of Jackson.

The first intimation General Hooker had of disaster to his right flank was from the fugitives streaming past his headquarters. He was quick to act. He must recall Sickles; must throw a force in front of Jackson.

His own old division, which he led at Williamsburg, at Fair Oaks, at the second Bull Run, at Antietam, was in reserve under General Berry. It came into position in the fields west of Chancellorsville.

The retreating troops formed behind this tried and faithful division. The Eighty-second Ohio, Eighty-second Illinois, Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, and other regiments halted, dressed their lines, and stood ready to face the foe once more.

Daylight had faded. The Confederates had driven in the Eleventh Corps, but not without great loss. The stubborn resistance on the ridge at Dowdall's had made sad havoc in Jackson's front line, which had become disorganized. Brigades and regiments were in such confusion that Jackson was obliged to halt to reform them.

"In the advance," says General Colston, "the formation of the troops became very much confused, and the different regiments, brigades, and divisions were mixed up."

At this hour let us go down to Hazel Grove, south of Jackson's position. The cavalry brigade, under General Devin, is there, sent out to support Sickles. There are three regiments — the Eighth and Seventeenth Pennsylvania and Sixth New York, with Martin's horse battery. Although General Devin commands the brigade, General Pleasonton, who commands what little cavalry has been left by Stoneman, is the ranking officer.

It was nearly sunset when a messenger informed General Pleasonton that the enemy had attacked the Eleventh Corps.

The Eighth Pennsylvania had halted in the woods waiting for orders. Major Keenan, Captain Dudley, Adjutant Haddock, and Lieutenant Wells were under a tree playing cards.

"Mount!" was the order from Major Huey, commanding the regiment.

"You have spoiled a good game by the order," said Major Keenan.(4)

The regiment was ordered to report to General Howard.

"You will find him near Wilderness Church," said General Pleasonton.

No word of a disaster had reached them. They had not heard the firing; they did not know that the Eleventh Corps was drifting towards Chancellorsville, or that Jackson's lines were advancing towards Fairview. The column wound along the road. Major Huey, Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith, Lieutenant Carpenter, and Adjutant Haddock were in front. The regiment was in good spirits. They had seen the Confederates retreating, as they supposed, towards Gordonsville. They had no thought of an impending engagement. Their sabres were in their scabbards, and the men riding listlessly. They reached the plank road, when suddenly they were confronted by the advancing Confederate line.

There are moments in battle when men must think quick and act upon the instant—when a moment's delay is fatal. What shall be done? Cavalrymen and Confederates alike are astounded.

"Draw sabre!"

In an instant the bright blades gleam in the fading light.

"Charge!"

The spurs prick the horses' sides. Down the road plunges the column—the horses straining every muscle, the men comprehending the greatness of the moment, lifting their sabres high in air. They rush upon the astonished Confederates, who stand motionless and irresolute. The horses trample them down. Sabre blows fall thick and fast. Some of the Confederates throw down their guns and raise their hands beseechingly.

Recovering from their astonishment, the Confederates open fire, and horse and rider tumble headlong. For one hundred yards the cavalry column ploughs its way through the infantry ranks before it loses its aggressive force. It is the work of three minutes, but in that brief period eighty horses have gone down and thirty cavalrymen have been killed and wounded, and nearly as many Confederates.

Among the slain are Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith, and Adjutant Haddock. The regiment cuts its way out and reaches the open field at Fairview.

Without doubt this unpremeditated engagement had an important bearing upon Jackson's contemplated movements; not because any great thing was accomplished, but it was an attack from an unexpected quarter, and there was no knowing what might be behind it. It was an attack upon his right flank, which made him cautious.

We are to keep in mind the fact that General Sickles was far out from the main line, preparing to fall upon Lee's left flank.

"The enemy have attacked Howard and driven him in," was the message sent to Sickles.

"That cannot be," was the reply. He had heard no firing. He fully believed that Jackson was retreating, and he was getting ready to double up Lee's flank.

"Return at once," was the order from Hooker by a second messenger.

While General Sickles's troops are making their way back towards Fairview, let us see what is going on there. Berry's division is coming into position; the troops of the Eleventh Corps are forming behind it.

General Slocum is facing the troops of the Twelfth Corps towards the west. Down by Hazel Grove is the artillery of Whipple's division and Martin's horse battery. The Confederates are advancing.

General Pleasonton ordered Martin's battery into position and to load with double charges of canister. Captain Crosby, commanding a battery, rode up. "General, I have a battery of six guns; where shall I go?"

"Place your guns on the right of Martin's."(5)

Captain Huntington, of the First Ohio Battery, wheeled his guns into line, and in a short time others came, making twenty-two cannon in all.

General Pleasonton directed the gunners how to aim. The Confederates were about six hundred feet distant.

"Aim so the shot will hit the ground half-way between the guns and the woods." He knew that the shot would strike and be deflected from the ground at the same angle, and would not fail to do great execution.

Darkness is setting in when the Confederates reach the edge of the woods. The cannoneers stand waiting for the order to fire. One of them sees a Union flag along the line at the edge of the woods.

"General, are not those our troops?" asks a cannoneer.

"Major Thomson, ride out there and see who those people are," is the order of Pleasonton to one of his staff.

The officer rides forward.

"Come on, we are your friends," are the words from the woods. Major Thomson sees three Union flags waving, trophies picked up by the Confederates. A bullet whistles past him, and then comes the battle-cry of the Confederates—the prolonged yell of thousands of men. His horse wheels, and the major is lying low upon his neck as he rides back. The twenty-two cannon are flaming, pouring a terrific stream of canister into the Confederate ranks.(6)

Jackson had advanced nearly through the woods west of Chancellorsville and Fairview. One thought had taken possession of him: to get between Hooker and the river, cut off his retreat, push the Union army against Lee, and grind it to pieces as corn is ground between millstones. He had placed A. P. Hill's division in front. They were fresh troops, and he was confident of success. It is evident that he understood very imperfectly the situation of the Union army. It is evident also that if such a movement had been attempted it would have failed of success. The moon was full, and his advance would have been seen and met by a terrible fire from Berry's division, from the Fifth and Twelfth Corps, and the First Corps moving up from the river, taking a position to fall upon his flank.

His troops were near the house of Mr. Van Wert; the lines of the two armies were not more than fifty rods apart. Although Jackson evidently believed that the Union troops were still fleeing, he rode forward with his staff to reconnoitre, going beyond his pickets.

"Isn't this the wrong place for you?" asks one of his staff.

"The danger is over. The enemy is routed. Go and tell A. P. Hill to press right on."(⁷)

The Eleventh Corps had been routed, but Berry's division and the Twelfth Corps were not. Immediately in front of Jackson, lying behind breastworks, not three hundred feet distant, is the First Massachusetts. The soldiers hear the tramping of horses' feet, and discover dark forms moving through the forest. They fire a volley. The Confederate troops south of the road reply. A ball cuts through the palm of Jackson's right hand, and two through his left arm. Captain Boswell, of his staff, is killed, and several others wounded. Jackson's frightened horse rushes through the woods towards the Union line, but he turns it back upon the plank road. Captain Wilbowen, of his staff, seizes the bridle and quiets the horse, and Jackson, weak and faint, falls into his arms and is laid upon the ground. The Union troops are advancing. Two Union skirmishers are captured only a few yards away. Two Union cannon are wheeling into position within three hundred feet to sweep the road. Captain Leigh raises him, and carries him a few rods. He is placed upon a litter. But now the Union cannon flame, and one of the litter-bearers is shot dead. The whole party fall flat upon their faces. A terrible storm of canister is hurled into the forest, cutting the twigs and young leaves as a hail-storm cuts the ripened grain. Captain Crutchfield, commanding the Confederate artillery, and many others are wounded.

The line of fire changes, and the bearers lift him once more, carrying him to A. P. Hill's line of battle. General Pender recognizes him in the darkness.

"I fear we cannot hold our position. The troops have suffered from the artillery fire and are in disorder," said Pender.

"You must hold the ground," is the reply from Jackson.

Again the storm bursts upon them. One of the litter-bearers falls, and the shot extorts a groan from the wounded commander, but they reach an ambulance and he is carried to the rear—to the house of Major Lacey, beyond the Wilderness Tavern. His left arm is shattered, and the surgeons sever it from the body. His wounds begin to heal, but pneumonia sets in. The disease baffles the skill of the physicians, and he dies peacefully on Thursday, at Guiney's Station. His mind was wandering. He was on the

WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON WAS SHOT.

battle-field issuing the order, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" Beautiful and tender were the last words upon his lips: "Let us cross the river and rest beneath the shade of the trees." The Confederates had lost a great commander, one of remarkable piety of character and of executive ability, whose name will live in history so long as the story of the mighty conflict shall be told.

It probably never will be known who fired the volley which wounded him—whether the First Massachusetts or his own men. It has gone into history that it was his own men. A correspondent of a Richmond paper reported that Jackson said that it was by his own men. Captain Hotchkiss, Jackson's chief engineer, who has written a book about Chancellorsville, says, "His party, mistaken for Federal cavalry, were fired into by a brigade on the south of the road at a distance of not more than thirty or forty yards."

Jackson's enthusiasm overmastered for the moment his prudence, and led him in front of his own line and close up to those opposing him—assuredly not the proper place for a commanding general.

In the artillery fire from the Union guns General A. P. Hill was wounded, and General Stuart became commander of Jackson's troops.

The action of the artillery is thus described by one who served in the Confederate army: "The ridge in front of Chancellorsville resembled a volcano vomiting iron and fire. A hurricane of shell and canister swept the road as with a besom of destruction, and the broken ranks, riderless horses, and wild confusion made up a scene of tumult which was enough to try the stoutest nerves. A storm of grape tore through the trees and along the road, and for a moment the Southern line was thrown into disorder."(8)

It is altogether probable that if Jackson had not been wounded, and had pushed on A. P. Hill, as he intended, in the darkness, the Confederate troops would have been fearfully cut to pieces by the veterans of Berry's division, standing mute and motionless, waiting for the expected advance which, in consequence of Jackson's wounding, was not attempted.

General Sickles had returned. He was between Hazel Grove and Fairview. At midnight the cannon flamed once more, and under its cover Ward's brigade charged into the woods and drove the Confederates from their position, but in turn were driven.

We are not to think that General Lee, with Anderson's and McLaws's divisions, east of Chancellorsville, was sucking his thumbs from five o'clock in the afternoon till midnight. On the contrary, his artillery had been making a great uproar, making believe that he was going to attack with great vigor. He waited quietly till he heard the roar of battle at Dowdall's, and then issued his orders. He says: "As soon as the sound of cannon gave notice of Jackson's attack, our troops in front of Chancellorsville were ordered to press strongly the left, to prevent reinforcements being sent to the point assailed. They were directed *not* to attack in force unless a favorable opportunity should present itself. These orders were well executed, our troops advancing to the enemy's intrenchments, while several batteries played with good effect until prevented by increasing darkness."

The Union artillery replied. The threatening appearance of Anderson and McLaws prevented Hooker from sending any of the troops westward to confront Jackson.

Through the night Lee made his preparations to attack Hooker, laying new plans to meet the changed condition of affairs. Through the night Hooker was also laying new plans. General Warren rode to Falmouth with a message to General Sedgwick to cross the river at once and march up the Chancellorsville road.

"You will probably," read the order, "fall upon the rear of the forces commanded by General Lee, and, between you and the Major-general commanding, he expects to use him up. Send word to General Gibbon to take possession of Fredericksburg. Be sure not to fail."

The moon was full. Through the night it had looked down upon the two armies gathered in the budding forest, fragrant with green foliage and opening flowers; upon wounded men and lifeless forms. There had been little sleep in either army. Till two o'clock in the morning the cannon flamed and muskets flashed, and long lines of men swayed to and fro across the fields and through the woods; but at that hour the lips of the cannon were allowed to cool, and the wearied soldiers threw themselves upon the last year's dead leaves to rest a while before the renewal of the conflict.

CHANCELLORSVILLE HOUSE.

From a photograph, taken May, 1884. It was of brick, and was burned during the war, but the walls are the same. Several cannon-balls remain in the walls.

General Hooker, from the outset, determined to fight a defensive battle. All of his plans had been overturned by his own mistakes and his misconception of the meaning of Jackson's movement. The crushing of the Eleventh Corps, the sending of Sickles to attack the rear of Jackson, had placed the army in a false position. The ground at Tally's was a commanding position, but he had lost it. The ridge at Dowdall's overlooked a wide sweep of country; but he had been obliged to give it up. General Sickles was at Hazel Grove — a very strong position — higher ground than that at Fairview and Chancellorsville; but he must retire from it because it was too far out from the main line.

It was four o'clock in the morning when Whipple's division started from Hazel Grove for Fairview. Birney followed. Graham's brigade was the last to leave. It was five o'clock before the Confederates discovered the movement. Stuart's troops were cooking their coffee, and General Stuart was changing his line. He did not intend to begin the battle so early, but his soldiers were burning to avenge the loss of Jackson, and opened fire. General Graham was cool. "About face! take aim! fire!" was his order, and a volley crashed upon the morning air, followed by the thunder of Huntington's guns. It was so prompt and effectual that the Confederates were held in check, and Graham moved on to Fairview.

General Hooker saw that he must fight a battle at a disadvantage or retire to a new line in rear of Chancellorsville. The engineers laid out the line three-quarters of a mile north of Chancellorsville, from the "White House"—Mr. Bullock's residence—along Mineral Spring Run, north-east to the Rappahannock, and north-west to the Rapidan. The pioneers threw up breastworks. It was a very strong position, but General Hooker, instead of retreating to it, resolved to hold the ground at Fairview and Chancellorsville. He would remain where he was till Sedgwick, from Fredericksburg, could have time to fall upon Lee's rear. He expected to hear the thunder of Sedgwick's guns at sunrise and to see confusion in Lee's ranks.

Beginning now on Little Hunting Run, a mile north-west of Chancellorsville, we see the First Corps, under Reynolds, facing south-west, with no Confederate troops in front excepting scattered cavalrymen.

Walking south-east along the road towards the White House, we see Sykes's division, extending to Mr. Bullock's. The Mineral Spring road turns north-east here, and we see the Fifth Corps, under Meade, and the Eleventh Corps, along the road, extending to the river, the troops facing south-east. These three corps are on the new line; they will take no part in the impending battle.

Two roads lead from the White House—one south-west three-quarters of a mile to the turnpike, the other a little east of south three-fourths of a mile to Chancellorsville.

Going down the first, we come to Berry's division, holding the right of the troops which are to take part in the conflict. He is in the woods, three-fourths of a mile west of Chancellorsville, and the left of his division reaches to the junction of the two roads. The next division in line is Williams's, of the Twelfth Corps. These troops face west, and are on the ground which they occupied at sunset when Jackson was sweeping on from Dowdall's and stopped his advance. Williams's troops are a quarter of a mile west of Fairview, lying behind intrenchments; Best's artillery is on the crest at Fairview, with Franklin's brigade behind it; Berdan's sharp-shooters are in front of the infantry; on the turnpike are two of Dimmick's cannon pointing towards Dowdall's; Mott's brigade of New Jersey troops is in reserve in rear of Williams's right; on the turnpike, half-way to Chancellorsville, is the remainder of Whipple's troops.

Going to the left of Williams, on the southern slope of Fairview, we come to Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps, with Birney, of the Third Corps, behind it. We have turned a sharp angle. Geary and Birney face south-east. Standing at the angle and looking south-west we see Hazel Grove—a farm-house—cleared fields—half a mile away; the ground much higher than Fairview. Sickles has just abandoned it, and there at sunrise are five Confederate batteries of artillery—thirty cannon—being placed in position by Major Walker. His solid shot and shell will soon come tearing along the Union lines, enfilading Williams and Geary alike.

From Chancellorsville eastward are the plank road and turnpike. Geary's line extends to the plank road, and there connects with Hancock's division, which runs along the plank road a quarter of a mile, crosses it, then turns sharply north to the turnpike, crossing it and reaching to Mineral Spring Run. Hancock's right wing faces south-west, while those on the left face east.

Seemingly it was a great mistake to withdraw Sickles. In battle it is of the utmost importance to break the enemy's line. Lee had divided his army voluntarily. He had struck a telling blow, but Sickles had made a movement which would compel him to fight henceforth with a divided army. Hazel Grove was on high ground—a commanding position. Most of Stuart's troops were facing east, but he had been obliged to face some of them south, towards Hazel Grove, to front Sickles. Now, going up north of Berry's division, we see the First Corps, with Sykes's division of the Fifth (fresh troops), which might be flung upon Stuart's left flank while Berry and Williams held him in front. Such a movement would double Stuart up, just as Jackson crushed Howard.

Going now over to the other side, we find Meade with two divisions and Howard with the Eleventh Corps in position to swing round upon Lee's right flank—just in the right position to co-operate with Sedgwick, whose guns will soon be heard in the direction of Fredericksburg, driving Barksdale.

Seemingly such movements would have resulted in a crown of victory for the Union armies, for it would have given Hooker a chance to have employed the whole of his army instead of one-third of it. He had eighty thousand men, in round numbers, against forty-five thousand Confederates.

General Stuart saw the Union troops abandoning a commanding position at Hazel Grove. A few minutes later his artillery was galloping up the slope and wheeling into line. He says, "As the sun lifted the mist that shrouded the field it was discovered that the extreme right was a fine position for concentrating artillery. I immediately ordered thirty pieces to that point. The effect of the fire upon the enemy's batteries was superb."

Hazel Grove was flaming like a furnace, and the Union guns at Fairview replying, when General Heth, commanding Stuart's front line, advanced the troops of McGowan and Lane against Williams. Their blood was at fever-heat over the loss of their great leader. "Jackson! Jackson!" they shouted, as they rushed to the attack.

In the Union line the Third Maryland, in Knipe's brigade, held the right on the plank road. It was a new regiment, and this was its first battle. It stood its ground for a few moments, losing one hundred men, and then gave way. When the dam is broken the water passes through, and so into this gap rushed the Confederates with a wild hurrah, a portion striking Berry's left flank, and also folding back Williams.

It was a wise forethought that placed Mott's Union brigade on the plank road a few rods in rear of the Maryland troops.

The Confederates rushed upon Dimmick's battery, shot the horses, and seized the guns, when the New Jersey brigade, under Mott, threw themselves into the breach. It was a fearful hand-to-hand struggle. The prisoners which the Confederates had taken were recaptured, together with nearly one thousand Confederates. The Third and Seventh New Jersey regiments captured eight battle-flags. They saved the cannon, drawing them back by hand. So powerful was the charge that the whole Confederate line fell back, and the cheers of the men in blue rang out upon the morning air. Again they advanced against Berry, and again were driven.

There was a lull in the storm while Stuart reformed his lines. Nichols's, Iverson's, and Rodes's brigades attacked Berry, who was everywhere along the line encouraging his men. He was a brave officer. General Hooker regarded him as the ablest of all his generals. He had a presentiment that this was to be his last battle—that on this Sunday he was to lay down his life for his country. The fatal bullet was fired, and he fell.

General Revere was next in command. What motive actuated him we do not know; but to the surprise of his troops, to the amazement of all the officers and the men, he ordered his own brigade to the rear. General Sickles ordered the troops to return, and deprived him of his command. He was court-martialed after the battle, and dismissed from the army; but the kind-hearted President, Abraham Lincoln, allowed him to resign instead.

Colonel Stevens assumed command, but only to be shot down a few moments later. General Hayes, with a brigade of French's division, was sent to support Berry, but the Confederates made a charge and bore him away prisoner.

With Berry gone, with no competent commander to direct affairs, the division, after a struggle of two hours, was obliged to fall back towards Chancellorsville.

Williams's division was out of ammunition. "Cartridges! Give us cartridges!" was the cry. The soldiers gathered up the boxes of their wounded comrades, but their fire slackened. The retiring of Berry's troops compelled Williams to fall back. The Confederates were elated with their success.

General Hooker was standing on the piazza of Mr. Chancellor's house, the shot and shells falling around the building. A solid shot struck a pillar, splitting it, and throwing a piece which felled him to the ground. For a few moments he was unconscious. He was laid upon a blanket and borne to the rear. A moment later a shot tore up the ground where he had been lying. He was unable to issue orders, and the command of the army fell upon General Couch, the next in rank, who knew nothing of Hooker's plans, and very little of what was going on, or what ought to be done. He issued no orders. Nor was General Hooker quite willing to yield the command. Sickles and Williams, of the Twelfth Corps, had been bearing the brunt of the battle, which was raging more fiercely than ever.

In Ruger's brigade of Williams's division were the Second Massachusetts, Third Wisconsin, and Twenty-seventh Indiana. In front of them was McGowan's brigade from South Carolina. Three times the Confederates rushed upon them. Three of the Confederate color-bearers fell one after the other. In like manner three in the Second Massachusetts went down. The Union troops were out of ammunition, but they stood sullenly, with fixed bayonets, holding the ground.

Thus far we have seen what was going on between Sickles's right and Stuart. Now let us go over to the east side of the field. We are not to think that General Lee had been doing nothing all the morning; on the contrary, Anderson's troops had been reaching west towards Hazel Grove, connecting with Stuart's, and now they were pressing against Geary and Hancock. All the while Hazel Grove was smoking like a volcano, pouring such a destructive fire upon the Union artillery at Fairview and upon the Union lines that General Sickles saw he could not hold the position. He called for reinforcements, but they did not come. General Hooker, stunned and almost incapable of issuing orders, was thinking only of his stronger line in the rear. To that he resolved to retire.

General Sickles withdrew his artillery from Fairview towards Chancellorsville, and the infantry to the breastworks which the artillery had vacated. Lewis's, Seeley's, and Randolph's batteries stayed at Fairview, while the others galloped to the rear. The Fifth Maine battery took position in the yard around the house. Seeley had lost forty horses. "Take off the harnesses. Don't let the enemy have them!" he shouted, and though the shells were bursting thick and fast around the battery, the drivers gathered up the harnesses, heaped them upon the limbers, and bore them triumphantly to the rear—the last to leave.

Sickles's and Slocum's troops retired in order, forming in three lines in rear of Chancellorsville, joining Hancock. The Confederates brought forward their cannon to Fairview, and to the edge of the woods south of the house, and rained their shells upon Chancellorsville, setting the house on fire.

The Confederates fought with tremendous energy; but Stuart's troops were exhausted. See what they had done. It was midnight, Thursday, when they started from near Port Royal and marched twenty miles before halting. On Saturday morning they began their long march to Dowdall's. On Saturday evening they rushed upon the Eleventh Corps and fought till nine o'clock. They had had no breakfast; had been fighting since daylight. They had struck a great blow and won a victory; but their lines were now disorganized—divisions, brigades, and regiments confused. They had lost many men. Though exhausted, the lines were reformed, and ammunition distributed.

The Union troops are behind the breastworks of the new line. The woods are thick, and there are not many places where artillery can be used; but General Hunt, commanding the artillery, has massed thirty pieces under Captain Randolph, forty-eight near the White House, under Captain Weed, and thirty-two under Colonel Wainwright, to sweep the approaches.

General Colston, commanding A. P. Hill's division, is selected to lead. It is three o'clock when he advances. He has four brigades—Nichols's and his own east of the road leading to United States Ford, Jones's and Paxton's west of it.

He orders a battery of Napoleon guns into position, which opens fire, but almost instantly—in less than two minutes—fifty officers and men are stricken down by the terrific fire of the Union guns.

The line advances, but it is instantly cut through and through by the shells. It is impossible to face such a storm, and the men retreat in confusion, leaving the ground thickly strewn with killed and wounded. General Lee sees that Hooker at last is upon ground which cannot be assailed.

Out in the woods west of Chancellorsville there was a terrible scene. The woods were on fire, the flames running in the last year's leaves. A wail of agony went up from the wounded as the flames curled around them. Union men as well as Confederates were lying there. The Confederates hastened to save them, but many were burned to death before they could be rescued.

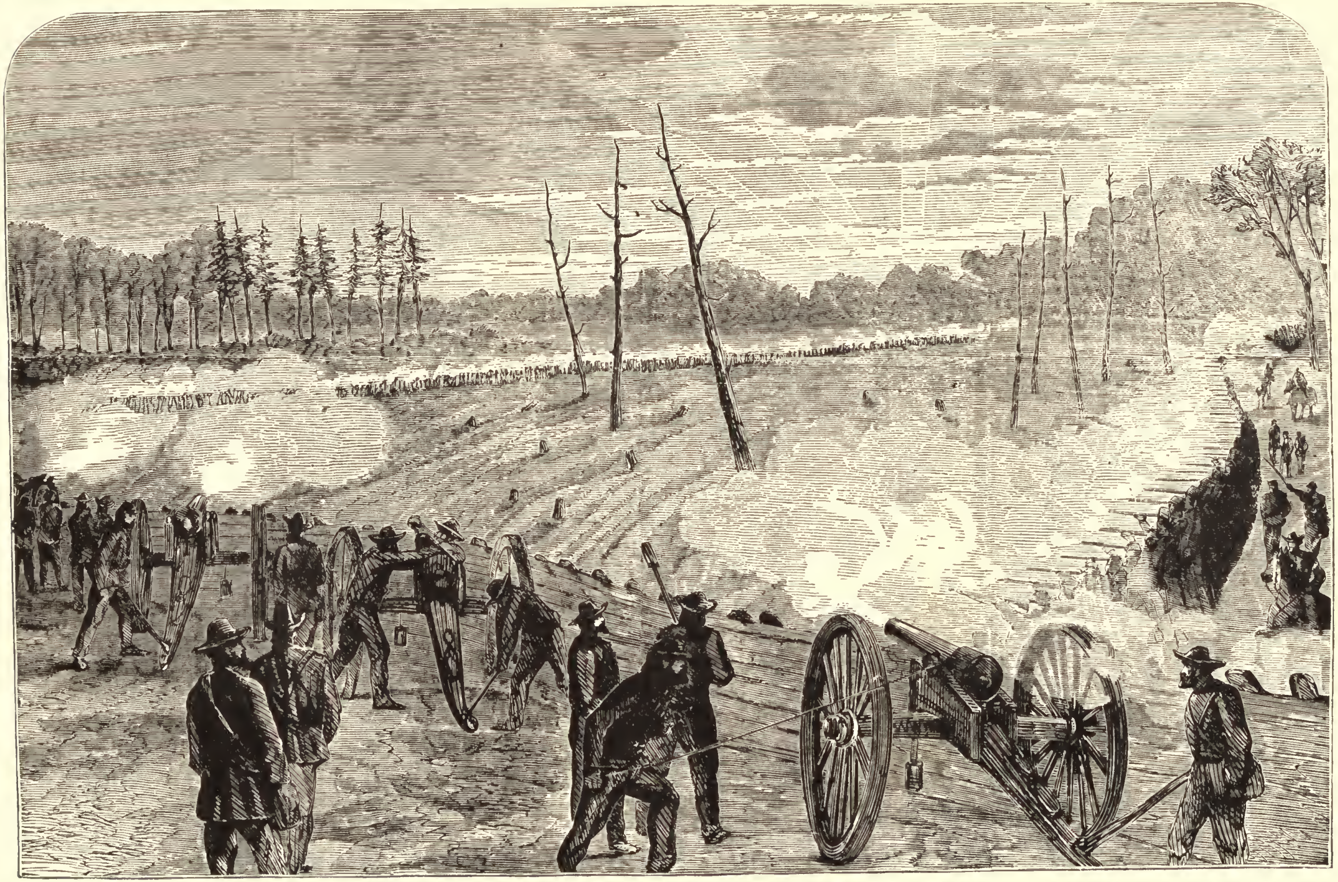
They had fought the Union men, but in this hour of dire calamity humanity triumphed, and won a greater victory than that achieved on the slopes of Fairview.

General Sedgwick, with the Sixth Army Corps of Union troops, was opposite Fredericksburg; also a division of the Second Corps, commanded by General Gibbon. Mr. Lowe was there with a balloon tethered to a rope, which was loosened, and Mr. Lowe went up so high that he could look down upon the Confederates behind the breastworks on the heights of Fredericksburg, and count the number of cannon still there. He could see the troops which Lee had left under the command of General Early.

On Saturday afternoon, just as Stonewall Jackson was looking down from the hill south of Mr. Tally's house upon the troops of the Eleventh Corps, and laying his plans to attack them, General Sedgwick received this despatch from General Hooker:

"We know that the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains; two of Sickles's divisions are among them." A few minutes later came a second: "The major-general commanding directs you to pursue the enemy by the Bowling Green road."

General Sedgwick had already laid a pontoon bridge across the river, and in the evening the troops under his command crossed. At eleven o'clock Saturday night he received an order to push on towards Chancellorsville. "You will probably fall," read the order, "upon the rear of the forces commanded by General Lee, and between us we will use them up."



CLOSE OF THE BATTLE—REPULSE OF THE CONFEDERATES.

The despatch was sent from Chancellorsville at ten o'clock in the evening, when the disaster to the Eleventh Corps was fully known. A few moments later General Warren, of the engineers, sent by Hooker, arrived and informed Sedgwick of all that had happened at Dowdall's.

The moon was full, but a dense fog hung over Fredericksburg, and the troops under Sedgwick moved slowly towards the town. Day was breaking when the skirmishers drove the Confederate pickets through the town. The people were astonished to find the Union troops once more swarming through the streets.

General Early had about nine thousand Confederate troops. Barksdale's and Hays's brigades held the heights. Wilcox's brigade arrived also from Banks's Ford. General Pendleton commanded the artillery.

General Sedgwick placed Gibbon's division on the right, above the town, Newton's in front of Marye's Hill, Howe's division at the lower end of the town, and Brooks's division in reserve.

It was half-past five when Shaler's brigade, in reconnoitring, found that the bridges across the canal between the town and Marye's Hill had been taken up, and that General Pendleton had his cannon aimed to hurl shells upon any party attempting to reconstruct them. The artillery on both sides opened fire.

"Take planks and timbers from the nearest buildings"(9) was Gibbon's order to the pioneers, who tore down some barns and sheds; but those who attempted to lay the timbers were swept away by the Confederate artillery.

General Newton was an engineer, and believed that the bridge could be built and the heights carried. At his suggestion Sedgwick extended his lines right and left, which compelled Early to extend his, greatly reducing the number of men holding the grounds around Mr. Marye's house. While this was being done two columns of Union troops were forming in the streets of the town, concealed by the houses from the Confederates. They were to be storming parties — to rush up the two roads and penetrate the Confederate line. The troops in line of battle were to move simultaneously with the columns. The theory of the attack was that either the lines or the columns would succeed in gaining the heights. Colonel Shaler commanded the right column of four regiments, Colonel Johns the left, consisting of two regiments. Gibbon's division and Eustis's brigade had the right of the line, Burnham's brigade the centre, to rush towards the sunken road ("Drum-beat of the Nation," battle of Fredericksburg) while Howe's division and Wheaton's brigade were to make believe they were going to sweep up Hazel Run. The columns were to go upon the run four soldiers abreast.

It was ten minutes past eleven when the signal was given. The bridges had been rebuilt. The column under Colonel Johns was on the telegraph road. The men came down a hill to the canal. Instantly the Confederate cannon flamed, and the sunken road was white with the smoke of the Confederate muskets. The men in blue were upon the run. Some went down—Colonel Johns among them. For a moment the head of the column faltered. "On! on! on!"(10) was the shout from those behind. Their blood was up. The fog had cleared away, and the May sun gleamed from their bayonets as they rushed up the hill past the Confederates in the sunken road, eager to seize their cannon at the top of the hill.

On the turnpike two Confederate howitzers rain canister upon the advancing column, but the men in blue charge upon them. The men of Howe's division, who were to make only a feint, catch the enthusiasm and climb the steep hill-side, sweeping all before them. Up over the field where Sumner's troops were slaughtered in December rush the men of Burnham's brigade, charging upon the Confederates in the sunken road. It is the work of fifteen minutes. One thousand men have fallen, but the Stars and Stripes are waving in triumph on Marye's Hill, and the Confederates are fleeing, leaving four cannon behind them.

Three miles out from Marye's stands Salem Church, a plain brick building, with a grove of oaks and a thicket eastward, where beneath the shade of the trees the people on Sunday tether their horses. Westward is an open field and a farm-house. Beneath the oaks, a short distance east of the church, was a log school-house. The ground descends rapidly towards Fredericksburg. General Lee had seen the strength of the position, and had constructed a line of intrenchments past the church, behind which the retreating Confederates halted. Here he learned of what had taken place at Fredericksburg. The battle of Chancellorsville was over; he had driven Hooker from his chosen position, and now sent a portion of his troops to aid in turning back Sedgwick, who, after having carried Marye's Heights, moved very slowly, waiting to place Brooks's division in front. It was between four and five o'clock when Brooks advanced. Sedgwick did not know that Mahone's brigade and McLaws's division of Anderson's corps had reached the church. He did not know that the Confederates were behind a line of intrenchments. Bartlett's Union brigade was south of the road, Torbet's north of it, Russell's in rear. Newton's division was on the right of Brooks's. Brooks's troops advanced through the thickets to the school-house. Instantly a storm burst upon them from the windows of school-house and church, from the breastwork, from muskets and cannon. A company of the Ninth Alabama is in the school-house; the remainder of the regiment is in the church, which is a fort for the time being.

Bartlett's brigade charges upon the school-house, and the Alabamians throw down their guns in token of surrender. The Union line goes on up to the church. The Union bullets flatten against the walls. The windows are high, and the Confederates pour a deadly fire upon the men in blue, who are obliged to fall back. They have not sent the prisoners in the school-house to the rear, and the Alabamians again pick up their guns, and engage once more in battle. The other Confederates follow, but are swept back by the Union artillery.

SALEM CHURCH.

The battle was over. General Sedgwick prepared for the morrow, abandoning his connection with Fredericksburg, and opening communication with Hooker by Banks's Ford. When he advanced upon Marye's Heights, General Early, with six thousand Confederate troops, was at Hamilton's Crossing protecting the supplies for Lee's army accumulated at that point. He made his way west, and during the night once more took possession of Marye's Heights, to capture which had cost so many valuable lives. Had Sedgwick not been called back by Hooker when he advanced towards Hamilton's on Saturday night, it is quite probable that he would have defeated Early, captured or destroyed the supplies of Lee, and compelled him to fall back towards Richmond; but, called back by Hooker and ordered to attack Marye's Heights, he had obeyed. Lee, having driven Hooker from Chancellorsville, decided to go with Anderson's division to Salem Church, leaving Stuart with Jackson's and Hill's corps to make a show and demonstration in front of Hooker, but not to renew the battle. This the situation on Monday morning: In Fredericksburg two thousand Union troops, with Sedgwick's wounded, holding the town and the bridge. On Marye's Heights six thousand Confederate troops under Early, ready to pounce upon Gibbon or to act against Sedgwick, who is in front of Salem Church, three miles west, with sixteen thousand, confronted by Lee with twenty-five thousand Confederates, which, joined with Early, will outnumber Sedgwick two to one. Eight miles west of Salem Church was Stuart with the remainder of the Confederate army, not exceeding twenty thousand, making a demonstration by artillery, by picket-firing, against Hooker with between sixty and seventy thousand, but who is wholly in the dark as to the movements of Lee, and who does nothing.

Not till six o'clock on Monday evening was Lee ready to attack Sedgwick, who had swung round towards Banks's Ford, where a pontoon bridge had been laid by the engineers. Early led the attack, but was repulsed with a loss of about fifteen hundred men. General Lee saw that he could not dislodge Sedgwick without suffering great loss, and did not renew the attack. General Sedgwick saw that his line was too much extended, and fell back towards the river.

"Withdraw across the river," was the order received by Sedgwick from Hooker at one o'clock.

When daylight came, Sedgwick was on the northern bank, and Gibbon, with the wounded, was back once more on the Falmouth Hills. General Hooker called his corps commanders together. What should be done? He was in a strong position, but no advantage would be gained by remaining, and it was decided that the army should retreat. There had been rain in the mountains, and the water was rising. The engineers were compelled to take up one bridge to piece out the other. At sunset the troops took up their line of march. General Lee, through his spies, knew what was going on; he did not attempt to hinder it. His cannon were silent, for he had little ammunition left. On Tuesday morning the Union army was on the north bank of the river, having, including prisoners, lost nearly seventeen thousand men, while the loss of the Confederates was not far from thirteen thousand. Nothing had been gained by Hooker, while the Confederates could justly regard it as a brilliant victory.

General Hooker has been condemned for his course of action at Chancellorsville, but there are many things to be taken into account if we would arrive at just conclusions. His strategy in reaching Chancellorsville, blinding Lee as to his real movement, has been regarded as exceedingly able. His falling back from Tabernacle Church to Chancellorsville was seemingly a mistake in tactics. With only a handful of cavalry left, after the departure of Stoneman, he could obtain no certain information as to the movements of Lee. His hasty conclusion that the movement of Jackson across his front was a retreat of the Confederate army to Gordonsville, adopted by Hooker and his generals alike, was an astounding error of judgment. The disregard paid to the reports of the scouts and pickets that Jackson was moving to gain the flank of the Eleventh Corps is equally unaccountable. It is not difficult to account for the inaction of Hooker after his prostration by the piece of a pillar of the Chancellorsville piazza, which hurled him to the ground, stunning him and so benumbing his senses that several days passed before he fully regained them. He was incapacitated from exercising the judgment needful in battle. More than this, he had intended from the outset to gain a strong position and fight a defensive battle. He had not contemplated for a moment the taking of the aggressive, and it is now known that President Lincoln said to him, when he placed Hooker in command, "Whatever you do, do not lose the Army of the Potomac." With these considerations in view we can understand why the army stood motionless behind its intrenchments through Monday, when by a simultaneous advance Stuart, with what was left of Jackson's troops, might have been swept from the field of Chancellorsville. But it was not in the ordering of events by Him who notices the fall of a sparrow, who guides nations to their destiny.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII.

(1) Mr. Tally to author.
(2) Idem.
(3) General Howard, *Century Magazine*, September, 1886.
(4) "History of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry."
(5) General Pleasonton, *Century Magazine*, September, 1886.
(6) Major Thomson's letter, quoted in *Century Magazine*, September, 1886.
(7) Dabney, "Life of Jackson."
(8) John Esten Cooke.
(9) General Gibbon to author.
(10) General Newton to author.

CHAPTER IX.

SPRING OF 1863.

WE approach the turning-point in the great struggle. The months of May and June, 1863, will ever stand as the most critical in the history of the mighty conflict. General Grant had begun his movement to gain the rear of Vicksburg; General Banks was closing around Port Hudson—movements which were designed to open once more the Mississippi to the peaceful commerce of the world, severing Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas from the other States of the Confederacy.

In Tennessee the Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans, was preparing to move against the Confederates under General Bragg at Tullahoma.

The Army of the Potomac was upon the Falmouth Hills, opposite Fredericksburg. Fifteen thousand soldiers, whose term of enlistment had expired, were returning to their homes. Including the losses at Chancellorsville and those in the hospitals, thirty thousand had disappeared from the ranks. A portion of the loss had been made good by the arrival of new troops, but they were not the veterans who had fought in a score of battles. The many defeats on the Peninsula, at Manassas, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville had had a manifest effect upon the spirits of the army. The soldiers knew that they had fought bravely, but had suffered defeat through the mismanagement at Washington and incompetency of their commanders. They had lost none of their love for the flag, which represented all that was dear to them in life.

The Confederates encamped upon the hills behind Fredericksburg were exultant over the victories they had won, and had good cause for swinging their hats and hurrahing, to feel that they were invincible, and could win a victory against great odds; that General Lee was a great commander, who would lead them ever to victory. They were sad over the death of Stonewall Jackson, and felt that the loss was irreparable. New conscripts were arriving by the thousand to fill up the ranks. Longstreet's corps had returned from Suffolk. The spirits of the troops never had been so high. The people of the South believed that the army under General Lee could not be defeated. The *Richmond Examiner* had this relative to the military strength of the Confederacy: "It never was more ample than now. We have arms for one million soldiers. We have from six hundred to six hundred and fifty thousand effective men. The State militia will give two hundred thousand more. These figures are authentic."(1)

It advocated offensive operations by General Lee. The time was propitious. The Union army would lose in all sixty or seventy regiments. The Union troops were discouraged. "No treaty of peace is possible save one signed on the enemy's soil," it said.

General Longstreet, the first week in May, was in Richmond, and called upon Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War.

"I have a plan," said Mr. Seddon, "for sending your troops west to Mississippi to join Johnston and attack Grant, who is laying siege to Vicksburg. What do you think of it?"

"I think that there is a better way to relieve Pemberton by bringing the troops under Johnston to Tullahoma, and to hurry forward two of my divisions. With these troops Bragg can crush Rosecrans; then he can march through Tennessee and Kentucky, and threaten the invasion of Ohio. He will have no opposition, and will find provisions everywhere. The result will be the withdrawal of Grant from Vicksburg to head off Bragg."(2)

General Longstreet went on to Fredericksburg and talked the matter over with General Lee.

"To take away your corps will divide my army," said General Lee.

No commander likes to have his troops taken away from him. It is human nature for us to desire to wield all possible power. General Lee was thinking of a plan. He knew that Hooker's army was growing smaller, that regiments were leaving, and that others were not taking their places. It was hardly to be expected that Hooker, after the defeat of Chancellorsville, would make any movement. What should be done? A victorious army after a great victory cannot sit down and do nothing without loss of prestige. If Lee could drive Hooker back to Falmouth, what could he not do with forty thousand additional troops?

"Why not invade Pennsylvania?" General Lee asked.

"Such a movement," said Longstreet; "can be successful if made offensive in strategy but defensive in tactics."

By that he intended to say that if Lee should select his line of march, and the country he intended to occupy, and when it came to a battle to select his ground and wait to be attacked, he would be successful. "The movement," he added, "into Pennsylvania will make a great stir in the North, and Hooker will be compelled to attack you on your chosen ground. You remember Napoleon's advice to Marmont: 'Select your ground and make your enemy attack you.' At Fredericksburg we held Burnside with a few thousand men, crippling and demoralizing his army, while we lost very few. At Chancellorsville we attacked, and Hooker was on the defensive. We dislodged him, but at such a terrible sacrifice that half a dozen such victories would have ruined us."

There were many reasons why General Lee should make a movement somewhere, and especially why he should invade Pennsylvania.

The war from the beginning, except the battle of Antietam, had been in the seceded States, where the hostile armies had marched to and fro, wasting the country, leaving desolation behind them. The Southern newspapers were calling for a movement of the victorious army of Northern Virginia into Northern territory, that the people there might feel the burden and woe of war. The state of affairs in the Northern States favored such a movement.

There were so many disloyal men in Ohio and Indiana that General Burnside, who had been sent to Cincinnati to take command there, published an order threatening the arrest of men who should give aid and comfort to the enemy.

On May 5th, when Hooker was being driven from Chancellorsville, Burnside sent soldiers to Dayton, who arrested Clement L. Vallandigham. He was tried by a military court. General Burnside paid no attention to the writ of *habeas corpus*, which was issued by a judge of one of the courts, for the civil power had been placed beneath the military. Bayonet instead of civil law ruled. Vallandigham was declared guilty of expressing his sympathies in favor of the enemy. He had been very bitter against the President and the continuance of the war. He was put in prison, but President Lincoln thought it better to send him south to the Confederates.

Mr. Vallandigham had opposed the war from the beginning, and he had rendered great service to the Confederates by his disloyalty to the Union. The newspapers of the South had praised him for what he had done, but he was treated with scant civility in Richmond. He could not render any service to the Confederacy there. These the words of a Richmond newspaper: "He has no claim on our gratitude. He is simply an alien enemy, a prisoner of war, a respectable enemy."(3)

Mr. Vallandigham made his way to Canada, and was soon back in Ohio, the candidate of the Peace party for governor.

When the war began more men volunteered than were called for, but the wave of patriotism had spent its force; no volunteers came to fill up the ranks, and Congress ordered a draft. It was to go into effect July 1st. The Peace Democrats said that the war was a failure.

A great "Peace" Convention was held in New York City, which passed resolutions favoring State rights, for which the South was contending. These the words of one of the resolutions: "Under the Constitution there is no power in the Federal Constitution to coerce the States by military force."

Fernando Wood, of New York City, said, "I am for peace as the only possible hope for the restoration of the Union. I am for peace because the war is a failure. The Government has no power to coerce a State. It is a failure because we have undertaken what we cannot perform."

The Democratic Convention of Pennsylvania denounced the emancipation of the slaves by President Lincoln and the employment of negroes as soldiers, and passed this resolution:

"The party of fanaticism—or crime, whichever it may be called—that seeks to turn loose the slaves of the Southern States to overrun the North, and to enter into competition with the white laboring masses, thus degrading their manhood by placing them on an equality with negroes, is insulting to our race, and meets our most emphatic and unqualified condemnation. This is a government of white men, and was established exclusively for the white race."

From the beginning of the war the Confederate Government had been looking eagerly across the Atlantic to the countries of Europe for sympathy and help, had received both in arms, ammunition, and supplies of all kinds—had been recognized as belligerents. But that was not enough—they must be recognized as a nation. They had defeated great armies, won brilliant victories. If now they could invade Pennsylvania and defeat the Northern army in its own territory, their friends in England would compel the Queen to recognize the Confederacy as a nation.

If they could defeat the Union army in Pennsylvania, then they could take possession of Baltimore and redeem Maryland; then Washington would be theirs, and they would fling out the Stars and Bars above the dome of the Capitol, and the Confederacy and not the Union would everywhere be hailed as the rising power of the Western World. The recognition of the Confederacy by France and Great Britain would irritate the North, already angered by the course pursued by the latter country; war would follow, and then the iron-clad war-ships of England's great navy would scatter the fleets blockading Wilmington and Savannah and the

Chesapeake like chaff before the wind, and carry desolation to New York and Boston. The troops of Great Britain were already in Canada; Confederate agents were at work in Montreal and Toronto, and opposite Detroit, or Niagara Falls. Once bring about a war between England and the United States, and the independence of the South was certain.

Mr. Roebuck, a member of Parliament, and a great friend of Jefferson Davis, and Mr. Lindsay—also a member of Parliament, who owned a great many ships, and who, we may believe, was not sorry to know that the *Florida* and *Alabama* were burning the ships owned by Americans; that every vessel thus destroyed would bring more grist to his mill and give employment to more British vessels—were both exceedingly active to bring about a recognition of the Confederacy as a nation by England. Mr. Roebuck brought a motion before Parliament to that effect. The debate upon the question was to be held on the evening of the last day of June. The Confederate agent in London had written to Richmond these words: "At least five-sixths of the lower House and all the peers, with only two or three exceptions, are friendly to us."(4)

Mr. Roebuck was the member from Sheffield, where tall chimneys were pouring out clouds of smoke, engines throbbing, steam-hammers pounding, and forges flaming, rolling out thick iron plates for England's navy and for the Confederate navy, and steel for the manufacture of cannon for the Confederates. Mr. Roebuck held a meeting there and induced his constituents to declare in favor of recognizing the South.

Mr. James Spence, of Liverpool, who had a valuable contract with the Confederate Government, was organizing "Southern Clubs" and "Associations" to influence the people of England, the working-men, the famishing of Lancashire, to declare themselves in favor of recognition. The agent of the Confederacy in London was employing a great number of men to write articles for the newspapers in favor of the South. One morning in May, while the army under General Lee was getting ready to march towards Pennsylvania, the people of London saw on all the bill-boards along the streets, displayed in bright colors, the British and Confederate flags side by side. The Confederate agent, Mr. Hotze, wrote to Mr. Benjamin in regard to it,

"I have taken measures to placard every available space in the streets of London with representations of our newly adopted flag conjoined with the British flag. I design it to impress the masses with the vitality of our cause, to produce some effect before the motion comes on for discussion."(5)

In the month of March, through the action of Baron Erlanger, of

France, Mr. James Spence, of Liverpool, and some of the bankers of London and Paris, a scheme was carried out, the promoters of which expected to make a great deal of money, and at the same time help on the Confederacy. It was known as the Confederate Cotton Loan. Cotton was very cheap in Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile, but it was worth fifty cents a pound or more in Liverpool. The Confederate Government was to deliver the cotton at a fixed price, the money thus obtained to go for the payment of the men who were building the iron-clad ships of war in the ships-yards at Birkenhead, and for cannon, powder, muskets, and supplies.

Persons subscribing to the stock of the company were to have their shares at ninety, the par value being one hundred. The loan was put on the market on March 19th, and so adroitly had the agents stimulated the stock-brokers, and those who sympathized with the South, that sixteen million dollars were subscribed for, and the shares commanded a premium of four and one-half per cent., and a great many people were disappointed because there were no more shares to be had.(6) Mr. Mason, Confederate minister, wrote this in his letter to Mr. Benjamin, "It shows, *malgre* all detention and calumny, that *cotton is king at last.*"

Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay were doing what they could to induce Parliament to vote in favor of Mr. Roebuck's motion, and to bring about the co-operation of Louis Napoleon. Mr. Slidell, in Paris, was working with them. Had we been in the apartments of the Emperor in the Tuileries on the afternoon of June 18th, we should have seen Mr. Slidell and Louis Napoleon consulting together.

"Would it be agreeable for you to see Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay?" Mr. Slidell asked.

"I would like to see them. You may write to them to that effect."(7)

The Emperor waited a moment, and then said, "I think I can do better: make direct proposition to England for joint recognition. . . . I shall bring the question before the Cabinet meeting to-day."

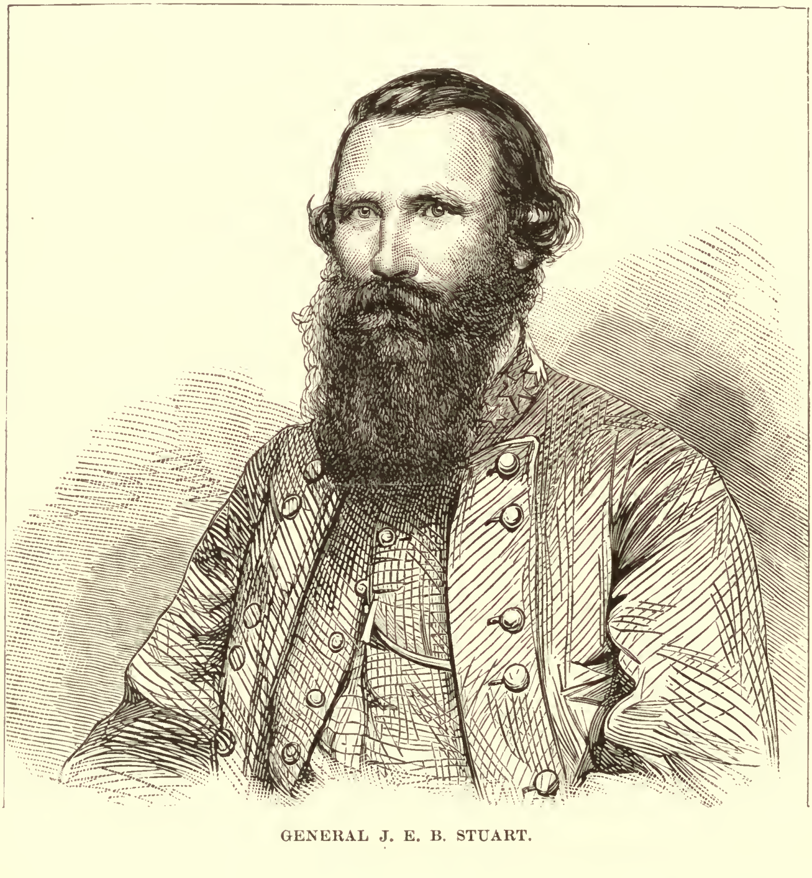
Mr. Slidell thanked him for his sanction of the contract made for the building of four ships of war at Bordeaux and Nantes, and said,

"I am prepared to build several iron-clad ships in France, and I only require your verbal assurance that they shall be allowed to proceed to sea, under the Confederate flag, to enter into contracts for that purpose."

"You may build the ships, but it will be necessary that their destination shall be concealed."

Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay hastened to Paris and out to Fontainebleau, saw the Emperor, and on the 25th of June, while the army of General Lee was in the beautiful Cumberland Valley, in Pennsylvania, making its way towards Gettysburg, Mr. Slidell wrote this to Mr. Benjamin: "The interview of Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay with the Emperor at Fontainebleau was highly satisfactory. They were authorized to state in the House of Commons that the Emperor was not only willing but anxious to recognize the Confederate States, with the co-operation of England."(8)

This the state of affairs across the Atlantic as the Confederate army—consolidated into three corps, commanded respectively by Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Ewell; the cavalry by Stuart, and the artillery under Pendleton—prepared to move north, with the confident expectation that they would march in triumph wherever Lee might lead them—possibly through the streets of Philadelphia—and make Washington the capital of the Confederacy.(9) It is quite probable that no such picture presented itself to the



GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

imagination of generals Lee or Longstreet, or other Confederate officers; they were able commanders, who made a proper estimate of the difficulties before them, but the enthusiasm of the soldiers was unbounded; they were confident of victory, and that they could reach Philadelphia or New York.

The Army of the Potomac under General Hooker was not so well organized as that of General Lee. It was composed of six corps, giving to a corps commander only half as many men as were controlled by a Confederate corps commander. The horses of the Union cavalry had been badly broken down in the long, hard marches of Stoneman at the time of the battle of Chancellorsville. General Pleasonton had been placed in command of the cavalry, who set himself to work to obtain new horses.

Deserters from the Confederate army, the last week in May, informed General Hooker that an order from General Lee had been read to the army that the troops were to have long marches and hard fighting in a part of the country where there would be no railroad transportation for them.

On the second day of June a man reached Fortress Monroe from Richmond, who said that General Lee was going to invade Maryland. General Hooker saw that some of the tents which had dotted the landscape on the green hills across the Rappahannock were there no longer. His scouts said that troops were moving from the battle-field of Chancellorsville towards Culpeper; that the Confederate cavalry was encamped in the fields near that town, and that Stuart was getting ready to make a movement; whereupon he determined to find out what General Lee was doing, and ordered pontoon bridges to be laid where Sedgwick crossed the river four weeks before. Again the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, marched down to the river, but only a portion of the troops crossed. General Longstreet's troops had just started towards Culpeper, and were at once halted; but General Lee came to the conclusion that General Hooker was not intending to cross the river, and the troops moved on.

General Hooker was troubled by visitors who came to the army. Fathers and mothers wanted to see their sons; wives, their husbands; sisters, their brothers. He sent this to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War:

"My army is more in danger of being taken by the women than by rebels. They arrive by steamboat-loads. Yesterday was not a good day for them; only eighteen arrived; of these fifteen held passes from the War Department." In another despatch, the same day, he gave this information to General Halleck: "As the accumulation of the heavy rebel force of cavalry about Culpeper may mean mischief, I am determined to break it up."

General Hooker wrote to President Lincoln expressing a desire, in case a large portion of the Confederates were to leave Fredericksburg, to cross and fall upon those remaining. This the reply of the President:

"I have but one idea which I think worth suggesting to you, and that is, in case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. If he should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg, tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments and have you at a disadvantage, and so man for man worst you at that point, while his main force would in some way be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over the fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

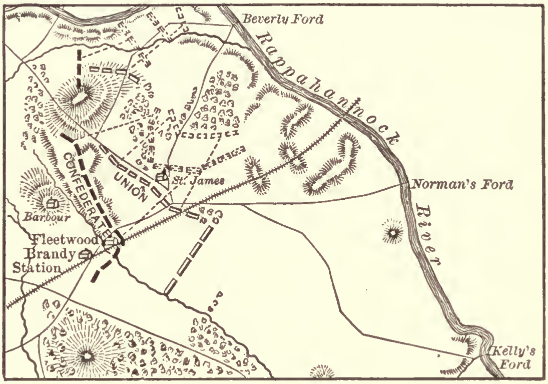
Again General Hooker sent a despatch: "Will it not promote the true interests of the cause for me to march to Richmond at once?"

He received this reply: "I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your true objective point. If he comes towards the Upper Potomac follow on his flank, and on the inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his. Fight him, too, when opportunity offers. If he stays where he is, fret him and fret him."

From the beginning of the war the cry had been throughout the North, "On to Richmond!" McClellan had made the Confederate capital his objective point. General Hooker was doing the same. They had been educated at West Point; but President Lincoln, who never had read a work on military art, by his common-sense comprehended and outlined the correct tactics to be pursued in the campaign which Lee, and not Hooker, was inaugurating.

General Stuart, commanding the Confederate cavalry, was proud of his troops. Twice he had ridden round the Union army—once on the Peninsula, and once in Maryland. He held a grand review of them on the smooth fields around Culpeper. The corps was in superb condition, numbering between eleven and twelve thousand. Each soldier regarded it as a grand occasion, with General Lee present to behold their martial bearing. It was a magnificent spectacle. The review over, the brigades moved northward towards the Rappahannock. The movement for the invasion of the North had begun. In the morning Stuart was to cross the river and move so as to screen the marching of the infantry. Fitz-Hugh Lee's brigade, under Colonel Mumford, was picketing the river. The order was issued for an early start in the morning.

The railroad leading from Alexandria south-west crosses the Rappahannock River. Brandy Station is the first stopping-place south of the river, and Culpeper the second. Two miles below the bridge is Kelley's Ford; two miles above it, Beverly Ford. North of Brandy Station stood St. James's Church, on the road leading to Beverly Ford, on the west side of the road. On the east side is the house of Mr. Thompson, an old-fashioned brick mansion, surrounded by a beautiful grove of trees on a knoll, which overlooked the surrounding fields. The Sixth Virginia Cavalry of Jones's brigade tethered their horses beneath the trees, and the horse artillery parked their guns farther up the road in a field bordered on the north by woods. It is nearly two miles from the ford. Not far from Brandy Station is another large mansion, to which the owner had given the name of Fleetwood, where General Stuart had his headquarters. There is another mansion, that of Mr. Barbour, beautifully situated, with trees around it, upon a swell of land, with broad fields northward and eastward. This the ground on which the Confederate cavalry had bivouacked.



BRANDY STATION.

On the afternoon of the 8th of June, while the Confederate cavalry was marching in review, the Union cavalry was moving south-west from its position on the flank of the Union army, accompanied by Ames's and Russell's brigades of infantry. General Pleasonton, with Buford's division of cavalry and Ames's brigade of infantry, was moving in the direction of Beverly Ford; Gregg's cavalry and Russell's infantry were moving towards Kelley's Ford. Duffie's brigade was to cross the river below Gregg, move south to Stevensburg, on the direct road from Fredericksburg to Culpeper, then move to Brandy Station and join the other columns at that point, General Pleasonton supposing the while that Stuart was at Culpeper, five miles beyond Brandy Station.

The Union cavalry halted for a short rest through the brief summer night. No fires were kindled. No Confederate picket or scout saw them. The morning of the 9th dawned. A thick fog, which concealed them, hung along the valley. Davis's brigade of Buford's division was in advance on the road to Beverly Ford. The cavalrymen reach the stream. The Confederate pickets on the southern bank are startled by the sudden splashing of water. Before they can leap into their saddles the Union troops are upon them, capturing nearly all of them.

Had General Buford known that the Confederate batteries were parked near at hand, behind a piece of woods; that the horses were unharnessed and just munching their corn, he might have swooped down upon them, as an eagle upon its prey, and captured four full batteries; but he did not know they were there.

There was a quick harnessing of horses. The skirmishers began firing with their carbines. The Confederates of Jones's brigade were quickly in the saddle. Then came charge and countercharge, firing of pistols, drawing of sabres, a mêlée in which Colonel Davis, of the New York regiment, was mortally wounded, and the regiment driven; but the Eighth Illinois came up and the Virginians were turned back. The artillerymen drove upon the gallop across the field to St. James's Church, where the guns were wheeled into position. In the flight of the Confederate wagons a desk was jostled from one of them, which the Union soldiers picked up, finding papers which informed Pleasonton of the movement which Stuart was to have made, and of the intention of going beyond the Potomac. There was a saddling of horses in all the Confederate brigades, a sudden breaking up of the camp, and a movement of all the baggage-wagons towards Culpeper. General Stuart sent a portion of the troops towards Kelley's Ford, and then rode up to St. James's Church to direct the battle. A messenger came from the direction of Kelley's Ford with the information that a force of Union cavalry was advancing towards Brandy Station from the east; in a few moments they would be in possession of Fleetwood. Colonel Long, of Stuart's staff, sent messengers to Stuart with the news.

The Confederate commander did not credit the information. "Ride back there and see what all that foolishness is about," he said to Major Hart. Then the sound of cannon was heard, and Stuart sent two regiments towards Fleetwood, with their horses upon the run, to find that the Union men of New Jersey, under Colonel Wyndham, were advancing to seize the hill. Stuart began to comprehend the situation. He ordered his troops to fall back from St. James's Church and concentrate at Fleetwood.

A great cavalry battle began for the possession of the hill—a battle very difficult to describe. It was mainly between Gregg's Union division and the whole force of Confederates, with the exception of one brigade.

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.

We may think of ten thousand horses, ten thousand fearless riders; the rattling fire of carbines, thundering of cannon; brigades charging upon the guns, flashing of sabres, cutting and slashing, horses and men going down in heaps; yells, curses, thick clouds of smoke and dust, charge and countercharge — a Confederate battery captured and recaptured, again in the hands of the Union troops, again lost, a third time taken, a third time lost—men sabred at the guns, horses and men struggling and writhing; reinforcements of Confederates, the arrival of Rodes's division of infantry, the withdrawal of the Union troops unmolested by the Confederates; six hundred Union and as many more Confederates killed or wounded, three Union cannon the trophies of the Confederates.

They were the guns of the Sixth New York Battery. Of the thirty-six men belonging to the battery twenty-one were either killed, wounded, or were missing. General Gregg reformed his troops on the ground where he had formed them for the attack, and returned across the river, Stuart making no attempt to harass him, for Buford was threatening him from the north-west, where the contest was renewed with great fury, while down towards Stevensburg a third conflict was going on between a portion of the Confederates and the Union cavalry under Duffie, which was soon over, Duffie being ordered to join General Gregg. With the setting of the sun the Union cavalry recrossed the Rappahannock, having accomplished their object—ascertaining the position of the Confederate forces; that a portion of the infantry was at Culpeper. They had done more than this—they had frustrated the plan of General Lee, the sending of Stuart to menace Washington in his northward movement. Far more than this, for the struggle around Fleetwood was the *making* of the Union cavalry, and the *unmaking* of the Confederate. Up to that hour the Union cavalry had been of little account as a distinct arm of the service; but now organized as a compact body, wielding its strength in solid mass, it became a formidable power, while the Confederate cavalry, from that hour, was on the wane.

"The battle," said a Richmond paper, "narrowly missed being a great disaster to our arms. Our men were completely surprised, and were only saved by their own indomitable gallantry and courage. . . . The Yankees retired slowly, disputing every foot of ground."(10)

The Union troops were elated by what they had done, while the Confederates were astonished at the persistency, bravery, audacity, and hardihood of the Union cavalrymen. We shall see that in every cavalry engagement, from that hour to the close of the war, the Union cavalry maintained the prestige won in this engagement.

In several histories of the war it is asserted that the attack of the Union cavalry at Brandy Station compelled General Lee to change all his plans; that he had intended to march along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, while Stuart was to screen the movement by moving towards Washington; but I do not find any evidence that General Lee had marked out such a movement for his main army. General Ewell's troops were then on their way towards the valley of the Shenandoah.

Before the Confederate army started from Culpeper, General Longstreet sent his trusted scout, Harrison, into the Union lines to see what General Hooker was doing.

"Where shall I report to you?" the scout asked.

"Find me wherever I am," was the reply.

General Longstreet gave him some money—not Confederate money, but gold, and the scout disappeared. We shall see him by-and-by.

The Union troops at Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, were in the department commanded by General Schenck, who was at Baltimore. He sent word to General Milroy at Winchester to send his supplies to Harper's Ferry. General Milroy replied that he could hold the place against any force that would probably attack him. He did not know that the whole Confederate army was moving in that direction. He said that there were Union people in Winchester, and that it would be cruel to abandon those who were looking to him for protection. General Schenck replied that he might remain, but must be ready to move at any moment. The War Department at Washington made the mistake of not letting Milroy know that the main body of the Confederate army was at Culpeper—a neglect which resulted in disaster. Milroy telegraphed on the evening of the 12th for specific orders, but before the orders were ready Ewell's cavalrymen had cut the wires. The next morning Rodes's division of Ewell's corps was at Berryville, east of Winchester, but the Union brigade there escaped to Harper's Ferry. Rodes went on to Martinsburg, north of Winchester, getting between Milroy and the Potomac, while the other divisions of Ewell advanced directly upon the town. Milroy was nearly surrounded. He spiked the guns in the forts on the hills west of the town, abandoned his wagon-trains, and at midnight succeeded in escaping with a portion of the troops; but all the sick in the hospital and nearly half of his command were taken prisoners. By staying a day too long the Union army lost more than two thousand men, besides the cannon and wagons. On Sunday evening, while Milroy was getting ready to escape, President Lincoln, in Washington, was sending this despatch to Hooker: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank road, between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be thin somewhere. Could you not beak him?"

The President sent General Couch to Harrisburg and another officer to Pittsburg to make arrangements against invasion, and issued a proclamation calling out one hundred thousand militia from Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, also issued a proclamation, informing the people of the State of the threatened invasion. On the 15th of June I reached Harrisburg. The city was a bedlam. A great crowd of people—excited men, women wringing their hands, and children crying, all with big bundles—were at the railroad-station, ready to jump into the cars to escape northward or eastward. Merchants were packing up their goods. There was a great pile of trunks and boxes. Teams loaded with furniture, beds, and clothing rumbled through the streets; wagons were crossing the bridge over the Susquehanna; farmers from the beautiful Cumberland Valley were hurrying their cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs in droves across the river. The banks were sending their money to Philadelphia and New York. The railroads were removing all their cars and engines; housewives secreting their silver spoons and candlesticks. The excitement was very wild when a long train of army-wagons came thundering across the long bridge driven by teamsters covered with dust—a portion of the train which Milroy had sent from Winchester—all hurrying as if the Confederates were close upon them. The next morning some of the militia began to arrive—farmers and their sons, clerks from stores, in citizens' dress. It was very laughable to see men wearing long linen coats—"dusters"—and "stove-pipe" hats, armed with old muskets, mounted as cavalrymer, riding pell-mell through the streets. Hundreds of men were at work throwing up intrenchments.

Going from Harrisburg to Baltimore, I found another scene of excitement. General Schenck was in command. A great force of negroes were at work building breastworks and barricades on the roads west of the city, using hogsheads of tobacco, filling barrels with earth, piling up old wagons, carts, and boxes; cutting down trees, and placing them in front of the breastworks; planting heavy guns on the hills, to command all the avenues of approach.

Twenty-six months before, the Massachusetts troops had fought their way through Baltimore; but now the people were arming for the fight, and the negroes, as they threw up the yellow earth with their shovels and pounded it down upon the breastworks with mallets, were singing,

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on."

Only four years had passed since the execution of John Brown; but the nation, the great ideas underlying it, had moved on with a rapidity hardly paralleled in history.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX.

(1) *Richmond Examiner*, May 21, 1863.
(2) Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 416.
(3) *Richmond Examiner*, May 30, 1863.
(4) Hotze to Benjamin, August 4, 1863.
(5) Idem., June 6, 1863.
(6) Mason to Benjamin, March 31, 1863.
(7) Slidell to Benjamin, June 18, 1863.
(8) Idem., June 25, 1863.
(9) Conversation between Author and Confederate soldiers.
(10) *Richmond Examiner*, June 12, 1863.

CHAPTER X.

CONFEDERATE NORTHWARD MARCH.

ON the morning of June 16th Jenkins's brigade of Confederate cavalry advanced from the Potomac into Pennsylvania, through Greencastle, reaching Chambersburg at midnight. Confederate scouting parties went out in all directions collecting what cattle and horses they could find, also all the negroes, sending them into Virginia to be sold as slaves. The government of which Jefferson Davis was the head was to be established on African slavery—upon the idea that a negro was to be classed with horses and cattle, having a property value. It mattered not that the negroes of Pennsylvania were free; they were seized and sent South. It is not probable that General Jenkins, or any one else, was greatly enriched by the seizure; possibly few, if any, of the negroes were sold, for slave property in Virginia was rapidly diminishing in value; but the fact remains that the spirit of slavery, the fundamental idea underlying the Confederate Government, was displayed by these videttes of the Confederate army. Jenkins, having obtained a large amount of supplies, fell back to join Ewell, who was at Williamsport.

A. P. Hill was marching from Fredericksburg to Culpeper; Longstreet advancing up the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge.

On the Upper Potomac General Imboden, with a brigade of Confederate cavalry, was entering Cumberland and destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to prevent General Kelley, who was in West Virginia with several thousand troops, from coming east.

General Hooker could not determine what Lee intended to do. General Halleck, with all the telegraph wires running into his office in the War Department, could not make out whether Lee was intending to sweep down upon Baltimore or move towards Washington. The Union army was between the Bull Run Mountains and Washington—at Manassas, Centreville, Drainsville—covering Washington, ready to move across the Potomac the moment Lee's movements should indicate his line of advance.

At Harper's Ferry, on Maryland Heights, in a position which Lee could not hope successfully to assail, were ten thousand troops under General French, of little use where they were, but which might be used to excellent advantage by General Hooker. They were not under him, but were under General Schenck's orders, whose headquarters were at Baltimore. General Hooker asked that they might be included in his command, but the request was refused by General Halleck.

In the forts around Washington were thirty thousand troops, under General Heintzelman, to hold the city against any attack.

Going down to Yorktown, we see General Keyes with fifteen thousand men in a position to threaten Richmond.

At daybreak, June 17th, the Union cavalry, under Pleasonton, was at Manassas Junction. He moved towards Aldie, intending to push north-west to the Blue Ridge to discover what Lee was doing. Kilpatrick, with three of his regiments, led the column up the turnpike. The other regiment of his brigade—the First Rhode Island, two hundred and eighty men, under Colonel Duffie—was directed to go through Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, to camp at night at Middleburg, five miles west of Aldie.

The Confederate cavalry at the same hour was moving east towards Aldie.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when Kilpatrick's scouts, advancing towards Aldie, came upon Confederate pickets. The Second New York charged upon them, driving them swiftly through the little village.

The Confederates were of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Virginia. The first three were feeding their horses at Mr. Carter's barn, a mile and a half from Aldie. There was quick saddling, bridling, and forming in column.

A short distance west of Aldie the turnpike divides—one branch running north-west to Snicker's Gap, the other west to Middleburg. Between the roads there is a hill upon which Munford, commanding the Confederates, planted his artillery. His sharp-shooters were behind a fence which runs from road to road.

A little stream crosses the road at the foot of the hill, and there is a mill on the road leading to Middleburg. There is a meadow at the foot of the hill and several hay-stacks. The Union cavalry, to get at Munford, must either charge up the turnpike swept by his cannon, or descend the steep bank, cross the river in the face of his sharp-shooters, or make a flank movement.

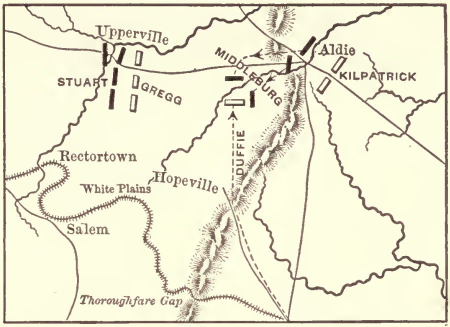
Kilpatrick saw that he could not charge up the Middleburg road; that the troops would be annihilated; but the Second New York rushed upon the Confederate skirmishers and captured several.

Kilpatrick's cannon poured their fire upon the troops along the Snicker's Gap road, creating confusion in Munford's works. The Fourth New York, Colonel Cesnola, made a charge. For some breach of orders he was under arrest; his sword had been taken from him, but Kilpatrick handed it back in token of his bravery. He was wounded in the mêlée, fell from his horse, and was taken prisoner.

The First Maine, belonging to the first brigade, was sent forward by General Gregg. Kilpatrick rallied his men, and the fight went on. The Union troops attacked with great vigor.

"I never saw men show better spirit," writes Colonel Munford, praising their bravery.

Kilpatrick's persistent attack was gradually folding back Munford's left flank when, to the surprise of the Union troops, the Confederate regiments retired towards Middleburg.



MAP OF CAVALRY ENGAGEMENTS AT ALDIE AND UPPERVILLE.

The reason for their sudden abandonment of so strong a position was the arrival of Captain Frank Robertson from Middleburg with an order from General Stuart to fall back to Rector's Cross-roads.

The Rhode Islanders under Duffie had passed through Thoroughfare Gap, and were advancing towards Middleburg.

They were within two miles of the town when they came upon the pickets sent out by Stuart to keep watch of the roads. There were carbine-shots, a clattering of hoofs, a charge into the town, where Stuart was enjoying the hospitality of his friends, but he leaped into his saddle and escaped.

Duffie had obeyed orders. He was in Middleburg, where he was to stop for the night. He was well aware that he might be attacked in town, and the soldiers barricaded the roads, sending out pickets in all directions.

Stuart halted, sent back his skirmishers to begin the attack, and sent Captain Robertson with the order to Munford, at Aldie, to inform him that a large body of Union cavalry was in his rear, and that he must retreat. Other couriers went upon the gallop with orders to W. H. F. Lee and Robertson to close in upon the enemy.

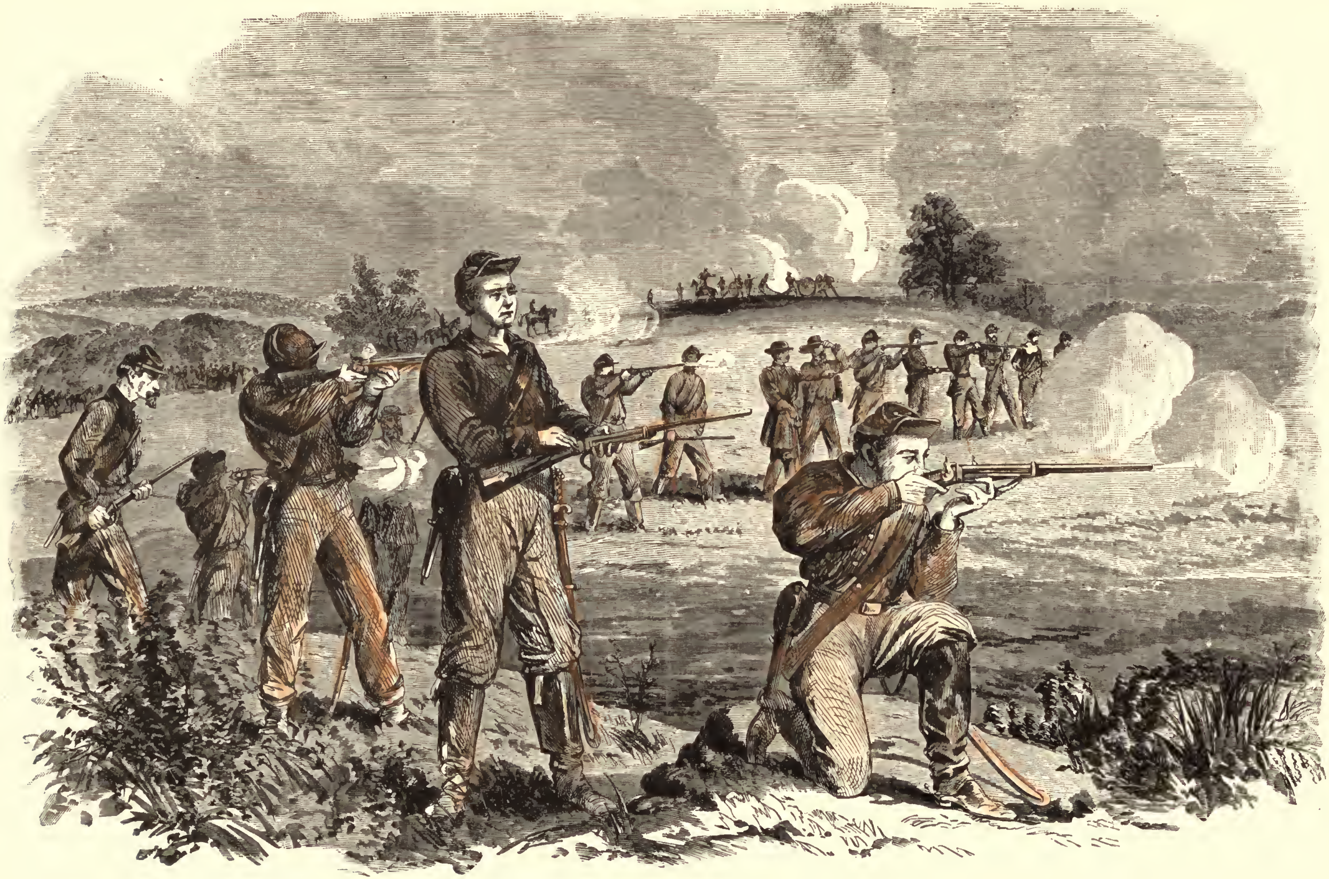
Colonel Duffie had been ordered, when he reached Middleburg, to send word to Pleasonton. Captain Allen, with two men, started with the despatch at five o'clock down the main road, but came upon the Fourth Virginia Cavalry retreating from Aldie. Robertson turned through the woods and fields, running against Confederates in every direction. The sun went down, and in the gathering darkness he reached Little River, came upon five Confederates, charged upon them, and compelled them to flee. He followed the river a long distance till he reached the main road, came upon the Union pickets, and was safe. It had been a hazardous, exciting ride. Kilpatrick read the despatches. He knew the danger closing upon Duffie, but his horses were broken down by the long, hard march and the battle with Munford. He sent the despatch to Gregg, who carried it to Pleasonton; but Pleasonton issued no orders.

Duffie waited through the long night hours with listening ears to hear the tramping of the expected reinforcements, which never came. He might have retreated, for Robertson had not yet closed the road over which he came. He was a foreigner, born in France, educated in the military schools, under strict discipline to obey orders implicitly. What rebuke would he not receive from Pleasonton were he to retreat! He resolved to hold his ground till reinforcements arrived, not knowing that they would never be sent.

He placed most of his troops in a grove outside of the town. The men were ordered to speak only in whispers. The pickets were out upon the roads. The last gleam of light was fading from the west. Two companies had dismounted, and their horses were tied to trees in a grove, the men lying behind a stone wall bordering the road, across which they had felled a tree. With loaded carbines they waited. As they looked down the road, peering through the darkness, they beheld the advancing Confederate columns, four men abreast. There burst forth a line of light from sixty carbines. Riders and horses went down in a heap. The Rhode Islanders did not stop to load, but out with their revolvers and fired into the struggling mass. The Confederate officers rallied the men, and again they charged, but only to be cut down again by the terrible volley.

The troops attacking Duffie were the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina, new regiments, numbering nearly one thousand, and this was their first battle.

Colonel Duffie makes his way two miles in the darkness, then waits for



BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT AT UPPERVILLE.

the morning. His horses have had nothing to eat since they left Manassas Junction. The animals are jaded and hungry, and the men stand by their heads to keep them from whinnying.

Daylight comes, and the men leap into their saddles. The Confederate scouts discover them and fire a volley. Duffie is expecting to hear Kilpatrick's guns or the tramping of his brigade, but discovers instead that W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Colonel Chambliss, is intercepting his retreat, while Robertson is ready to fall upon his rear. With sabres gleaming he charges upon the Confederates, and gains the road once more. The Rhode Islanders move on two miles towards Hopewell Gap, when they hear the clatter of hoofs behind them. The road is narrow and rugged. They cannot turn and face the oncoming foe. They put spurs to their horses, and the column goes pell-mell along the road, bullets whizzing past them, striking among them; the Rhode Islanders, turning in their saddles, sending shots in the faces of the Virginians. Horses go down, and the riders are trampled by those behind. For six miles the Confederates push on — the ranks of the Rhode Islanders dwindling every moment. Some, when their horses fall, leap over the fences and secrete themselves till the Confederates are gone, then make their way over the mountains eastward.

Color-sergeant Robbins, finding that he would be captured, tore the standard from its staff, threw the staff away, thrust the colors into his bosom, was taken prisoner, but escaped. He made his way back to headquarters, took the colors from his bosom and waved them above his head—all the soldiers around swinging their hats at the sight. He received a lieutenant's commission for his heroic service.

When the Confederates gave up the chase all that were left in the column were Colonel Duffie and twenty-seven men. The brave colonel gazed at the little party with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"My poor boys! My poor boys! All gone! All gone!" were the pathetic words wrung from his heart.

They were not all lost, however, for Lieutenant-colonel Thompson and eighteen men cut their way through the Confederate lines. Lieutenant Brown and several soldiers secreted themselves in the woods till the next day, when Pleasonton's advance enabled them to escape.

Out of the two hundred and eighty, six were killed, twenty wounded, and seventy captured.

On the morning of the 19th we see Stuart forming Robertson's and Chambliss's brigades near Middleburg, on a plain, with a grove in the centre of the lines, waiting for the advance of Gregg's two brigades moving along the Aldie road. The Confederate artillery were on a hill in the rear. A portion of the Union troops dismounted and came down upon their flank, giving so hot a fire that the line was thrown into confusion. The Union centre charged upon those in the grove, driving them, but were driven in turn by the Ninth Virginia, in reserve, and by the artillery fire. Gregg reformed in the woods. Stuart attacked again and again, losing many men, and was compelled at last to give up the effort and retire to another position.

Munford, on the road leading to Snicker's Gap, was compelled to fall back before Buford.

The morning of the 21st dawned. General Stuart had been reinforced by the arrival of Jones's and Hampton's brigades. He sent Jones's north to Munford to hold the road to Snicker's Gap, and formed his other three brigades at Rector's.

General Gregg had been reinforced by the Union infantry of General Vincent's brigade. Gregg was to push Stuart towards Ashby's Gap while Buford folded back his left flank. It was eight o'clock in the morning when the Union troops opened fire upon Stuart, who had formed his line along Cromwell's Creek. Stuart's artillery replied, but was badly cut up by Pleasonton's guns. Vincent advanced so rapidly that Stuart was obliged to abandon two of his cannon.

Stuart rallied his men, but was again compelled to retreat, sending word to Jones and Munford to fall back to Upperville, abandoning the road to Snicker's Gap and concentrating his whole force towards Ashby's.

No one can say just what occurred in the charges and countercharges during the day. Men and horses went down in heaps. There were volleys from carbines, then a rattling fire from revolvers, gleaming of sabres, clouds of dust, mêlées in narrow roads, along stone-walls and fences, bloody encounters—a loss of nearly five hundred on each side; but when night came, Stuart had been pushed back several miles from his ground of the morning.

It was the second great cavalry battle of the war.

Stuart, finding that Pleasonton had a brigade of infantry, sent word to Longstreet, who detailed McLaws's division to assist him; but it did not arrive in season to take part in the fight.

Pleasonton, having accomplished what he was ordered to do, went back to Aldie.

General Stuart had been pushed back from Aldie. It was not a pleasant reflection. Possibly he was feeling the criticisms of the Richmond newspapers over the engagement at Brandy Station. He found that the

Union army blocked the route which he had intended to take northward. An idea came to him — possibly suggested by Colonel Mosby — to ride round the Union army, as he had done twice when it was commanded by McClellan. He was an enterprising officer, and loved to do startling things. Such a movement would go far to retrieve the failures of the lost engagements. He submitted the plan to General Lee, who was at Berryville, in the Shenandoah, where, on the evening of the 21st, he wrote an order to General Ewell to march to Harrisburg and take possession of the capital if possible. General Ewell was at Williamsport, and his troops on the 22d began to cross the river.(¹)

The night of the 23d was dark and cheerless. General Stuart, near Rector's Cross-roads, was asleep beneath a tree, the rain-drops pattering upon him, when a messenger reached him from General Lee informing him that Ewell was moving towards Harrisburg, that Early's division was to cross the mountains and march to York. These Lee's instructions as to Stuart's course:

"If General Hooker remains inactive, you can leave two brigades to watch him and withdraw with the other three; but should he not appear to be moving northward, I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountains to-morrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day, and move over to Fredericktown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around his army without hinderance, doing him all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, give instructions to the two brigades left behind to watch the flank and rear of the army, and (in event of the enemy leaving their front) retire from the mountains west of the Shenandoah, leaving sufficient pickets to guard the passes.(²) I think the sooner you cross into Maryland after to-morrow, the better."

At midnight of the 24th we see three Confederate brigades—Hampton's, Fitz-Hugh Lee's, and Chambliss's—moving eastward from the town of Salem, through the Bull Run Mountains; but at Haymarket they come upon the Second Corps of the Union army, under Hancock, marching northward. The artillery opens, the Union infantry wheel into line of battle, and Stuart is compelled to turn about, recross the mountain, and when night comes he is back nearly to his starting-point. A day has been lost—a very provoking delay to an impatient commander.

General Ewell, with two divisions — Rodes's and Johnson's — were in Chambersburg, with Jenkins's cavalry. General Ewell had lost a leg in the battle of Groveton, and rode in a carriage when on the march, but in battle was strapped to his saddle. He was well acquainted with the country through which he was marching and around Harrisburg. Before the war, he had surveyed a railroad, and had been stationed at the Government barracks in Carlisle, and had been in Chambersburg many times. He demanded of the town authorities a great amount of supplies—five thousand suits of clothing, ten tons of leather, five tons of horseshoes, five thousand bushels of oats, three tons of lead, one thousand curry-combs, all the powder and percussion-caps in town, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of bread, five hundred barrels of flour, and twenty-five of sauerkraut, with beans, vinegar, sugar, and other things. They searched houses and stores. One of the officers, Major Todd, of Kentucky, a brother of the wife of Abraham Lincoln,(³) who had joined the Confederates, although his State had not seceded, attempted to go into Doctor Richards's cellar, but was confronted by Miss Richards, the doctor's brave-hearted daughter, who seized an axe. "I will split your head open!" she said, and Major Todd thought it prudent not to go any farther. General Ewell had a large package of Confederate treasury-notes, and paid liberally for all supplies. General Lee had issued strict orders against plundering. He knew that there was nothing more detrimental to discipline than to permit soldiers to seize whatever they might fancy. The Confederate money was worthless, but there was a form of purchase by the proper authority which preserved the discipline of the army. General Ewell was very strict. Officers who became intoxicated were deprived of their commissions and put into the ranks as privates.

On the morning of June 26th Rodes's and Johnson's divisions moved northward, while the troops of A. P. Hill arrived at Chambersburg. The whole of the Confederate army, with the exception of Stuart's cavalry, had crossed the Potomac. General Hill was well acquainted with the country, for he too had been at Carlisle before the war. He knew many of the citizens, and asked about them. While he was resting in the public square the citizens saw a man wearing a suit of gray, with stars on the collar, sitting at rest in his saddle—a gentleman with a benevolent and kindly face with a shade of sadness and anxiety, accompanied by a large number of officers—ride up the street. It was General Lee, who talked with General Hill(⁴) a few minutes and then rode eastward to Mr. Messersmith's farm, where his headquarters were established in a beautiful grove.

While General Lee was going into camp Early's division was passing through Gettysburg. General Early demanded from the inhabitants sixty barrels of flour, seven thousand pounds of bacon, and twelve hundred pounds of sugar; he wanted also forty bushels of onions, five hundred hats, and one thousand pairs of shoes. If he could not have these he must have ten thousand dollars in money. As he was ordered to proceed at once to York, he could not stop to collect the articles; besides, York was a much larger town, situated in a rich and fertile section of the country, where he could make larger reprisals, with the probability that the people would comply with his demand, rather than that he should burn the place.

GENERAL REYNOLDS.

While they were marching through the town, and while General Lee was resting beneath the grateful shade of the oaks near Chambersburg, Mr. Huber, of Chambersburg, was making his way along secluded roads, eluding the Confederates, obtaining horses, riding fast, reaching the railroad, and at daylight on the morning of the 27th he is in the capital at Harrisburg, narrating to Governor Curtin what he has seen, and the telegraph is conveying the information to Washington, and out to General Hooker.([5])

The army of the Potomac, the while, had been moving. General Hooker was swinging it on a much smaller circle than that of the Confederates. He was covering Washington until he could see just what General Lee was intending to do. He was moving his troops northward, east of the South Mountain range, holding all the passes. On Wednesday, the 25th, he placed the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps under the command of General Reynolds, constituting the left wing of the army. They crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry. While they were crossing, the Second Corps was turning Stuart back at Haymarket. All the troops were in position to cross the river.

Saturday, June 27th, General Hooker was at Frederick. The three corps under Reynolds were at Middletown. All the troops were north of the Potomac. General Lee was resting beneath his tent in the grove at Chambersburg. All of Longstreet's and Hill's troops were near him. Early was on the march towards York, Rodes's division at Carlisle, Johnson's between Chambersburg and Carlisle.([6]) General Stuart had started once more, riding south-east around the southern end of Bull Run Mountains, crossing the railroad from Alexandria to Culpeper at Bristoe Station, going on in the same direction, crossing the Occoquon River—marching till he was almost within sight of the Potomac River—then turning north, crossing the Occoquon again west of Mount Vernon, passing through Fairfax Court-house, where Hampton's brigade came upon a squadron of Union cavalry, about one hundred men, under Major Remington. Most of the Union cavalrymen were captured. It had been a long, circuitous march to gain the rear of Hooker's army. Had Stuart waited at Rector's Cross-roads, he could have been at the same place on the evening of the 27th and saved a day's march, for the Union army had moved on. Stuart reached the Potomac fifteen miles above Washington; but the river had risen, and the water was so deep that the artillerymen were obliged to take the ammunition out of the chests and hold the cartridges in their arms while crossing. All through the night the brigades were plashing through the water, the rear-guard gaining the Maryland shore just at daylight on Sunday morning.

I was in Frederick, arriving there before any of the troops, with the exception of the cavalry—ten thousand, under Pleasonton. There was no halting of the cavalry, but the great column moved on through the streets and out upon the roads leading northward towards Pennsylvania. Then came the Reserve Artillery, jarring the ground with the rumbling of the carriages. General Hooker had so directed the movements of the infantry that they did not enter the town, but were moving either east or west of it—all towards the north.

While the cannon were rolling over the pavements there came the pealing of church-bells calling the people to worship. The birds were singing in the orchards, the air fragrant with flowers; upon all the surrounding hills the wheat was ripening. It was a memorable Sunday morning, for a special train had arrived in the night from Washington bringing Colonel Hardie with a letter to General Hooker and another to General George G. Meade, who was commanding the Fifth Corps. General Hooker had again asked that General French, who was at Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand men, be placed under his command, to be joined to the Twelfth Corps, commanded by General Slocum, that the force of more than twenty thousand men might be sent to gain the rear of General Lee and cut his communications with Virginia. General Halleck would not consent that the troops under General French should be withdrawn from Harper's Ferry; he considered it a place of great importance. General Hooker thereupon had asked to be relieved of any further command of the army, and President Lincoln had acceded to his request, and had appointed General Meade, who was a native of Pennsylvania, and who had rendered excellent service as a division and corps commander.

I saw General Meade a few moments after the appointment had been placed in his hands. It was a surprise. No one had thought that there could be such an event. It was a position of great responsibility which had come to him. He knew nothing as to what General Hooker's plans were; he only knew that the army was marching; that before many days there must be a great battle. The army, aside from the troops of his own corps, knew very little about him. He was standing with bowed head and downcast eyes, his slouched hat drawn down, shading his features. He seemed lost in thought. His uniform was the worse for wear from hard service; there was dust upon his boots. As a faithful soldier, loyal to duty, he accepted the great responsibility; while General Hooker, shaking hands with him and with his officers, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, bade them farewell, entered the cars, and went to Baltimore, as he had been directed. Patriotic, tender, and pathetic were the words of Hooker to the army in his brief farewell:

"Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as commander of the Army of the Potomac is impaired, I part from it, yet not without the deepest emotions. The sorrow of parting with the comrades of so many battles is relieved by the conviction that the courage and devotion of this army will never cease nor fail; that it will yield to my successor, as it has to me, a willing and hearty support. With the earnest prayer that the triumph of this army may bring successes worthy of it and the nation, I bid it farewell."

Dignified, modest, and unassuming the words of General Meade in his short address:

"The country looks to this army to relieve it from devastation and the disgrace of hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of this contest."

General Meade made a tender and graceful tribute to General Hooker, "whose name must ever be conspicuous in the history of the achievements of the army."

Notwithstanding the defeat at Chancellorsville, the soldiers liked General Hooker, and he had regained in a good degree their confidence; but their loyalty was not to men, it was to the flag, to what it represented—the government of the people, the highest advancement which man had attained; and so, without complaint at the action of President Lincoln in appointing General Meade, they moved on in obedience to orders, knowing that every step brought them nearer to the Confederate army.

General Halleck did not like General Hooker, and had refused his request regarding the troops at Harper's Ferry, but, upon the appointment of General Meade, those troops were placed under his command. General Hooker remained at Baltimore three days, but hearing nothing from General Halleck, went to Washington, where he was summarily arrested by General Halleck, because he had not obtained permission to do so. The course pursued by General Halleck, in granting to Meade what he had refused to Hooker, and in ordering Hooker's arrest, aroused much indignation throughout the country.

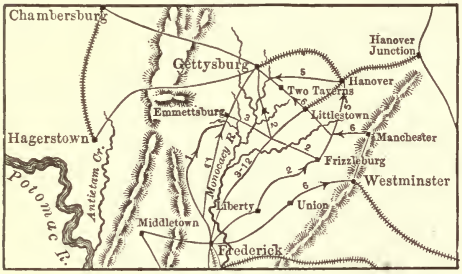
During the evening of Sunday a wagon-train, loaded with supplies, was moving west from Rockville, in Maryland, when the teamsters saw a body of Confederate cavalry swooping down upon them. It was Stuart, who captured one hundred and twenty-five wagons. A little later, the telegraph between Washington and Frederick ceased to work. Stuart was cutting the wires. The Confederate cavalrymen were within a few miles of Washington and Baltimore; but Stuart, instead of menacing those cities, was moving north with the captured train, reaching the Baltimore and

GENERAL MEADE.

Ohio Railroad Monday morning, tearing up the track and burning a bridge, and then hastening on.

Sunday was not a day of rest to Early's Confederate division, which was entering York, Pennsylvania, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, demanding five hundred barrels of flour, several tons of bread, thirty thousand bushels of corn, one thousand hats, one thousand pairs of shoes, a great variety of articles, and one hundred thousand dollars in money, to be delivered at four o'clock, or the town would be set on fire. No resistance had been offered. One of the citizens had gone out several miles to inform Early that he could take peaceable possession of the place. The citizens could obtain only twenty-eight thousand dollars. Early thereupon issued an address, exalting his humanity in not setting the town on fire. He trusted that the humane treatment they had received at his hands would induce them "to shake off the revolting tyranny which they were undergoing."

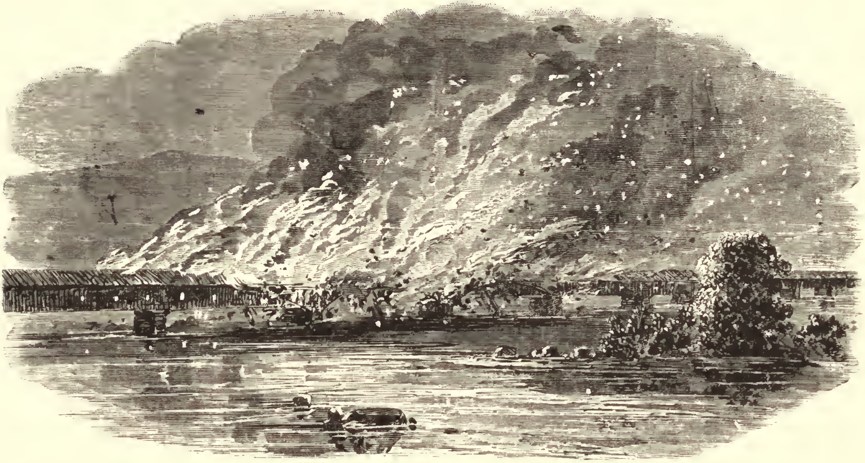
General Gordon's brigade of Georgians pushed on to Wrightsville thirteen miles on the western bank of the Susquehanna. The Georgians swung their hats when they beheld the gleaming water of the great river. They were to seize the wooden bridge, a mile long, which spanned the stream between Wrightsville and Columbia. General Early was thinking of crossing the river, passing through Columbia, and sweeping up the eastern bank thirteen miles farther, while Jenkins's cavalry and Rodes's division advanced from Carlisle, thus seizing Harrisburg. But Colonel Frick, of the Pennsylvania troops, was at Wrightsville. He had picked up a few Union soldiers who had been in battle, and who were not to be frightened by the whirring of shot and shell. He had some militia, and among them a company of colored troops. The citizens of Columbia were hard at work throwing up intrenchments west of Wrightsville; they had no cannon. Colonel Frick was to hold the place as long as he could, then retreat, blowing up a span of the bridge. Early planted his cannon at half-past four. For more than an hour the men under Colonel Frick held their ground, when, seeing that the Confederates, who outnumbered them nearly ten to one, were about to gain his flanks, Colonel Frick ordered his men to retreat across the bridge. The fuses were lighted; the powder exploded, but did not blow up the span, and then the bridge was set on fire. It was a magnificent spectacle—the great wooden structure burning through the evening, illumining all the surrounding country.



MOVEMENT OF UNION ARMY TO GETTYSBURG.

Monday morning, the 29th, dawned. General Lee was still encamped in the grove near Chambersburg. He was wondering what had become of General Stuart. He did not know where he was, neither did he know the whereabouts of the Union army. A physician of Chambersburg who went to see him about a horse that had been taken from him, says:

"Never have I seen so much emotion depicted upon a human countenance. With his hand at times clutching his hair, and with contracted brow, he would walk with rapid strides for a few rods, and then, as if he bethought himself of his actions, he would, with a sudden jerk, produce an entire change in his features and demeanor, and cast an inquiring gaze on me, only to be followed in a moment by the same contortions of face and agitation of person."(7)



BURNING OF COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

General Lee, with an instinct common to officers and soldiers alike in both armies, knew that a great and decisive hour was approaching. He was in a strange country, experiencing such difficulties as all the Union commanders had encountered in Virginia and Tennessee and Mississippi. He had made preparations for a movement to Harrisburg; he was ignorant of the whereabouts of the Union army, and supposed it was still in Virginia.(8) He had relied upon Stuart to keep him informed as to the movements of the Union troops, but had received no information. Many Southern writers have censured Stuart for the line of march taken by him, claiming that by going round in rear of the Union army he placed himself in a position where it was impossible for him to communicate with General Lee; but we are not to lose sight of the fact that Stuart left two brigades, Robertson's and Jones's, to watch the passes of the Blue Ridge, and that they were in position to send word to Lee; besides, Imboden's large brigade and Jenkins's brigade were near at hand, and portions of them might have been sent east of the mountains to watch for any advance of the Union army.

In Virginia General Lee had always received quick information of the movements of the Union army from the people as well as from his cavalry; but now he was in a country where the people were sending information of his movements, but who had no information to give in regard to the movements of the Union army.

It was ten o'clock on Monday evening when the pickets of Longstreet's corps saw a man approaching their lines, whose movements were so suspicious that they arrested him.(⁹) His clothes were covered with mud—he was very dirty, as if he had been on a long tramp. It was the scout Harrison, whom Longstreet had sent into the Union lines from Culpeper (p. 174). He had been with the Union army all the way up to Frederick. When he saw the troops entering that town he had started to find his commander, and was tired out by his long tramping. General Longstreet was asleep, but was awakened to hear his story, and sent the scout to General Lee. It was not far from midnight when the scout rehearsed his tale to the Confederate commander-in-chief in his tent beneath the oaks, just out from Chambersburg.

We come to an interesting hour. It was startling information. General Lee did not know that the Union army had crossed the Potomac. He had issued orders to move to Harrisburg. Ewell, with two divisions, was advancing down the valley, and was at Carlisle, thirty miles away. Early was at York, on the banks of the Susquehanna, sixty miles distant. He did not know where Stuart was — had heard nothing from him since leaving Virginia, but at that hour Stuart was nearly sixty miles away, while Robertson's and Jones's cavalry brigades were still in Virginia. "The information changed," says Longstreet, "the whole plan of the campaign."

Before daylight, couriers were riding north to Carlisle with orders for Ewell to turn back, and southward into Virginia for Robertson and Jones to hurry to Chambersburg.(¹⁰) Orders were issued to Hill to move over the mountain along the turnpike towards Gettysburg, and for Longstreet to follow. It was a movement for the concentration of the army.

When General Meade assumed command of the Union army on Sunday, he only knew that General Lee was in the vicinity of Chambersburg. On Monday he learned that Early was at Wrightsville, that Ewell was threatening Harrisburg, and that a large force of Confederates was at Chambersburg. He could only surmise what Lee intended to do, and must so move that he could concentrate his army at any point; to that end the different corps moved north, spreading out like a fan; the Sixth Corps took the road to Westminster, with Gregg's division of cavalry, to swing out upon the right flank, while Buford's division hovered on the left, the troopers riding up the by-ways amid the mountains to ascertain the movements of the Confederates.

Like two storm-clouds the two armies, on the last day of June, were approaching each other. I was riding with General Hancock, commanding the Second Corps. We came to a farm-house, where, by the gate-way, with roses in bloom around them and pinks perfuming the air, stood a mother and her daughters, with loaves of bread in baskets and jars of apple-butter — the mother cutting great slices of bread, the daughters spreading them with the sauce and presenting them to the soldiers.

"Hurrah for the mother! three cheers for the girls!" shouted the soldiers, as they took the luscious gifts and hastened on.

I joined the Fifth Corps. While passing through the town of Liberty a farmer rode into the village. The load in his wagon was covered with a white cloth.

"What have ye got to sell, old fellow? Gingerbread, eh?" said a soldier, raising the cloth and peeping in. "What do ye ask?"

"I haven't any to sell."

"Haven't any to sell! What are ye here for?"

The farmer made no reply.

"See here, old fellow, won't ye sell me a hunk of your gingerbread?" said the soldier, producing an old wallet.

"No."

"Well, you are a mean old cuss. It would be serving you right to tip up your old cart. Here we are marching all night and all day to protect your property and fight for ye. We haven't had any breakfast, and may not get any dinner. You are a set of mean cusses round here, I reckon."

The farmer stood up on his wagon-seat, took off the table-cloths, and said:

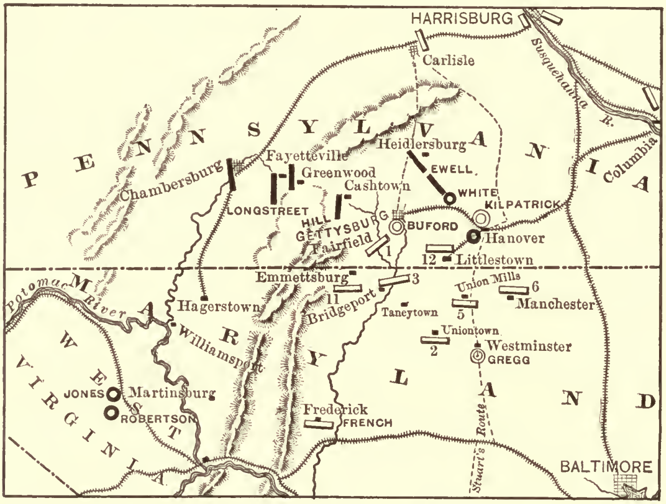
"I didn't bring my bread here to sell. My wife and daughters sat up all night to bake it for you, and you are welcome to all I've got, and I wish I had ten times as much. Help yourselves."

"See here, my friend, I take back all the hard words I said about you," said the soldier, shaking hands with the farmer, who sat on his wagon with tears rolling down his cheeks.

At daybreak on this last day of June we see Buford's division of Union cavalry, Gamble's and Devin's brigades, leaving their bivouac at the little village of Fountain Dale amid the mountains, and moving north. Through the night the Union pickets have seen lights gleaming in the distance around the town of Fairfield—the fires of Davis's brigade of Heth's division of Hill's Confederate infantry; and General Buford discovers that the Confederates are passing through the mountain defiles, and moving north-east in the direction of Gettysburg. He has but one battery, and instead of attacking, moves south-east to Emmettsburg, near which he finds the First Corps, under General Reynolds, who commands his own, the Third, and Eleventh Corps, forming now the left wing of the army.

"Move to Gettysburg and hold it," is the order of Reynolds, and we see the cavalry going north over a turnpike, passing through Gettysburg, turning west and unsaddling their horses in the fields and beautiful groves around the Theological Seminary, driving before them a small body of Pettigrew's Confederate infantry which was moving east into Gettysburg to obtain supplies, but which fell back to Cashtown, sending word to Hill that the Union cavalry was at Gettysburg.

At this evening hour on the last day of June General Meade is at Taneytown, thirteen miles south-east of Gettysburg. The First Corps of his army, under General Reynolds, is resting at Marsh Run, seven miles south of Gettysburg, the soldiers boiling their coffee beneath the shade of the trees, the artillerymen watering their horses in the stream. The Eleventh Corps, under General Howard, is in the fields around Emmettsburg, three miles farther south, on the boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania. The Third Corps, under General Sickles, is at Bridgeport, five miles south-east of Emmettsburg, on the road to Taneytown.



POSITION OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES, SUNSET, JUNE 30, 1863.

The Second Corps (General Hancock) is with General Meade at Taneytown; the Twelfth Corps (General Slocum) is at Littlestown, six miles north-east of Taneytown; the Fifth Corps (General Sykes) at Union Mills, seven miles east of Taneytown; the Sixth Corps (General Sedgwick) at Manchester, seven miles still farther east, thirty-two miles from Gettysburg.

On the morning of the 30th of June Ewell's three Confederate divisions started towards Gettysburg, Rodes's and Johnson's marching south from Carlisle; Early south-west over the turnpike from York; marching so rapidly that in the evening they were at Heidlersburg, only ten miles from Gettysburg. Hill had crossed the mountains with Heth's and Pender's divisions. Anderson's division was on the western slope at Greenwood. Longstreet moved to Greenwood with Hood's and McLaws's divisions — ten miles east of Chambersburg — leaving Pickett's division to guard the long trains of supplies and ammunition. General Lee had left the grove at Chambersburg, and was at Greenwood with Longstreet, his trusted lieutenant. The Confederate army, aside from the cavalry, was much better concentrated than the army of General Meade.

It probably never will be known just how many men there were in the Confederate and Union armies advancing towards Gettysburg. The official returns do not give the true numbers, on account of changes made after taking the returns and before the arrival at Gettysburg.

When the Confederate army reached Chambersburg, Mr. Messersmith, cashier of the bank, undertook to ascertain the number, making a tally of each hundred. An officer saw what he was doing and ordered him to stop. Mr. Messersmith bowed, but went to his barn, obtained a hundred kernels of corn, holding them in his hand in his trousers-pocket, dropping a kernel for every hundred. When his hand was empty, ten thousand had passed. Then he gathered them up and dropped them again. Through the day he stood upon the steps of the bank counting the passing troops. He estimated the number at sixty thousand, which did not include Early's division or Stuart's cavalry. The Confederate army had advanced slowly from the Potomac, and the ranks had been kept closed. There were few stragglers.

The Union army had made rapid marches after crossing the Potomac, and a great many soldiers had straggled from the ranks. I saw many drop by the roadside on the march from Frederick northward. The week after the battle I rode from Westminster, north-west of Baltimore, to Boonsboro, beyond South Mountain, and I saw many Union soldiers who had straggled, and who had not returned to their regiments. From the many stragglers there seen, I judge that not less than five thousand, and possibly many more than that number, had dropped from the ranks. The Confederate cavalry, including Imboden's and Jenkins's brigades, numbered not far from thirteen thousand; the Union cavalry, about eleven thousand.(11) The Confederate army had two hundred and eighty-seven cannon, the Union army three hundred and seventy. It is probable that the Confederate army numbered not far from seventy-five thousand, the Union army about eighty thousand.

While the cavalry of General Buford were unsaddling their horses in the grove around the Lutheran Theological Seminary on the last night of June, there was another scene far away across the Atlantic in the great hall of the House of Commons, where Mr. Roebuck was delivering a speech favoring the recognition of the Confederate States as a nation by England.(12) These his words: "We should acknowledge the South because they have won their freedom, and because it is for our interest. It is not Richmond that is now in peril, but Washington; and

MAJOR-GENERAL BUFORD.

if there be terrors anywhere it is in the minds of the merchants of New York [cheers]."

Far into the night the discussion went on. Nearly all the speakers believed that the Southern States would gain their independence; the people of the South had their sympathies, but the time had not come for decisive action; it would be better for England to wait a little and see what would come from the invasion of Pennsylvania.

Off the coast of Brazil, in South America, in the great highway of commerce, where the ships of all nations were furrowing the Atlantic, the *Alabama* was waiting for her prey, lighting the ocean with burning vessels, sweeping the commerce of the United States from the seas, securing the carrying trade of the world to the merchants, ship-builders, and sailors of Great Britain.

The armies of France are in the city of Mexico, and Louis Napoleon is preparing a throne for Maximilian of Austria. If the impending battle shall result in defeat to the Union army, what attitude will Great Britain and France assume towards the United States? Will they not recognize the Confederacy as a nation? We approach a great turning-point in the history of our country.

NOTES TO CHAPTER X.

(1) McClellan, "Campaigns of Stuart," p. 316.
(2) General Lee's Letter of June 23d, 5 P.M.
(3) Hoke, "Great Invasion," p. 143.
(4) Idem, p. 162.
(5) Idem, p. 164.
(6) McClellan, "Campaigns of Stuart," p. 322.
(7) J. L. Snesseratt, "Great Invasion," p. 205.
(8) General Lee's Report.
(9) Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 419.
(10) Idem.
(11) General Hunt, *Century Magazine,* November, 1886.
(12) London *Times,* July 1, 1863.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXPECTED BATTLE.

IT is a beautiful grove of oak and hickory crowning the ridge upon which stands the Lutheran Theological Seminary, three-fourths of a mile west of the village of Gettysburg. Going north-west along the Chambersburg turnpike from the ridge, we come to Mr. McPherson's farmhouse and large barn. Passing this we descend to Willoughby Run and the toll-gate; crossing the run, ascending a gentle slope a quarter of a mile, and we are at the tavern of Mr. Herr.

By the side of the turnpike, a few rods north, is an unfinished railroad, with a cut through Seminary Ridge nearly twenty feet deep, and there is an embankment partly completed across Willoughby Run.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

We look over a beautiful country—broad and fertile fields which, on the midsummer days of 1863, were waving with wheat ripe for the reaper, or clover waiting for the mower.

Through the night couriers were coming and going over all the roads around Gettysburg. The pickets of Buford's cavalry were along Willoughby Run. General Buford, from the cupola of the seminary, looking westward, could see the glimmering camp-fires of A. P. Hill's corps in the fields of Cashtown. General Buford had but two brigades—Gamble's and Devin's—less than three thousand men, with only one battery of artillery, A, Second United States, Captain Tidball, commanded by Lieutenant Calef. He had been ordered to hold Gettysburg, and he placed Gamble's brigade south of the turnpike and Devin's north of it, secreting the horses in the woods, and deploying the men as infantry, resolving to make Willoughby Run his line of defence. He was very sure that the Confederates would advance from Cashtown and attack him in the morning. He sent his videttes out to Marsh Creek, nearly two miles, and had pickets on all the roads, and sent messengers to General Reynolds, of the First Corps, who was seven miles south, also on Marsh Run—the same stream—and a messenger to Taneytown, informing General Meade that he was confronted by the Confederates.(1)

Before the sun appeared above the eastern horizon the troops of Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps of Confederates were awakened by the morning drum-beat.(2) They ate their breakfast and filed into the turnpike, and began their march eastward towards Gettysburg. At Marsh Run they came upon Buford's videttes, who fell back to Willoughby Run.

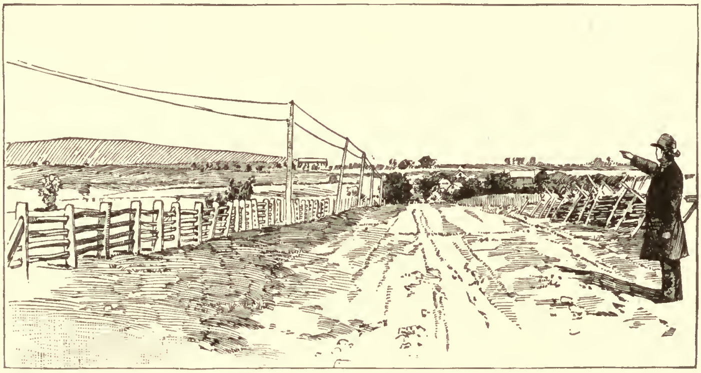
It was eight o'clock, and the sun's rays were glinting from the spires of the town, when a cavalryman came riding down the hill past Herr's Tavern, informing Buford that the Confederates were coming.(3) A few moments later and Marye's battery from Fredericksburg, Virginia, belonging to Pegram's battalion of artillery, came to a halt in front of the tavern. The Confederates could see men in blue uniforms in the fields east of Willoughby Run. The cannoneers jumped from their limbers, wheeled their cannon, and sent a shell whirring across the stream.

A moment later Lieutenant Rodes, commanding two guns of Calef's battery in the road on the crest of the ridge north of McPherson's house, gave an order to fire, and a shell went flying westward towards Herr's Tavern. The great battle had begun. No one had selected the ground. Buford had been directed to hold Gettysburg, and was obeying. Heth had been ordered to advance to Gettysburg, and was also obeying orders. General Lee, when in Fredericksburg, before setting out to invade Pennsylvania, had determined to fight a defensive battle, but the conflict had begun of itself upon ground which no one had selected; so in war events shape themselves, overturning well-laid plans.

Calef placed the centre section, two guns, under Sergeant Newman, in the field south of the turnpike, and sent Lieutenant Pugel, with the other two cannon, through McPherson's woods, farther south, and the cannonade opened vigorously.

General Heth directed General Archer, with his brigade, to file into the field south of the tavern, and General Davis to deploy between the turnpike and the railroad on the north. The Confederates descended the slope towards Willoughby Run, when suddenly from the grove, from fence and thicket, there came a volley of musketry which arrested their advance. The fire was so determined that General Heth believed he was confronted by a column of infantry.

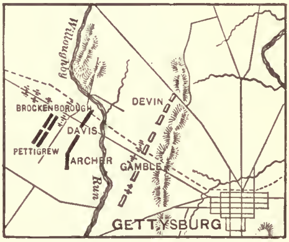
General Heth sent word to General Hill that he had encountered a strong force, and Hill ordered General Pender to advance. While that division was on its way from Cashtown the cannonade went on between Calef's six guns and seventeen Confederate cannon, accompanied by a rattling fire of musketry along Willoughby Run.(5) From the cupola of the seminary General Buford looks down upon the scene, casting anxious glances over the green fields southward. He sees a group of horsemen coming up the Emmettsburg road, and still farther away the sunlight glints from gun-barrel and bayonet. The foremost horseman is General Reynolds, followed by his staff, and the dark column is Wadsworth's division. Buford has already sent a cavalryman to guide them. They leave the turnpike at Mr. Codori's house and turn north-west across the fields. General Reynolds hastens to the seminary and shakes hands with Buford. Last evening he was sad and dejected, as if weighed down with a sense of great responsibility, or of a premonition that his life-work was almost ended; but now every sense is quickened. He ascends the stairs to the cupola and sweeps the landscape with his glass. Northward is a beau-



WHERE THE BATTLE BEGAN.

The view is on the Chambersburg turnpike, from the spot where Calef's battery stood. The figure is pointing to Herr's Tavern, beyond Willoughby Run, where the Confederate battery was planted. Archer's brigade deployed in the fields to the left of the tavern, Davis's to the right. At eleven o'clock and during the afternoon the battle raged in the fields to the right and left of the figure.

tiful plain dotted with farm-houses, crossed by fences, traversed by the roads north to Carlisle, north-east to Harrisburg, north-west, over Oak Ridge, to Mummasburg; behind him is the town; east of it, Cemetery Hill, the marble head-stones standing out clean and white in the morning sun; beyond it, crowned with a forest, is Culp's Hill; southward from the cemetery is Zeigler's grove of oaks and a gentle ridge, changing to a rocky, wooded hill—Little Round Top—with Great Round Top beyond. It is an enchanting landscape. Southward from the seminary extends the ridge upon which it stands, thickly covered with oaks. Westward, almost beneath him, are Buford's hard-pressed lines, with Calef's battery sending shot and shell across Willoughby Run, while on the Chambersburg pike are the advancing columns of Pender's division.



OPENING OF BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG, 8 A.M., JULY 1, 1863.

At last, after many days of weary marching, the two armies are to meet by chance upon a field which Buford, by the terms of his orders from Reynolds, has seen fit to hold. Couriers ride down the Emmettsburg road with orders from Reynolds to the other two divisions of the First Corps, and to General Howard, commanding the Eleventh, to hasten to Gettysburg.

Marsh Run, upon which Buford's pickets began the fight, runs south-east, and crosses the Emmettsburg road five miles south. Wadsworth's division had bivouacked on its banks—Meredith's brigade on the north, Cutler's on the south side of the stream. General Cutler, ever prompt, was ready when the hour for marching arrived. He crossed the bridge and took the lead of the column, the soldiers carrying one day's rations in their haversacks and sixty rounds in their cartridge-boxes.

A cavalryman comes clattering down the turnpike with an order to General Wadsworth to march across the fields upon the double-quick.

"Pioneers to the front!" is the order, and the men who carry axes run ahead, tear down the rails, and the column turns into the field.(6)

"Load at will! Forward! Double-quick!" and the men go upon the run through the meadows, the pioneers clearing the way, Hall's Second Maine Battery dashing ahead, the horses upon the gallop, ascending the hill, passing the seminary, wheeling into position on the north side of the turnpike in line with Calef's.(7)

As the brigade goes across the fields they see an old gray-haired man who fought in the Mexican war coming across the meadow from his small one-story house on the Chambersburg road at the western end of the

JOHN BURNS.

town. He has his gun in hand, and joins the ranks of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania regiment. It is John Burns, who does not wait to be enrolled, but fights valiantly till wounded.

In the ranks of Baxter's brigade, advancing from Emmettsburg, is a boy from that town marching with the men of the Twelfth Massachusetts —J. W. Weakly. He has obtained a gun, a soldier's cap, and a blue blouse. His blood is up, and he is determined to fight the Confederates. He is thin and pale, and not very strong. He wants to be mustered in as a soldier, and Colonel Bates, commanding the regiment, has accepted him. Before night he will be lying upon the field, his young blood staining the green grass from a wound in his right arm and another in his thigh.

When Baxter's brigade reached Codori's house and turned into the fields they gave a cheer. Some of the men who had been detailed to guard the wagon expressed their dissatisfaction.(⁸)

"What is this row about?" asked General Baxter.

"We want to go to our regiment if there is to be any fighting."

"Oh, is that it? Very well; if that is the case, you are just the men I want." Across the fields they go upon the run to join their respective commands.

JOHN BURNS BROUGHT TO HIS HOUSE AFTER THE BATTLE.

While Cutler's and Meredith's men are coming up the eastern slope of the ridge, let us go over to Willoughby Run and take a look at Heth's advance. South of the turnpike Archer's brigade, finding only dismounted cavalrymen in front of them, has passed on, crossed the stream, and is driving Gamble step by step back towards the seminary. North of the turnpike Davis's brigade is sweeping across the fields, compelling Devin to fall back. From Herr's Tavern Pegram's sixteen guns are sending shot and shell upon Calef's and Devin's unprotected men. Pender's division is deploying in the fields by Herr's Tavern.

At this moment Archer's men were advancing upon one of the guns of Calef's battery, shooting four of Sergeant Newman's horses, but the gunners took hold of the cannon and dragged it back.

General Reynolds leads Cutler's brigade in person into position, stationing the Seventy-sixth New York regiment, Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York north of the railroad excavation, while General Wadsworth places the Fourteenth and Ninety-fifth New York south of it, to support the battery.

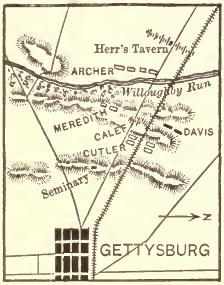
Up through the green field advances Davis's Confederate brigade, following the retreating cavalry. Before Cutler's regiments are in position men begin to fall from the ranks. The atmosphere is thick with the drifting cannon-smoke. General Cutler with his glass looks down towards Willoughby Run.(9)

"Is that the enemy?" Colonel Hoffman, of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, inquires.

"Yes."

"Ready! Right oblique! Aim! Fire!" are his orders, and a volley crashes upon the air; a volley from Davis's Confederate brigade is the response.

General Meredith's brigade followed Cutler's in the march from Marsh Run.(10) Cutler's had passed up the ridge and taken position north of the seminary. A staff-officer sent by Reynolds conducted Meredith into position. The Second Wisconsin was in advance upon the run, and passed south of the house of Mr. Shultz, into the woods of McPherson, coming forward by company into line, the men loading their guns while upon the run.(11) The cavalry were falling back. The Confederates under Archer had crossed Willoughby Run, picking their way through the thicket and tangled vines along its banks, and forming on the eastern side. In an instant the conflict began at close range, the Second Wisconsin firing a volley before the other Union regiments came into position. The volley was almost simultaneous with that of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania.



BEGINNING OF INFANTRY ENGAGEMENT, 10 A.M., JULY 1, 1863.

It was ten o'clock—probably a few minutes past the hour. General Reynolds, having placed Cutler's brigade in position up by the turnpike with Hall's battery, relieving Calef's, came riding down through McPherson's field into the woods. General Doubleday, who had commanded the third division of the First Corps, but who had been appointed by Reynolds to command the corps while he directed the movements of the left wing, came galloping with his staff over the fields from Codori's house to the Fairfield road, stopping there, and sending a staff-officer to Reynolds for instructions. "Tell Doubleday that I will hold the Chambersburg pike, and he must hold the road where he is."(12) The air is thick with bullets. Reynolds is a conspicuous figure on his horse. The Confederates are but a few rods distant, and can see that he is giving directions. A soldier singles him out, and fires a bullet which passes through his brain. He falls from his horse dead, speaking no word, uttering no cry. At the beginning of the battle the Union troops lost a commander of such eminence and ability that President Lincoln had thought of appointing him to the command instead of Meade.(13)

The sad news runs along the lines of the "Iron Brigade," as Meredith's has been called, and the men are determined to avenge his death.(14) Archer's Confederate brigade is before them; it had crossed Willoughby Run. "Forward! Charge!" was Meredith's command, and the line went forward, striking Archer's line partly in flank, crumbling it in an instant, capturing a large portion of the First Tennessee, together with General Archer, and sweeping the entire brigade into the field on the other side of the stream.

At this moment the battle was waxing hot between Davis's Confederate brigade and Cutler's by the railroad. Davis was advancing through the field, sending the Fifty-fifth North Carolina north of the railroad, which attacked the flank of the two regiments which Reynolds had placed north of the excavation. Three Mississippi regiments were between the railroad and the turnpike.

General Wadsworth gave an order for Cutler to fall back. The two regiments north of the railroad obeyed, and retired towards the town, but the order did not reach the other regiments of the brigade by McPherson's house. Lieutenant-colonel Miller, commanding the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, received it, but before he could issue it fell insensible. Major Harney, who succeeded to the command, knew nothing of it. The Mississippians were coming through the railroad excavation east of Willoughby Run.

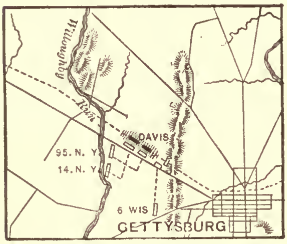
The One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, left alone by the railroad, ignorant of any order to fall back, still continued the contest till more than one half were killed or wounded, when the order came again for them to fall back.

In the field between the railroad and the turnpike is Hall's battery, in great danger at this moment, for the Mississippians are streaming along the railroad to gain its rear.(15)

"Take your guns to the rear and open fire upon them," is Hall's command to Lieutenant Ulmer, who starts with two pieces, gains a new position, but before he can fire all the horses of one piece are shot down, but the men dragged the gun to the rear. The other pieces, one by one, are sent to the rear, except the last, which Hall is obliged to leave, the Confederates shooting all the horses.

The Fourteenth and Ninety-fifth New York are by McPherson's house, facing west, but they fall back, change front and face north, having no intention of abandoning their position. The Sixth Wisconsin, belonging to Meredith's brigade, is in their rear towards the seminary. Doubleday sends it north, and it comes in on the right of the other two regiments. The Mississippians also change front and run into the railroad excavation.

Colonel Fowler, of the Fourteenth New York, had been placed in command of three regiments by General Doubleday. The regiments are by the turnpike fence; a sheet of flame bursts from their muskets. The Union men tear down the fence and rush towards the excavation. Men drop, but others go on. Adjutant Brooks and a portion of the Sixth Wisconsin rush to the eastern end of the excavation, and fire a volley through the cut upon the Mississippians, who find themselves in a trap, with a fire rained upon them and the eastern end closed. They throw down their guns and surrender, while the remainder of Davis's brigade retreats to Willoughby Run. At this moment Wadsworth, who has retired with the other regiments towards Gettysburg, is coming back to re-establish his line.(16)



CAPTURE OF CONFEDERATES IN THE RAILROAD AT GETTYSBURG.

This the contest of the morning, in which the advantage has been on the side of the Union troops. In the charge the Ninety-seventh New York lost one hundred and sixty men.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and for a time there was a lull—the calmness which precedes a fiercer contest—the period of preparation.

Looking down the Emmettsburg road we see the other two divisions of the First Corps — Rowley's and Robinson's — with the artillery, turning from the road near the house of Mr. Codori, and moving towards the seminary. Not far behind them is General Howard and his staff, who see the battle-cloud rising above the green foliage. The general turns to the right, rides to the cemetery, where the white marble head-stones crown the apex of the hill east of the town, and sweeps the landscape with his glass, noting how commanding the situation. To his right, not far away, is Culp's Hill. In the east, down the Baltimore pike, is Wolf's Hill. Cannon planted in the cemetery and north of it can be made to sweep a large portion of the circle.

"This seems to be a good position, colonel," he remarked to Colonel Mysenburg.(17)

"It is the only position," was the reply.

The topographical advantages were plain. It is no reflection upon Buford or Reynolds that they did not select it. Buford was ordered to hold the town. He bivouacked in the proper place to carry out his orders, and was attacked while there, and Reynolds came to his support. There had been no selection of a place.

RAILROAD EXCAVATION.

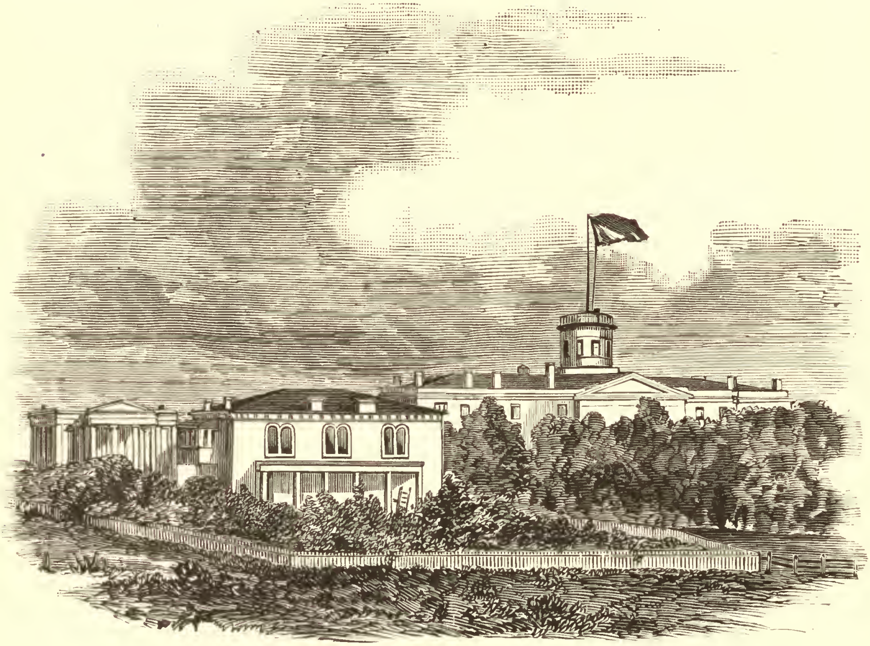
The view is from the west, looking towards the position occupied by the Union troops. The Chambersburg turnpike is at the right, and the Union troops charged across the field from the turnpike to the railroad. Cemetery Hill, east of Gettysburg, is seen in the far distance along the railroad track.

General Howard rode through the town. Leaving his horse he climbed a stair-way to the observatory of Pennsylvania College, spread out his map and examined it. An officer came galloping down the street with the sad and disheartening information that General Reynolds was wounded. Soon he was informed that Reynolds was dead, and that the command devolved upon him. In a moment he was invested with the command of the right wing of the army, with the responsibility of conducting a battle already begun.

For the remainder of the day General Doubleday commanded the First Corps, and General Schurz the Eleventh.

At eleven o'clock Doubleday was placing Rowley and Robinson in position on Seminary Ridge. Barlow's division of the Eleventh Corps was still far down the Emmettsburg road—its way blocked by the wagons of the First Corps. Steinwehr's and Schurz's divisions were nearer, approaching by the Taneytown road.

General Howard directed Steinwehr to take possession of Cemetery Hill, while Schurz passed through the town and marched north-east along the road to Mummasburg, deploying in the fields.



PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.

Leaving the scenes of Gettysburg for the moment and going over the Chambersburg turnpike, we find General Lee at Cashtown. He has been riding with General Longstreet. They have heard the cannonade, and General Lee hastens over the hills and reaches General Anderson, who is at Cashtown. The firing is deep and heavy from the Confederate batteries at Herr's Tavern and Hall's Second Maine Battery. They can hear the rolls of musketry.(18) General Lee is depressed in spirits. These his words: "I cannot think what has become of Stuart. I ought to have heard from him long before now. He may have met with disaster, but I hope not. In the absence of reports from him I am in ignorance as to

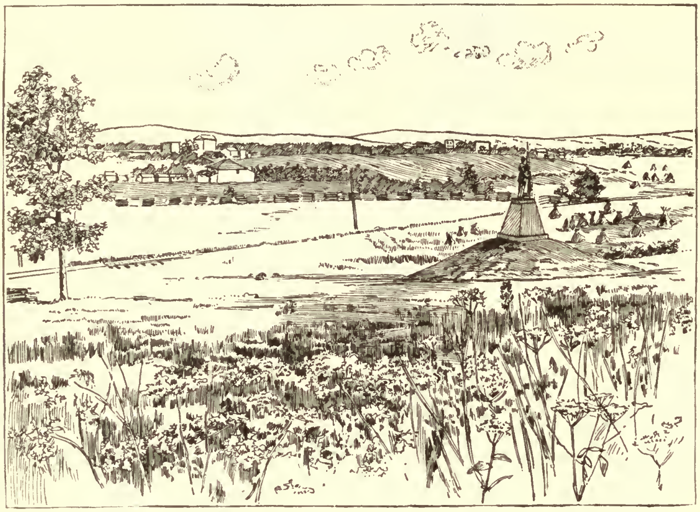
GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

what we have in front of us here. It may be the whole Federal army, or it may be only a detachment. If it is the whole Federal force, we must fight a battle here. If we do not gain a victory, those defiles and gorges through which we passed this morning will shelter us from disaster." He rides on towards the scene of conflict.

It was General Howard's intention to post the Eleventh Corps on Oak Hill, the high elevation north of the railroad, the extension of Seminary Ridge, crowned with oaks; but Buford's cavalry videttes came riding in from the north with the startling information that the Confederates in great force were advancing on the Carlisle road. Howard had supposed the only Confederates before him were those of Hill's corps; this new force must be the advance of Ewell. It was reported that the Twelfth

Corps was only five miles distant at Two Taverns, and word was sent to inform General Slocum of the situation of affairs, also to General Sickles, in the direction of Emmettsburg.(19)

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Union troops at Gettysburg were arranged with the First Corps west of the town, and the Eleventh Corps north of it, with the exception of Steinwehr's division, which was on Cemetery Hill. The nearest troops—those which could be called upon by General Howard—were the Twelfth Corps, five miles distant, in position to come up and form on the right of the Eleventh Corps.



VIEW FROM POSITION HELD BY BAXTER'S BRIGADE, LOOKING EAST.

The view is from the ridge occupied by Baxter's brigade, looking eastward towards Gettysburg. The monument in the foreground is that of the Thirteenth Massachusetts regiment, which faced north, confronting the Confederates in McLain's barn and door-yard. The Eleventh Corps occupied the fields to the left; Dilger's battery was in the field to the left of the monument.

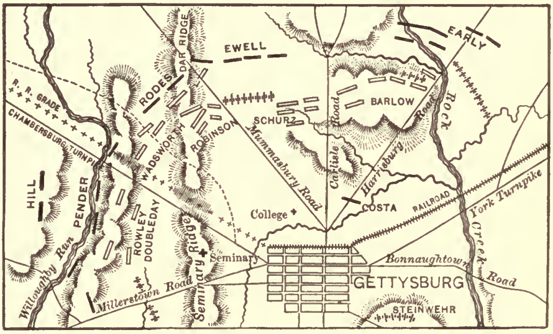
Beginning south-west of the seminary, just beyond where Reynolds fell, at the left of the First Corps, we find Biddle's brigade of Rowley's division in the smooth field south of the grove.

General Meredith, of the "Iron Brigade," has been wounded, and Colonel Morrow commands it. The troops stand where they won their success of the morning—in the woods. From the woods to the turnpike the ground is occupied by Stone's brigade of Rowley's division. It has an angle to defend, the line turning east. Reynolds's First New York Battery is stationed with its guns pointing north. Cutler's brigade is on the ground which it occupied in the morning, with Stuart's battery, the Fourth United States.

Crossing the railroad, we come to the Eleventh Pennsylvania, Paul's brigade, the first north of the railroad; then Baxter's brigade of Robinson's division, in a narrow lane, screened by a low wall and a thicket of small oaks. The troops face west, looking over a wheat-field sloping gently towards the west.

Paul's brigade is in rear of Baxter's; the Ninety-fourth New York regiment on the left, with the Sixteenth Maine facing west; the One Hundred and Fourth New York and the Thirteenth Massachusetts face north, looking up a lane leading to the house of Mr. McLain and his great red barn. Stevens's Fifth Maine Battery is in reserve by the seminary. This completes the formation of the First Corps.

The Eleventh Corps did not arrive upon the field till past noon, and there was little time to arrange it. It was at a right angle with the First Corps. Walking east from the ridge, descending the hill, we find a gap of a quarter of a mile between the Thirteenth Massachusetts and Dilger's Eleventh Ohio Battery. Its intrepid commander wears buckskin breeches, and the soldiers have nicknamed him "Leather Breeches." They admire the skill with which he handles his guns.



FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG, AT 3 P. M.

There is a wide gap between the two corps at a point where the line turns the angle. Beyond Dilger is Wheeler's Thirteenth New York Battery and Von Amsberg's brigade, holding the ground to the Carlisle road. Crossing this, we come to Kryzanowski's brigade and Heckman's battery. The two brigades compose Schimmelpfennig's division.

In the fields south of Blocher's house we find Ames's brigade of Barlow's division, with Wilkeson's battery (G, Fourth United States), on a knoll, two of his guns pointing north-west, towards Blocher's house, two north-east, across Rock Creek, towards the house of Mr. Benner. Two cannon, under Lieutenant Merkle, have been stationed by the Almshouse, nearer the town.

Von Gilsa's brigade is on the extreme right, along Rock Creek.

The sharp action of the morning made the Confederates cautious. Hill knew that Ewell, with two divisions, was rapidly advancing from

Carlisle, and waited his arrival before renewing the attack, but placed his troops in position. Going over to Herr's Tavern, where the artillery is planted, and walking south into a beautiful grove, we find, at two o'clock, Heth's division—Brockenborough's and Pettigrew's brigades, with what is left of Archer's and Davis's.

Along the turnpike and in the fields is Pender's division—Thomas's brigade on the north side; McGowan, Lane, and Scales, south. Attached to the two divisions are seventeen batteries—sixty-eighty guns—a large portion of which are placed along the ridge on both sides of the turnpike. Passing through the fields north-east, crossing Rock Creek, we come to Brander's battery; beyond it, the right of Iverson's North Carolina brigade, then O'Neal's Alabama brigade on the summit of Oak Hill. Eastward, extending down into the fields, is Dole's Georgia brigade. Carter's battery comes down through the woods and takes a commanding position on Oak Hill, whence it can rain its missiles upon every part of the Union line — upon the First Corps, upon Dilger's and Wheeler's batteries, upon Van Amsberg, or even upon Barlow's division. In reserve, behind O'Neal's and Dole's, are Daniel's and Ramseur's brigades. Going east, across Rock Creek, we see Early's division—Gordon's brigade—between the creek and the Harrisburg road, with three batteries across the road; Hays's and Hoke's brigades deployed in the second line, facing south-west, to envelop Barlow. Johnson's division of Ewell's corps is advancing along the Harrisburg road, and will arrive before the close of the battle.

It was to be an unequal contest, for the Confederates greatly outnumbered the Union troops, and had the advantage of position.

General Howard rode along the lines at two o'clock. He did not know the danger that threatened his right flank, for Gordon's, Hays's, and Hoke's brigades had not yet appeared. He hoped to hold his position till the Third Corps arrived, not knowing that, through misconception and misunderstanding, it was at that moment ten miles from the scene of conflict. Again he sent a messenger to Slocum, only five miles distant, to come up with the Twelfth Corps and form on his right and assume command, but Slocum did not come.

If Slocum had advanced when Howard sent his first message, quite likely the result of the first day's contest would have been different from what it was.

The Confederate batteries once more opened fire, concentrating it mainly upon the First Corps and Dilger's and Wheeler's batteries.

There was a gap between Ewell and Hill, and Ewell directed Iverson, Ramseur, and Daniel to march south-west, to bring the two corps nearer together. They crossed the Mummasburg road, then turned southeast.

The mower had not yet swept the green fields, and the tall grass was waving in its beauty. The Confederate skirmishers crept through it, opening a galling fire upon the Union troops, who saw only puffs of smoke rising above the grass.

The movement of Rodes's troops induced Cutler to change front. He was south of the railroad, facing west, but swung his line to face the north, bringing it into position to send an enfilading fire upon Iverson, who was sweeping round to the west, while O'Neal was advancing directly south. The skirmishers were sheltered by the great red barn of Mr. McLain. They fired from the barn windows, from the fences and sheds, from beneath the apple and peach trees in the garden. It was a threatening cloud of Confederates which pressed down into the gap between the First and Eleventh corps. Dole intended to drive in a wedge which would break the Union line. Dilger and Wheeler had been sending their shells to the summit of Oak Hill, but now they wheeled and poured a destructive storm upon Dole.

In front of the lane, towards the barn, are the Thirteenth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Fourth New York, of Paul's brigade. They are in a grove of oaks south of the Mummasburg road, holding the right of the First Corps. The barn is riddled by their firing. Thick and fast the bullets fly through the garden; equally plenteous are they raining upon the Thirteenth Massachusetts, which charges towards the barn, Sergeant Morris carrying the colors. Suddenly he leaps into the air and falls dead, with his hands grasping the staff.

The concentrated fire upon the Confederates under Dole compels him to fall back.

Iverson's brigade of North Carolinians have been creeping through the tall grass, firing, dropping upon the ground to reload, thus screening themselves from the fire of Baxter's brigade, sheltered by the scrubby oaks. There comes a lightning-flash from beneath the green foliage, and the men of North Carolina go down as if smitten by a thunder-bolt; not all by the fire of Baxter, but in part by a volley from Cutler's brigade across the railroad.

"Let us capture them!" is the cry that runs along the lines. "Forward, Twelfth!" is the word of command from Adjutant Wherum. Over the wall leaps the Twelfth Massachusetts, through the shrubbery dashes the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania and the other regiments—each soldier instinctively seeing that it is the right thing to be done—all rushing down upon the astonished Confederates.

"The enemy charged," says Iverson, "in overwhelming force, and captured nearly all that were left unhurt of the three regiments of my brigade. When I saw white handkerchiefs raised and my line of battle still lying down, in position, I characterized the surrender as disgraceful; but when afterwards I found that five hundred of my men were left lying dead and wounded, and in a line as straight as a dress parade, I exonerated the survivors, and claim that they nobly fought and died, without a man running to the rear. No greater gallantry or heroism during the war.... The fighting ceased on my part."([20])

"The dead lay in a distinctly marked line of battle," are the words of General Rodes.([21])

It was nearly three o'clock, and the battle was becoming more intense.

"At 3.45," says General Howard, "Generals Doubleday and Wadsworth besought me for reinforcements. I directed General Schurz, if he could spare a regiment or more, to send it to reinforce General Wadsworth, and several times sent urgent requests to General Slocum to come to my assistance. To every application for reinforcements I replied, 'Hold out if possible a while longer, for I am expecting General Slocum every moment.'... About 4 P.M. I despatched Major Howard, my aide, to General Slocum to inform him of the state of affairs, and request him to send one of his divisions to the left and the other to the right of Gettysburg. He met the general on the Baltimore pike, about a mile from Gettysburg, who replied that he had already ordered a division to the right, and that he would send another to cover the left, as requested, but that he did not wish to come up to the front and take the responsibility of that fight. In justice to General Slocum, I desire to say that he afterwards expressed the opinion that it was against the wish of the commanding general to bring on a general engagement at that point."([22])

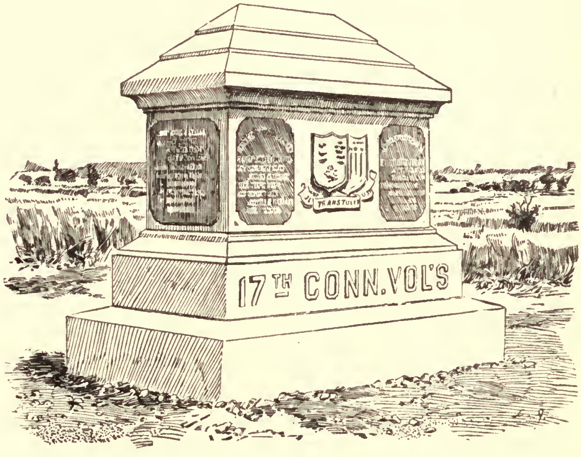
The Twelfth Corps had arrived at Two Taverns during the forenoon, after a march from Littlestown in the early morning. The cannonade and musketry could be distinctly heard by the troops as they rested in the fields around Two Taverns. A general engagement had begun, inaugurated by General Reynolds, commanding the left wing of the army, who had been killed. General Slocum outranked General Howard, and did not wish to assume any responsibility.

General Slocum's course has been open to much criticism, but he claimed that General Meade did not desire to have a battle at Gettysburg.

Let us look at affairs as they were at three o'clock on the right of the Union line. A part of the Seventeenth Connecticut had been sent across Rock Creek as skirmishers, but were being driven back by Early's advancing line of battle. The only battery which could be spared on the Union side for the right of the line was G, Fourth United States, commanded by Lieutenant Wilkeson, who had placed four of his light 12-pounders on a knoll overlooking a wide reach of fields on both sides of Rock Creek, and two pieces nearer the town, by the Almshouse, under Lieutenant Merkle. The Seventeenth Connecticut, and Twenty-fifth, Seventy-fifth, and One Hundred and Seventh Ohio, constituted the brigade of General Ames, assigned to hold this important position, with no reserve that could be called upon in the hour of need. Von Gilsa, along Rock Creek, must hold the flank. The artillery duel began, between Wilkeson, with four pieces, and twelve guns on the part of the Confederates.

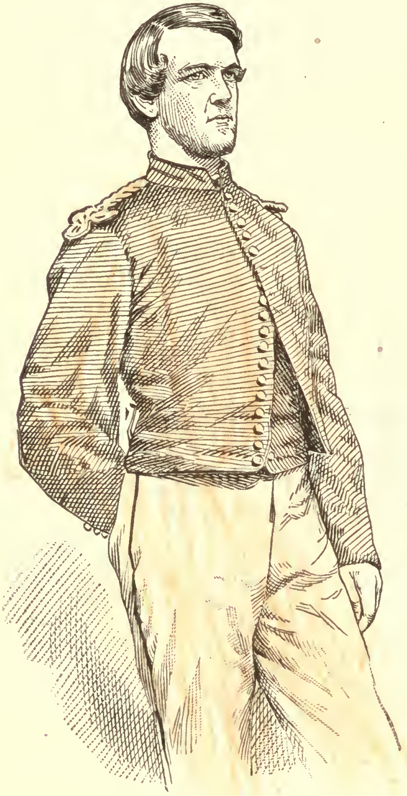
Wilkeson was supported by the Seventeenth Connecticut regiment.

It was a trying situation for the cannoneers of the Union battery. Their commander, to encourage them, to inspire them with his own lofty spirit, sat upon his horse, a conspicuous figure, calmly directing the fire of the pieces. He rode from piece to piece, his horse upon the walk. Shells were bursting amid the guns; shot from rifled cannon cut the air or ploughed the ground, from cannon not half a mile away, upon a hill much higher than that which he occupied. This young lieutenant bore an honored name — Bayard Wilkeson — a family name, given him in part, also, by his parents out of their admiration for the great Chevalier of France, the knight of other days, whose character was without a stain, whose life was above reproach. This self-possessed lieutenant from New York, animated by an unquenchable patriotism, became a soldier at sixteen, received his commission when he was but seventeen, and was not then nineteen years of age. His first battle was Fredericksburg. For six months he had been commander—his captain engaged elsewhere. So admirable the discipline and efficient the battery under the instruction of this boy-lieuten-



WHERE WILKESON'S BATTERY AND THE SEVENTEENTH CONNECTICUT STOOD.

ant that it had been accorded the post of honor—the right of the line. It is a brave spirit that can look out composedly upon the scene in a contest so unequal, but his guns are fired with precision and effect. A rifled cannon-shot strikes his right leg, crushing the bones and mangling the flesh. His soldiers lay him upon the ground. With composure he ties his handkerchief around it, twists it into a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood, then with his own hand and knife severs the cords and tendons, and, sitting there, tells his cannoneers to go on with their fire—a bravery unsurpassed even by that of the Chevalier of France beneath the walls of Brescia, in Italy, who said to his soldiers, when wounded, "Let me lie with my face to the enemy, for I never yet have learned to turn my back upon the foe." Faint and thirsty, he sends a soldier with his canteen to fill it at the Almshouse well. When the man returns, a wounded infantryman whose life is ebbing away, beholding the canteen, exclaims, "Oh that I could have but a swallow!" Like Sir Philip Sidney, author of the "Arcadia," upon the field of Zutphen, who said to a wounded soldier by his side, "Drink, comrade, your necessities are greater than mine," so Bayard Wilkeson, with like unselfishness, courtesy, and benevolence, replies, "Drink, comrade; I can wait." In the consuming thirst and fever of approaching death the infantryman drains the canteen of its contents. When it was seen that the line must retire, Wilkeson allowed himself to be carried to the Almshouse hospital, which, a few minutes later, was within the advancing lines of the Confederates, and where, during the night, for want of attention, he died. Dead—but his heroism, sense of duty, responsibility to obligation, devotion, and loyalty remain; and by the majesty of his death he shall be evermore an inspiration to those who love the country which he died to save.(23)



BAYARD WILKESON.

The weak point in the Union line was the angle between the First and Eleventh Corps — the wide gap, with only Dilger's battery to hold it. General Howard, possibly from want of information in regard to Ewell's force and position, ordered Schimmelpfennig to advance. The movement enabled Ewell's batteries on Oak Hill to send down a destructive enfilading fire, which compelled the line to fall back. It was rallied in part. At this moment Early advanced, with Gordon's brigade on the right, Hays in the centre, Hoke on the left, with Smith in reserve — moving down to Rock Creek, the soldiers plashing through it on the flank of Von Gilsa by the York road. It was like the drawing of a seine by fishermen. At the same moment Dole was pushing into the gap between the First and Eleventh Corps. The Union line was forced back. Barlow, commanding a division, was wounded and carried from the field. By the Almshouse the battle was renewed, but the Eleventh Corps was rapidly crumbling. The falling back of the left of the Eleventh Corps compelled Robinson, on the right of the First, to change position. Going down the line of the First Corps, we see Meredith's division still holding the ground of the morning, reduced by losses to less than one thousand. Meredith and Rowley have held Heth's division at bay, but now they must meet the onset of Pender's fresh brigades. Meredith is in the woods, where he has been through the day; Rowley in the field by McPherson's. The Confederates advance boldly, but are met by a terrific fire. Pender and Scales, commanding a brigade, are both wounded, and the Confederate line retreats in disorder. Perrin's Confederate brigade falls upon Biddle's, which is forced back towards the seminary, and Meredith, with both flanks exposed, is compelled to abandon the ground which has been held since morning. Meredith is wounded, and Colonel Morrow succeeds to the command. In perfect order, with steady ranks, the two divisions fall back to the seminary ridge, where a breastwork of rails has been erected, and where the troops face once more to the west, confronting the Confederates, and deliver a fire, which holds Daniel's Confederates in check; while Doubleday's artillery, planted along the ridge by the seminary, cuts great gaps in Scales's brigade of Pender's division. Scales and Pender are both wounded. Scales's men rush up almost to the muzzles of the cannon, but are swept back by the remorseless fire. Every field-officer of the Confederate brigade but one is wounded.

Southward Buford's men,who have been on the field since daylight, leap from their saddles, deploy as infantry, and deliver a fire which prevents the Confederates from closing upon Doubleday's flank.

Cutler halts behind the railroad embankment in the field between

Seminary Ridge and the town, and holds Rodes in check, enabling the Union artillery to get across the field south of the town.

The One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania and Baxter's brigade were still on the ridge, holding out so stubbornly that Hill advanced cautiously.

Hall's battery, moving towards the town, unlimbered and sent its shells along the street upon the advancing Confederates. But the conflict was over. General Howard had seen the crumbling of the Eleventh Corps, and had ordered the retreat. Down from the Almshouse, from the Carlisle road, from the York road, came the men of the Eleventh Corps, those of Barlow's division loading and firing on their retreat.

This the testimony of A. P. Hill: "A Yankee color-bearer floated his standard in the field, and the regiment fought around it; and when at last it was obliged to retreat, the color-bearer, last of all, turning round now and then to shake his fist in the face of the advancing rebels, I was sorry when I saw him meet his doom."(24)

Three color-bearers of the Nineteenth Indiana, one after the other, were shot. The sergeant-major, Asa Blanchard, ran and seized the flag when the third man fell, waved it, and cried, "Rally, boys!" The next moment he fell. His comrades stopped to carry him. "Don't stop for me," he cried; "don't let them have the flag. Tell mother I never faltered." They were his parting words to his comrades who saved the flag.

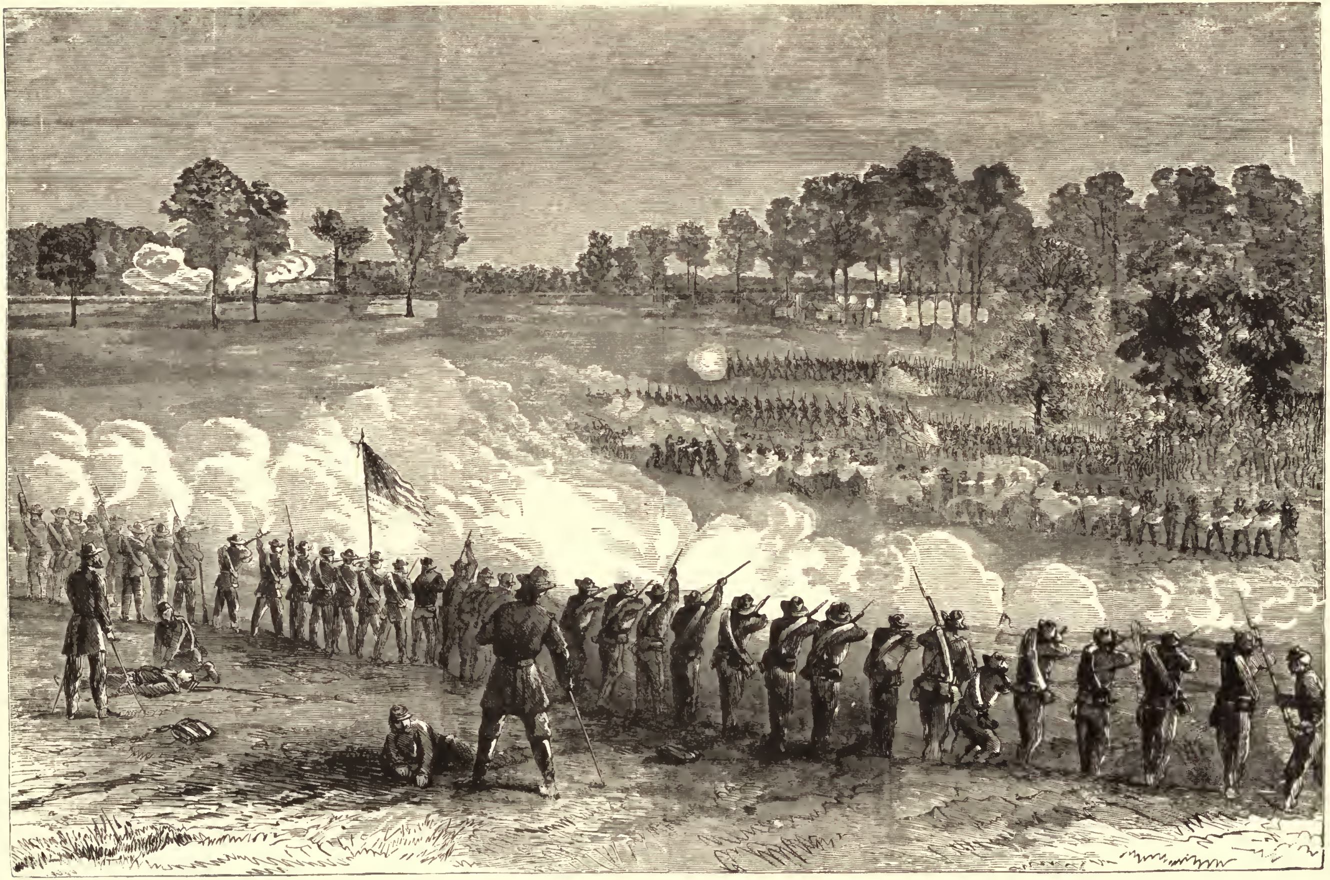
Five color-bearers of the Twenty-fourth Michigan were shot. Colonel Morrow seized the flag, but was wounded. A soldier grasped it, but fell mortally wounded.

General Paul was made totally blind for life by a bullet which passed through his eyes. General Robinson had two horses shot beneath him.

Down the Chambersburg, down the Carlisle, the Mummasburg, and Harrisburg roads into the town pressed the retreating troops. It was like a spring freshet from a vast area of country pouring through a narrow gorge — divisions, brigades, regiments — infantry, artillery, and cavalry — were in confusion. They streamed through the fields, climbed the fences, the Confederates rushing on to capture them. The First Corps retired partly across the meadow south of the town, losing but few prisoners; but north of the town the Eleventh Corps, blocked by the houses, pressed by Early's division, suffered great loss.

Some of Barlow's men turned about and deliberately fired into the faces of the enemy, refusing to surrender, and were shot down by men who admired their bravery.

"I never have seen," said General Gordon, "more desperate fighting



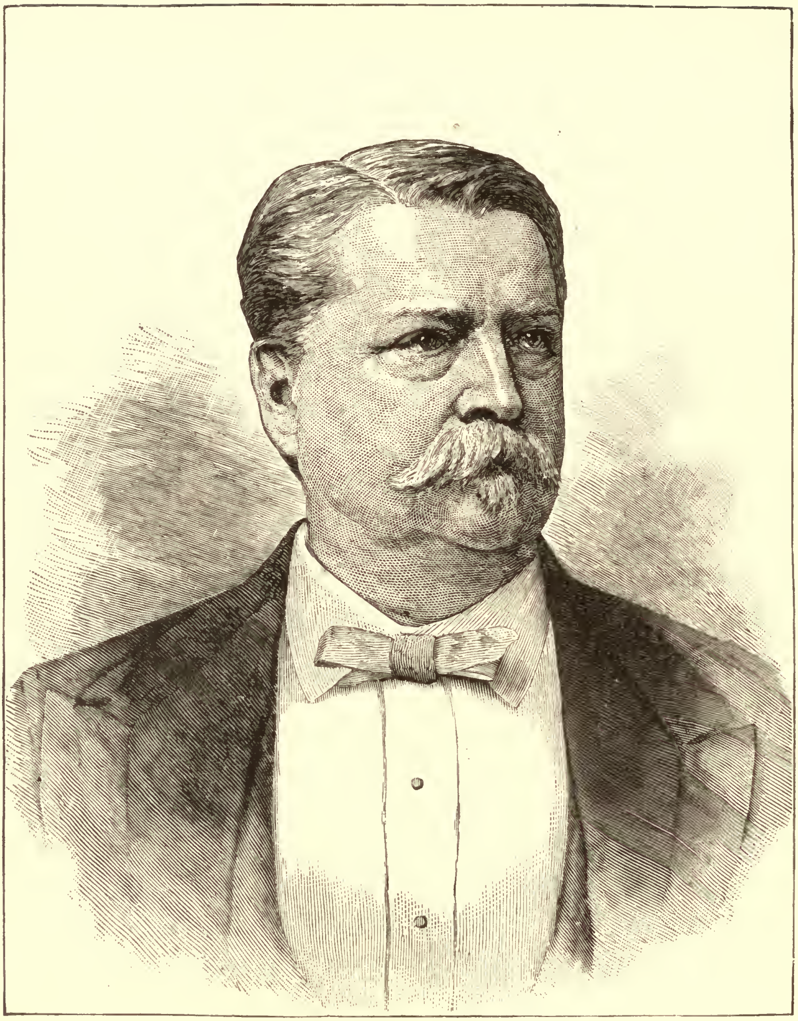
FIRST CORPS—SEMINARY RIDGE, 3.30 P.M., JULY 1, 1863.

than around the Almshouse, between my brigade and Barlow's, of the Eleventh Corps."

General Barlow fell and was taken prisoner. Among those who sought shelter in the houses was Colonel Wheelock, of the Ninety-seventh New York, a large man, who could not make his way through the crowd, and who would have disdained to run had he been able to do so. He entered the house of Mr. Shead, followed by Confederate soldiers and an officer who demanded his sword.(25) "I'll not surrender my sword to a rebel," was the reply. "Surrender your sword, or I will shoot you." "Shoot! I'll not surrender it," again the defiant reply from Wheelock, who opened his vest, waiting for the fatal shot. A girl sprang between them—Miss Carrie Shead—who seized the sword, bore it away, and secreted it. His sword safe, Colonel Wheelock became a submissive prisoner. With the three thousand other prisoners he was taken outside the town, but during the night managed to escape, returning to Gettysburg upon the retirement of the Confederates, and regained his sword.

General Schimmelpfennig, whom his soldiers greatly loved, and whom they familiarly called Schimmel, remained upon the field to the last. His horse was shot, and the Confederates of Dole's division were close upon him. He ran into the wood-shed of Mr. Garloch, jumped behind some barrels, and drew sticks of wood over him. The Confederates looked in, but did not see him. Three nights and two days he remained. Mrs. Garloch saw him, and her little boy dropped bread behind the barrels. The Confederates were frequently in the shed. When, at last, on Saturday, he heard the Union drum-beat in the street, he emerged from his hiding-place and returned to his brigade.

Out near the battle line of the Eleventh Corps, in an enclosed lot near Pennsylvania College, lay a Union soldier. No one was near him; he heard no footstep coming to his relief. If he uttered a cry of pain, a wail of agony, or call for help, there was no one to hasten to his assistance. For him there was but one solace—to gaze once more upon those who were dearest, but who were far away. When the battle was ended, the Confederates departed, the people of Gettysburg discovered the prostrate form, motionless evermore, the clinched fingers holding the photograph of his wife and three children. His last fading sight of things earthly was of their fair faces; his last thoughts were of them. The good people buried him where he fell. They rephotographed the group and sent the picture far and wide throughout the North. It was recognized in Cattaraugus County, New York, as the wife and children of a soldier of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New York Regiment of Costar's brigade—one



MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK.

of the men who went down through Gettysburg upon the run, and out upon the York road, at the last moment of the struggle.

Half-past four o'clock came, the battle was decided, and what was left of the First and Eleventh corps were gathered on Cemetery Hill — the Eleventh Corps north of the turnpike, the First Corps south of it.

General Hancock, commander of the Second Corps, was riding up the Baltimore pike, with instructions from General Meade to take command of the troops at Gettysburg. He was the junior of Howard in rank.

"General Meade undoubtedly supposed that I was your senior, but you outrank me," said Hancock.(26)

"It is no time to talk about rank. I shall most cheerfully obey your instructions, and do all in my power to co-operate with you," Howard replied, taking charge of the troops north of the turnpike, Hancock south of it, and in a few moments they had a gleaming line of bayonets in position.

It was five o'clock—the sun yet two hours in the heavens. General Lee and General Longstreet were by the Theological Seminary, gazing upon the scene, having just arrived upon the field.

"I think that we will attack them upon the heights to-morrow morning," said General Lee.(27)

"Will not that be a departure from the plan as proposed before we left Fredericksburg?" suggested Longstreet.

"If the enemy is there to-morrow we must attack him."

"But if he is there it will be because he is anxious that we should attack him—a good reason, in my judgment, for not doing so. Let us move by our right to Meade's left, and put our army between him and Washington, threatening his left and rear, and thus force him to attack us in such position as we may select. His weak point is his left. I think we should move around it, threaten by the manœuvre, and attack if we determine upon a battle. The country is admirably adapted for a defensive battle, and we shall surely repulse Meade by a crushing loss if we take the position and force him to attack us. Even if we attack the heights before us and drive him out, we shall be so badly crippled that we shall not be able to reap the fruits of victory. The heights of Gettysburg are in themselves of no more importance than the ground upon which we stand. Meade's army, and not its position, is our objective."

General Lee, before starting upon the campaign, had a fixed determination to reach a position of his own choosing, and await an attack; but the two armies had come in collision, and the Confederates had already won a victory—another in the long list that had crowned the arms of his troops, who regarded themselves as invincible, and who were eager to attack in the morning. Their blood was up, and so was that of General Lee.

"He seemed under a subdued excitement, which occasionally took possession of him when the hunt was up and threatened his superb equipoise," are the words of Longstreet.(28)

"The enemy is in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me."(29)

At the hour of five in the afternoon I was twenty miles away. Through the day I had been riding with General Gregg's division of cavalry. At three o'clock we were at Hanover Junction, twenty-five miles from the battlefield, upon the extreme right of the Union army. We had removed the saddles from our horses for a brief halt, when the booming of cannon came upon us from the west. Leaving the cavalry, I rode towards it, but soon found that it was not the cannonade of the conflict at Gettysburg, but at Hanover, between Kilpatrick's cavalry and the Confederate cavalry under Stuart. I arrived in season to see its close.

General Stuart had captured four hundred prisoners and gathered two hundred wagons, which hindered him; but he would not abandon the wagons. He bivouacked half-way between Westminster and Littlestown. His scouts came in during the evening of the 30th of June with the information that the Union cavalry was at Littlestown—Kilpatrick's two brigades.

General Stuart, instead of marching to Littlestown, as he had intended, decided to get away from the Union cavalry by going north-east. Chambliss's brigade was in advance. Fitz-Hugh Lee moved along the left flank to guard the train, while Hampton covered the rear. Chambliss approached Hanover, but discovered a column of Union troops entering the town —Kilpatrick's division. At Aldie that officer commanded a brigade, but now he was in command of a division—Farnsworth's and Custer's brigades. Farnsworth was moving quietly into Hanover, with Custer west of him.

Stuart ordered Chambliss to charge upon the Union troops, and almost the first intimation Farnsworth had of the presence of the Confederates was the yelling of Chambliss's men as they thundered along the turnpike, charging upon the rear-guard, scattering it, and capturing several soldiers and ambulances. The Fifth New York, under Major Hammond, turned upon the Confederates and put them to flight. Kilpatrick hastened up, formed his line, and sent word to Custer.

Stuart planted his artillery and opened fire. The Second North Carolina advanced, but was repulsed, and its commander, Colonel Payn, taken prisoner. Stuart had no desire to fight a battle. He was anxious rather to avoid one. He must join Lee, and his only aim was to hold Kilpatrick in check till the long train of wagons could glide by. Fitz-Hugh Lee joined him, and the artillery duel went on. Hampton arrived. Stuart was stronger than Kilpatrick, but the skirmishing went on till sunset—charges and countercharges around and through the town. Stuart, having secured the passage of his train, moved towards York, in search of General Early.

The Union cavalry bivouacked near the town. Stuart made an all-night march to get beyond the reach of Kilpatrick. Horses and men were worn down. Whole regiments fell asleep, the horses stumbled, bringing the riders to the ground. No rest for the horses or men was allowed till they reached Carlisle in the afternoon of July 2, having ridden one hundred and twenty-five miles without rest. He was then thirty miles north of Gettysburg.

Thus the first day of July closed upon one of the hardest fought engagements of the war, with the Confederate army well concentrated and elated with victory, the Union army yet widely scattered, and dispirited by the defeat of two corps with heavy loss.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XI.

(1) General Buford's Report.
(2) General Heth's Report.
(3) General Gamble's Report.
(4) Lieutenant Calef's Report.
(5) Captain Bronson's Statement, unpublished papers (War Department).
(6) J. V. Pierce, One Hundred and Forty-seventh N. Y. Regiment, *National Tribune.*
(7) Captain Hall's Report.
(8) G. C. Kimball's Memorial Address, Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment.
(9) Colonel Hoffman to Governor Curtin.
(10) General Wadsworth's Report.
(11) General Fairchild's Report.
(12) General Doubleday, "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," p. 130.
(13) *Century Magazine*, November, 1886, p. 106.
(14) Lieutenant-colonel Dudley, unpublished papers (War Department).
(15) Captain Hall's Statement, unpublished papers (War Department).
(16) Lieutenant-colonel Dawes's Statement, unpublished papers (War Department).
(17) General Howard to author.
(18) General Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 420.
(19) General Howard's Report.
(20) General Iverson's Report.
(21) General Rodes's Report.
(22) General Howard's Report.
(23) Samuel Wilkeson to author.
(24) Gen. A. P. Hill's Report.
(25) Mr. Shead to author.
(26) General Howard to author, July 2, 1863.
(27) General Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 421.
(28) Idem.
(29) General Longstreet, *Century Magazine,* February, 1887.

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE ROUND TOP.

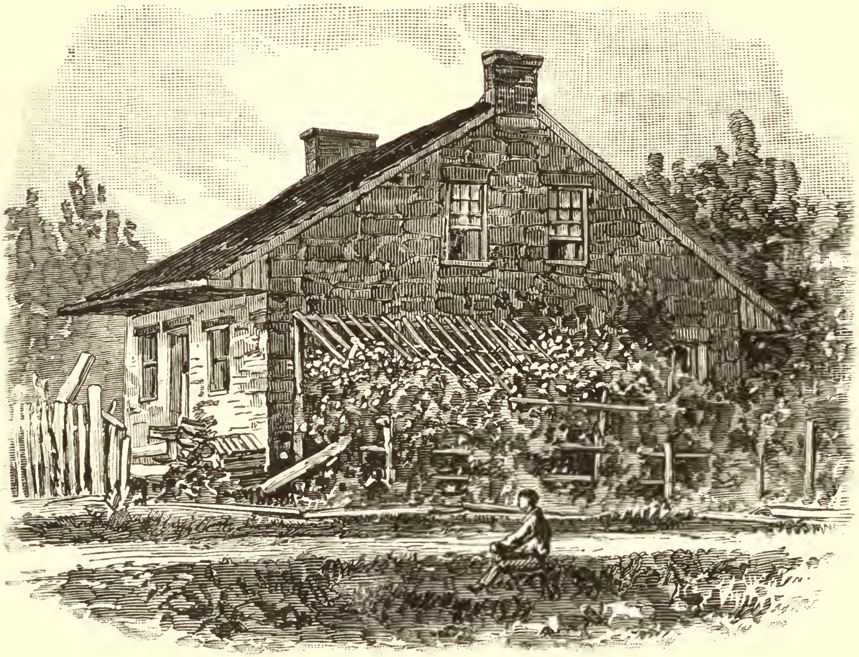
WHEN night closed over the scene of the first day's engagement at Gettysburg the various corps of the Union army were widely separated. The rallied brigades of the First Corps were in the cemetery and the field immediately before it towards the town—ground now included in the National Cemetery. What was left of the Eleventh Corps was on the north side of the turnpike. The Twelfth Corps, under Slocum, had crossed Rock Creek, turned to the right through the pastures, and taken position in the woods on Culp's Hill. The Second Corps was on the march from Uniontown, and arrived during the evening. The Third Corps was on its way from Emmettsburg, but did not all arrive till eight o'clock the next morning. The Fifth Corps was at Bonnaughtown, five miles away in the direction of Hanover, while the Sixth Corps was twenty-eight miles distant.

It was one o'clock in the morning of July 2d when General Meade, who on Sunday had accepted the great trust laid upon him by President Lincoln, came up the Taneytown road, and dismounted from his horse by the home of Mrs. Leister. He was worn down with want of sleep, with constant thinking as to what ought to be done. He had thought of selecting Pipe Creek, near Taneytown, as a line of defence, and General Warren, of the Engineer Corps, had been examining the ground, while General Humphreys had been surveying the country in the direction of Emmettsburg. The battle already fought had not been anticipated. The army had already met with a defeat. What should he do? Should he make a stand at Gettysburg, or fall back to Pipe Creek? General Hancock had informed him that the position to which the First and Eleventh corps had retreated was a strong one. He had come to see. With General Howard he rode along the lines. The moon was shining, and he could dimly see the general features of the country — that Culp's Hill was covered with trees, that its northern side was sharp and steep, that Cemetery Hill commanded a wide sweep of country, that there was a low ridge running south-east towards Little Round Top, two miles from the cemetery. Sitting upon his horse amid the white head-stones, he could look over the houses in the town and see the seminary ridge, where the First Corps had fought so stubbornly, and the level fields northward, where the Eleventh Corps had stood. He could trace the dark line of forest extending southward from the seminary, and see that the entire region would be under the sweep of artillery placed in the cemetery and north of it, or along the ridge. It was a place where possibly a battle might be successfully fought. He directed General Warren and General Slocum to examine the ground in front of Culp's Hill with a view of attacking Lee in that direction, and that breastworks should be constructed. From two o'clock till morning the soldiers on Culp's Hill, on Cemetery Hill, and in the grove of oaks on the farm of Mr. Zeigler, south of the cemetery, were at work with axes and shovels. General Slocum informed General Meade that the ground in front of Culp's Hill was not favorable for an attack upon the Confederates, and that it would be far better to fight a defensive battle.

GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

From a sketch made at the time.

General Lee was up very early in the morning, and was eating his breakfast in his tent north of the seminary, near a small stone house, before the sun appeared. General Longstreet came to see him, riding in from Cashtown, and tried to dissuade him from making an attack upon the Union army; but General Lee had made up his mind to do so, and they talked of what would be the probable result. General Hill came, and also General Heth, who was wounded in the head the day before, and who had a handkerchief bandaged around it. Up in a tree near by was Lieutenant-colonel Freemantle, of the British Army, looking across the fields with his glass at the Union position. With him were a Prussian and an Austrian officer. General Lee thought of having General Ewell begin the battle by attacking the Union troops at Culp's Hill. He sent Colonel Venable to reconnoitre the ground, and then himself rode across the fields where the Eleventh Corps had fought, to take a look at the position. It was nine o'clock when he got back to his headquarters, and it was eleven before he had made up his mind just what to do.



GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

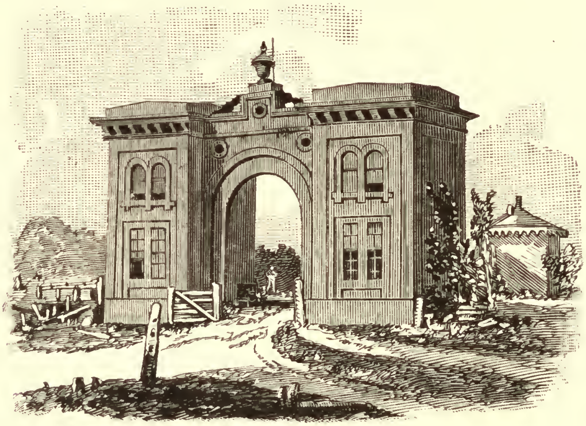
From a photograph taken immediately after the battle.

"It will not do to have Ewell open the attack. I have decided that you must make it on the extreme right," he said to Longstreet.(1)

General Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps was still near Chambersburg, guarding the great train of wagons, and General Law's brigade was out on picket duty. Law was sent for, but the village clocks were striking twelve before he was in from the picket line.

"The troops must make the movement cautiously, under cover of the woods, so as not to be seen by the enemy," were the instructions of Lee.(2) He could see from his headquarters that a Union signal-officer was on Little Round Top waving his flags to another by Meade's headquarters. So, on the Confederate side, the forenoon passed, only that the picket lines of the two armies in the wheat-fields and along the fences, from orchard and meadow, were exchanging shots, and now and then a Confederate cannon sent a shot whirring over the town, followed by answering shots from the Union cannon among the white head-stones in the cemetery.

The sun was just rising when I mounted my horse at Hanover, twelve miles away. I rode towards Gettysburg, passing a long train of wagons and many soldiers of the Fifth Corps, who had dropped, weary and exhausted, by the road-side. The troops of the corps were east of Rock Creek, where they had been halted by General Meade, in anticipation of his attacking Lee; but he having determined to fight a defensive battle, they filed southward through the fields, crossed the creek, turned into a pasture, and threw themselves wearily upon the ground. I rode up the Baltimore turnpike, with the Twelfth Corps on my right hand, partly hidden from view by the woods, passed the toll-gate, from which the tollman had fled, reached the summit of the hill where the soldiers of the Eleventh Corps, on my right, were lying down, and those of the First Corps, on my left, were crouching behind a stone-wall. On both sides the artillerymen had thrown up breastworks to shield themselves in part. Dismounting from my horse, I climbed the stairs of the arched gate-way of the cemetery and beheld the grand panorama of the field where yesterday's battle had been fought, the town, with its houses of red brick, its spires and steeples, the white walls of Pennsylvania College north of the town—the Almshouse beyond, where Barlow's division had fought and left its line of dead. With my glass I could see the prostrate forms lying where they fell. A yellow flag was flying above the cupola of the Theological Seminary, which had been taken for a hospital. The fields in the distance by Herr's Tavern, where the Confederate cannon had been planted, were dotted with white tents, trains of wagons were winding here and there, and horsemen were riding rapidly. Southward were fields and woodlands and farm-houses—the ground where the great battle was to be fought. Eastward was Culp's Hill; upon its western face the soldiers were at work with picks and shovels throwing up a breastwork, behind which stood a Union battery—the Fifth Maine. We shall see it again by-and-by. Immediately around, upon Cemetery Hill, cannon were thickly planted, some of them pointing north, others west, and others south-west. A short distance southward, across the Taneytown road, was the grove on the farm of Mr. Zeigler. On the Emmettsburg road was the brick house of Mr. Codori, with a large barn. Beyond, upon the west side of the road, was the house of Peter Rogers, and still farther away the farm-house of Mr. Sherfy, and an orchard of peach-trees, whence a cross-road ran eastward towards Little Round Top. Eastward of the peach-trees, across the green fields, a quarter of a mile, was the house and barn of Mr. Trostle. I could see cannon along the Emmettsburg road pointing westward, and regiments were lying down by the house of Mr. Codori and beyond it—the troops of the Third Corps, resting themselves after their hard march from Emmettsburg, kindling fires and cooking coffee. By the house of Mr. Leister, on the Taneytown road, the headquarters flag of General Meade was waving. The Second Corps was on the ridge west of it. Long lines of white-topped wagons dotted the landscape eastward.



ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY.

Descending from the gate-way, I mounted my horse to ride into Gettysburg, and came to a soldier crouching behind a picket-fence.

"Halt! Where are you going?" he said.

"Into Gettysburg."

"Into Gettysburg! Do you know where you are? I am on the picket line. Do you see that brick house with the window open? That is full of Confederates, and they have been picking us off all the morning, and the quicker you get out of here the better it will be for you."

The house was within pistol-shot, and I rode back to the cemetery. General Howard was there; his servant came with his breakfast of cold ham, hard biscuit, and coffee.

"You are just in season," he said.

He had deep religious convictions, and reverently asked God's blessing before eating.

"Lieutenant," he said to an officer, "have a detail of men to take up these gravestones and lay them carefully upon the ground. If they are left standing the cannon-balls will knock them to pieces, and send the fragments about our ears. The people of the town can reset them."

He told the story of the first day's engagement, and pointed out the positions of the troops. Looking across the houses, we could see at that moment a column of Confederates on the Chambersburg road.

"See there! see there, general! Let Osborne open on them with his artillery," shouted Major Charles Howard, of his staff.

"No, the time hasn't come. Don't be in a hurry about it; you will have enough fighting before sunset."

The Confederates were a part of Doles's division changing position. I rode with General Howard along the lines and to the headquarters of General Meade, where a group of officers were consulting the maps which the engineers had hastily sketched.

In the door-yard of Meade's headquarters a signal-officer was waving his flag in response to another on Little Round Top.

"Large bodies of Confederate troops moving south," was the message received.

I rode along the line south from Zeigler's Grove towards Mr. Codori's house, on the Emmettsburg road, near which was Hall's brigade of Gibbon's division of the Second Corps, thrown out in advance of the cemetery ridge. A few steps farther brought me to Carr's brigade of Humphreys's division of the Third Corps.

Some of the soldiers—First Massachusetts—were clustered round the door of a small house on the west side of the road eating delicious bread, piping hot, just baked. When Carr's brigade arrived, just before daylight, they saw a light in the house of Peter Rogers. Going to the door and looking in, they saw two tallow-candles on the mantle, and a young girl, in her fourteenth year, kneading dough in a tin pan, with several other pans on the floor with dough in them.

"Could you let us have some bread?" asked a soldier.

"Oh yes, if you can wait for it a little. My stove is small, and you know when one is in a hurry bread don't bake fast," said Josephine Miller, who invited them in to wait till the bread was ready. It was an old-fashioned stove, with an oven, but not designed for general cooking.(³).

"I think it must be done now," she said, after a little while, and took out two pans of most palatable bread, and put in two more, breaking the loaves for the soldiers.

"What will you do when the battle begins?" asked Colonel Baldwin, commanding the First Massachusetts.

JOSEPHINE MILLER AND HER STOVE.

In 1886 the First Massachusetts Regiment erected this monument upon the spot where they stood during the battle. Josephine Miller (Mrs. Slyder, of Troy, O.) was present. Her stove was still in the house where she had baked the bread. It was placed beside the monument, and was photographed with Mrs. Slyder.

"Is there really going to be a battle? Where shall we go?"

"Yes, we shall have a battle right here, and you will either have to go to the rear or down cellar, if you have one."

"Yes, we have a small cellar. I think we will stay;" and Josephine Miller went on with her baking.

The line which General Sickles had selected was along the Emmettsburg road, southward to the peach orchard of Mr. Sherfy, thence eastward towards Little Round Top. There has been much controversy as to whether or not General Sickles carried out General Meade's instructions in the selection of the line, and also much discussion whether or not it was the best position. Upon both questions military men have been divided in opinion.

It was past noon, and the Confederates, instead of attacking in the morning, as General Lee had intended the night before, were not yet in position. Had General Lee known the position of the Union army at eight o'clock in the morning, he doubtless would have attacked with great vigor; but, for various reasons, the Confederate generals were slow in getting ready. Under the orders of General Lee, the troops of Longstreet were trying to get down through the woods by Mr. Warfield's, without being seen by the Union signal-officer on Little Round Top. Colonel Johnson, of the Engineers, was leading them.(4) The column came to a halt, for he had reached an opening where the troops would be seen; Longstreet became impatient. Johnson was carrying out General Lee's orders, which had been issued directly to him by the Confederate commander, and it would be a breach of military etiquette were Longstreet to order him to move on regardless of the Union signal-officer; but General Hood had received no orders from General Lee, and Longstreet, therefore, directed him to move into position by the best route, and the column took up its line of march.

"Do you not think it would be well to send a party down into those woods to see what is going on?" was the suggestion of Colonel Berdan, commanding the First Regiment of Union sharp-shooters west of the Emmettsburg road, holding the picket line.(5)

"Yes, and I will send you supports," General Sickles replied.

Colonel Berdan advanced with his men, deployed, and came upon Hood. Instantly there was a sharp rattle of musketry, lasting fifteen minutes, during which time half of the men in the detachment of sharp-shooters were killed or wounded. The encounter was so hotly waged by them that it brought Hood to a halt. He did not know just what was before him, and waited to find out, thus delaying the opening of the battle.

It was three o'clock before Hood and McLaws were in position, and before Colonel Alexander, of Longstreet's corps, had his batteries unlimbered in the edge of the woods west and south of the peach orchard. The general plan on the part of Lee was to swing Longstreet, together with R. H. Anderson's division of Hill's corps, against Meade's left flank, and that Ewell at the same time should strike the Twelfth Corps on Culp's Hill. Longstreet frequently dismounted from his horse and walked to positions where he could see the Union line. General Barksdale, commanding the Mississippi brigade, was eager for the battle to begin. He could see a Union battery in the peach orchard, and wanted to capture it.

"I wish you would let me go in, general. I would take it in five minutes," said Barksdale.

"Wait a little; we are all going in presently," said Longstreet.(6)

The men were impatient, and began to pull down a fence in front of them.

"Don't do that; you will draw the enemy's fire," said Longstreet. He was not quite ready. But soon came the word from his lips, "Forward!" and the lines moved on.

PEACH ORCHARD.

The view looks west. The position is that of Clark's, Phillips's, and Bigelow's batteries. The figure is pointing to the orchard, occupied by the Third Maine, Second New Hampshire, Third Michigan, and Ames's and Hart's batteries.

The Confederate army was never in better spirits than at that moment, never more confident of success.

General Longstreet saw that Sickles occupied a position easy to be assailed, and placed his batteries in the edge of the woods south-west of the peach orchard on the farm of Mr. Warfield. McLaws's division was to advance directly upon the orchard, while Hood was to move towards Little Round Top. Anderson's division of Hill's corps was to strike the

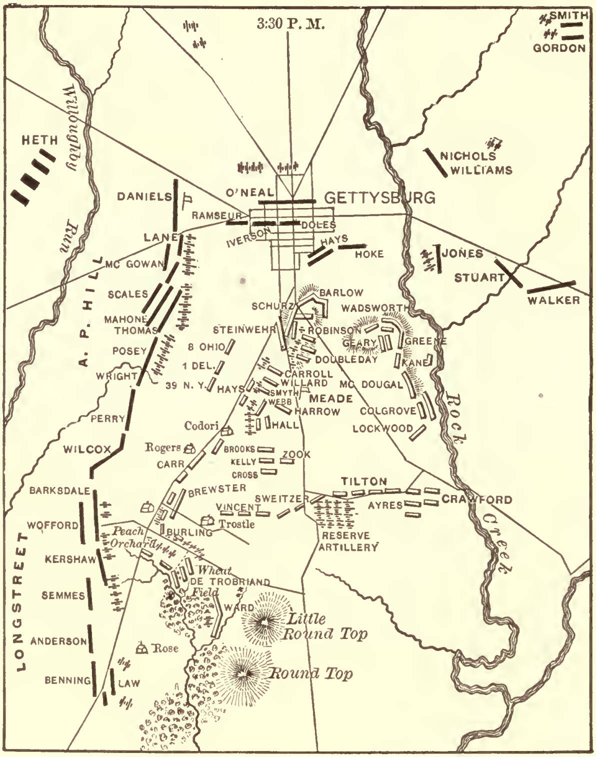
GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES.

right of Sickles's line by the house where Josephine Miller was baking bread.

General Law's brigade was on the extreme right of Hood's line of battle. Six scouts were sent out to move as rapidly as possible towards Great Round Top and find out the position of the Union army in that direction.(7) They soon brought in a Union prisoner who had a surgeon's certificate, and who said that he belonged to the medical department, that the trains were east of Round Top, and not guarded. One of the scouts came in and reported that there were no Union troops on Round Top. Law hastened to Hood with the information, and protested against attacking in front. This his reason:

"The great natural strength of the enemy's position in our front rendered the result of a direct attack extremely uncertain; that, if successful, the victory would be purchased at too great a sacrifice of life, and our troops would be in no condition to improve it; that the attack was unnecessary, because they could easily gain the left and rear of the enemy; that it would compel the enemy to change front and abandon his position.

"General Hood called up Captain Hamilton of his staff, and requested me to repeat the protest to him. He directed Hamilton to find Longstreet as soon as possible, to deliver the protest, and say to him that he [Hood] indorsed it fully. Hamilton rode off at once, but in about ten minutes returned, accompanied by one of General Longstreet's staff-officers, who said to General Hood in my hearing, 'General Longstreet orders that you begin the attack at once.' Hood turned to me and merely said, 'You hear the order.' I at once moved my brigade to the assault. . . . General Longstreet has since said that he repeatedly advised against a front attack, and suggested a movement by our right flank. He may



POSITION OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS, 3.30 P.M., JULY 2.

have thought, after the rejection of this advice by General Lee, that it was useless to press the matter further."

Longstreet had eight brigades, and Anderson five — thirteen in all— with the brigades of Hill's Corps in reserve, which were moving to attack the six brigades of the Third Corps. To understand the battle, we are to keep in mind the uncertainty of General Meade as to the intentions of Lee. From Little Round Top Confederate troops could be seen moving south, while from Cemetery Hill I could see those north of the town moving east. With this uncertainty before him, General Meade was holding the Fifth Corps in reserve not far from his headquarters, that he might use it in any direction. The line of defence which General Meade had selected was along the ridge from the cemetery to Little Round Top, but the Third Corps was not on the ridge; it was in front of it, and made a sharp angle at the peach orchard. General Hunt, commanding the artillery, rode along the line with General Sickles to the peach orchard, and down to Little Round Top. With his quick eye he saw that the peach orchard was quite as high as the ground along the ridge between the position of the Second Corps and Little Round Top; that it would be a position where the Confederates might plant their artillery and pour a destructive fire upon the Union line. For that reason it might be desirable to hold it; but the line there turned a right angle, and that was a disadvantage. This is what General Hunt says in regard to it:

"The salient line proposed by General Sickles, although much longer, afforded excellent positions for our artillery; its occupation would cramp the movements of the enemy, bring us nearer his lines, and afford us facilities for taking the offensive. It was, in my judgment, the better line of the two, provided it were strongly occupied, for it was the only one on the field from which we could have passed from the defensive to the offensive with a prospect of decisive results. But General Meade had not, until the arrival of the Sixth Corps, a sufficient number of troops at his disposal to risk such an extension of his lines; it would have required both the Third and Fifth corps, and left him without any reserve. Had he known that Lee's attack would be postponed till 4 P.M. he might have occupied the line in the morning; but he did not know this, expected an attack at any moment, and, in view of the vast risks involved, adopted a defensive policy and ordered the occupation of the safe line."(8)

It was at this moment that the troops of Ewell were moving east towards Culp's Hill, upon which the batteries on Cemetery Hill opened fire; it was also the moment of the encounter between the sharp-shooters and Hood.

General Meade rode down to the peach orchard and examined the line, at the suggestion of General Hunt, who says:

"I was here met by Captain Randolph, the Third Corps chief of artillery, who informed me that he had been ordered to place his batteries on the new line. Seeing Generals Meade and Sickles not far off in conversation, and supposing that General Meade had consented to the occupation, I sent at once to the Reserve for more artillery, and authorized other general officers to draw on the same source."

There were one hundred and eight guns in the Reserve Artillery, which could be summoned for use on any part of the field, in addition to the two hundred and twelve attached to the several corps.

General Sickles had stationed Ward's brigade, with four guns of Smith's New York Battery, on the rocky ridge west of the Devil's Den, to hold the extreme left of his line and the approach to Little Round Top. He had stationed Winslow's New York Battery on the eastern edge of a wheat-field east of Rose's house, between Ward's brigade and De Trobriand's brigade, which was located in the woods west of the wheat-field with part of Burling's brigade. This brings us to the gap extending from the woods to the peach orchard — quite a distance along the road, where there was not a regiment of infantry. The other regiments of Burling's brigade, together with Graham's brigade and Clark's New Jersey Battery, held the line in the peach orchard facing south towards Rose's house. Humphreys's division of the Third Corps, with several batteries, held the Emmettsburg road northward to Codori's house. It was too late to make any change in the line, for the Confederate batteries were opening fire, and the battle must begin with the troops as they stood. Lee's army consisted of forty brigades, and eighteen of them were in position to take part in the attack upon the six brigades of the Third Corps, which must look to the Second and Fifth corps for assistance.

The horses of the Union Reserve Artillery had eaten their oats, the cannoneers were resting beneath the shade of the trees, smoking their pipes and playing cards, when an aide arrived from General Hunt with an order to Colonel McGilvery for more batteries. Hart's Fifteenth New York, Phillips's Fifth Massachusetts, and Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts went out past Trostle's house; Hart's to take position in the peach orchard, Phillips's and Bigelow's to fill the gap along the road leading eastward from the orchard.

The sun was going down the western sky—a lovely summer afternoon. The swallows were twittering around the eaves of Mrs. Leister's humble home, unmindful of the coming and going of men on horseback. Fleecy

BIGELOW'S, PHILLIPS'S, AND CLARK'S BATTERIES GOING INTO POSITION.

clouds flecked the sky, and a gentle breeze came from the south-west, as yet untainted with nitrous and sulphurous fumes. For an hour there had been a pattering fire, like the first drops which precede a summer shower. Suddenly the Confederate cannon in the woods by Mr. Warfield's opened fire; also those north of Culp's Hill—the artillery of Ewell's corps. The Union batteries were quick to respond. Then came the rattling fire of Stoughton's sharp-shooters—the Second Regiment, posted behind a wall and fences—delivered into the faces of Law's Alabama brigade. The sharp-shooters held their ground with great pertinacity. "My whole regiment," writes Colonel Sheffield, of the Forty-eighth Alabama, "was brought to the front the third time, only to be driven back."(9)

"In a few seconds one-fourth of my regiment were killed or disabled," is the statement of the colonel of the Forty-fourth Alabama.(10)

When the sharp-shooters were compelled to fall back, a portion retreated past the left flank of Ward's brigade, in front of Little Round Top, held by the Fourth Maine. We shall see them again.

Onward through the woods, crossing the brook which trickles south from Mr. Rose's house, past his spring-house, where he kept his milk, marched Law's and Robertson's brigades, following the sharp-shooters. They were in the woods, where there are large trees and bowlders. They began to ascend the slope towards the position held by Ward.

"Don't fire until you can see them plainly," were the instructions of Ward.

The troops of his brigade could hear the rustling of last year's dead leaves as the sharp-shooters came streaming in. Smith's four cannon began to flash, and then the battle broke out in all its fury—rolls of musketry, the yells of the Texans of Hood's division, and the cheers of the Union men, the wails of the wounded commingled.

This a description by a Confederate artilleryman:

"On the slope of a wooded hill our infantry were forming for a charge. Federal infantry were thick in front of them, assisted by artillery, which poured a storm of shrapnel into our ranks. Rhett's battery of our battalion was already blazing away from the crest of the hill, and they were said to have lost thirty men in as many minutes.

"'Cannoneers, mount! Forward!'

"Quickly we rushed between the already moving cannon-wheels, and nimbly sprang into our seats—all except John Hightower, who missed his hold, and the great heavy weight rolled over his body. Did we halt? No! Not if your brother falls by your side must you heed his dying wail! This is the grim discipline of war.

"Never shall I forget the scene presented on this hill opposite Round Top Mountain. The Federal shrapnel rattled like hail through the trees around us, while our infantry, which was preparing to charge, swayed backward and forward, in and out, like a storm-cloud vexed by contrary winds.

"'Give it to them, boys!' said one of the infantry.

"'We'll do it,' I responded.

"'Ah, I see you are of the right grit.'

"When he spoke to me I was repeating the lines—

"'For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.'

Like many other conceited little beings who inhabit this conceited little world, I had presumed to interpret the will of God, and anticipate His policy in the government of this world.

"'Fire! Fire! Fire!' And each gun is discharging its leaden terrors into the ranks of the foe. But now comes the brave infantry. Wofford of Georgia, his hat off, and his bald head shining in the sun, dashes through our battery, followed by his brigade. Out flashed Captain Parke's sword, while the words 'Hurrah for you of the bald head' issued from his lips. 'Hurrah for you of the bald head' was repeated by the cannoneers, while the charging Georgians swept down the hill-side, driving the retreating foe to the opposite hill."(11)

At this hour I rode up the eastern slope of Little Round Top, tied my horse, clambered over the rocks, and came to the summit, where stood an officer of the Signal Corps and his assistant. The panorama of the battle was before me. At my feet were Plum Run and a meadow thickly strewn with bowlders. Beyond them the Devil's Den, with Ward's brigade and the four guns of Smith's battery upon the crest of the ridge. North-west of the ledge was Winslow's battery, on the eastern edge of a wheat-field; and up the line, beyond another grove, were Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts, Phillips's Fifth Massachusetts, and Clark's batteries. In the peach orchard was Hart's; along the Emmettsburg road a line of guns, all smoking. A white cloud was rising from the woods between the Devil's Den and Rose's house, with rolls of musketry mingling with the cannonade. From the woods by Warfield's house the Confederate cannon were sending solid shot and shells towards the peach orchard. Northward towards the seminary, and the scene of the first day's battle, the Confederate artillery was sending its missiles through the air. Looking towards the cemetery, I saw it covered with a white cloud.

De Trobriand's and Ward's brigades, and Winslow's and Smith's batteries, were confronting Robertson's, Law's, Benning's, Semmes's, Kershaw's, Wofford's, and Anderson's Confederate brigades. Union ambulances were coming out of the woods and moving towards the Taneytown road. Staff-officers were galloping over the fields and pastures, carrying orders. The battle-cloud was too dense to see what was going on beyond the Confederate lines, but from the woods came the prolonged yell of the Confederates, mingled with the hurrahs of the Union soldiers. The air was thick with shells. White clouds suddenly burst into view where before there was only the sky. There was a whirring of jagged pieces of iron, mingled with the continuous singing of the leaden rain.

General Meade had authorized Sickles to call upon General Sykes, of the Fifth Corps, for reinforcements, and Barnes's division moved forward towards the wheat-field, where Winslow's battery was sending canister into the ranks of the Confederates.

The battle was coming nearer. It began to break at the foot of Little Round Top on the flank of the Fourth Maine. All this time the only persons on Little Round Top were the signal-officer and his assistant and myself. Another came, General Warren, engineer-in-chief of the army. He took a survey of the scene, saw that the Confederates were folding round the left flank of Ward's brigade; that Little Round Top was the key to the position. These his words:

"The whole line of the enemy moved on us in the most confident tones. While I was with the signal-officer the musket-balls began to fly around us, and he was about to fold up his flags and withdraw, but remained at my request and kept waving them in defiance. Seeing troops going out on the peach orchard road, I rode down the hill, and fortunately met my old brigade, General Ward commanding. It had already passed the point, and I took the responsibility to detach Colonel O'Rorke, the head of whose regiment I had struck, who, on hearing my few words of explanation about the position, moved at once to the hill-top. About this time First Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett, of the Fifth Artillery, with his battery of rifled cannon, arrived. He comprehended the situation instantly, and planted his guns on the summit of the hill."(12)

Vincent's brigade was also sent by General Sykes on Warren's representations, and came up the hill on the run.

There were too many bullets in the air for the comfort of a non-combatant, and I went down the hill, meeting Vincent's brigade. A few minutes later the battle was raging furiously on the western slope and around the summit.

This the story as told by one of its officers: "Hazlett's battery came rapidly up and plunged directly through our ranks, the horses urged to frantic efforts by the whips of their drivers, and the cannoneers assisting at the wheels. As we reached the crest a never-to-be-forgotten scene burst upon us. A great basin lay before us full of smoke and fire, and literally swarming with riderless horses and fighting, fleeing, and pursuing men. The air was saturated with the sulphurous fumes of battle, and was ringing with the shouts and groans of the combatants. The wild cries of charging lines, the rattle of musketry, the booming of artillery, and the shrieks of the wounded were the orchestral accompaniments of a scene like a very hell itself."(13)

The attack of Hood was upon the position held by Ward's brigade, with the purpose of gaining Little Round Top. The first shock fell upon Ward and De Trobriand; Sweitzer's and Tilton's brigades came to their assistance—Sweitzer in the woods south of the wheat-field, and Tilton in the field. Tilton's troops were wholly exposed, while the Confederates were behind a stone-wall, and the Union troops were compelled to fall back.

Caldwell's division of the Second Corps came down past Trostle's house. The line formed with Cross's brigade in the woods south of the wheat-field, with Brooks's in rear. Kelley's brigade was in the wheat-field, and in the grove west of it, with Zook's in the second line. In the struggle Cross and Zook are both mortally wounded.

Like the waves of the sea eddying among the rocks of a rugged shore, so surged the contending forces over the knolls, along the ravines, the roads, and in the wheat-field.

Brooks dashed upon Semmes's Confederate brigade and drove it through the woods, across the ravine, past Rose's spring-house, to the top of the hill beyond.

The Confederates rallied, and Brooks was driven in turn.

Ayres's division of the Fifth Corps, the Regulars of the United States Army, engaged in the conflict, taking the place of Caldwell's division of the Second Corps. In a very short time nearly one-half were killed or wounded. Crawford's division of the Second Corps went down to fight on the same ground. There was much swaying backward and forward in the wheat-field, in the woods west and south of it; firing across the stone wall; Confederate brigades striking Union brigades in flank, to find themselves in turn out-flanked; the Confederates pushing on with great bravery, persistence, and energy, meeting stubborn resistance, but gradually gaining ground—folding round the left flank of the Union troops—and Robertson's brigade advancing from bowlder to bowlder, tree to tree, up the southern slope of Little Round Top, till Colonel Chamberlain, commanding the Twentieth Maine, on the left of Vincent's brigade, was obliged to form his troops in the shape of the letter U. The Confederates fire up the hill, picking off the Union officers one by one. Vincent, Weed, Hazlett, all fell, also Colonel O'Rorke.

The Confederates were astonished to receive a volley from behind their backs, coming from a squad of men sheltered behind rocks and trees, fired by the sharpshooters of Stoughton's regiment, whom we saw retreating past Ward's brigade at the beginning of the conflict. Robertson's troops turned to see whence the volley came; Vincent's troops thereupon sprang over the rocks and dashed down the hill, capturing two colonels, fifteen other officers — nearly five hundred prisoners in all—driving the Confederates back to the bowlders of the Devil's Den.

HAZLET'S BATTERY.

We are not to think that there have been silence and inactivity the while by Sherfy's peach orchard and in the fields west of it and southward by Rose's house. From the beginning of the battle the ground has been swept by the Union and Confederate batteries. When Hood's troops came out of the woods by Mr. Warfield's and advanced towards Rose's house, the Union batteries changed their line of fire, making fearful havoc in the ranks of Semmes's brigade. The Fiftieth Georgia lost a third of its men by the enfilading fire of the batteries which Sickles had placed in position east of the orchard.(14)

Kershaw's South Carolinians came through Rose's door-yard with a strong line of skirmishers. At the same moment Barksdale's Mississippians and Wofford's Georgians advanced against the peach orchard. We have seen the whole of the Fifth Corps and two divisions of the Second Corps engaged in the struggle down by the wheat-field. Sickles has no reserves; there are no Union troops at hand to help maintain the position at the orchard. Barksdale is brave and impetuous, and urges on his troops.

Sickles sees that he cannot hold the angle. McGilvery orders the batteries in the orchard, also Clark and Phillips, to limber up and hasten to the rear. The regiments of Graham's and Burling's brigades are falling back, fighting obstinately, pressed by Barksdale and the brigades of Anderson from the west, with Kershaw thrusting his troops into the gap east of the orchard. They must fall back or be cut off. The batteries from the orchard, leaving many of their horses killed or wounded behind them, make their way eastward past Trostle's house, the men tugging at the wheels to help the limping, wounded animals.

McGilvery rides to Captain Bigelow, commanding the Ninth Massachusetts. "Limber up and get out as quick as you can," he shouts.

"I shall lose all my men in limbering up, but I can retire by prolong;" and the gunners stretch out the ropes, hitch the horses to them, and so, loading his cannon with double charges of canister, he begins to fall back through the field towards Trostle's house, firing at Kershaw advancing through the field south of the road. But down through the peach orchard came Barksdale, following the retreating troops of Burling and Graham.

"Keep back Kershaw's skirmishers with canister," was Bigelow's order to Lieutenant Milton, commanding two guns on the left. "Send solid shot into Barksdale's men," the order to Lieutenants Erickson and Whitaker.(15)

To keep clear of the fire of the cannon a portion of Barksdale's troops moved to the right. The guns were in Trostle's door-yard, and a portion of the Mississippians ran to gain the shelter of the barn, firing from the windows. The Twenty-first Mississippi advanced directly down the road and across the field from the orchard. Kershaw the while was advancing on the left, the South Carolinians jumping over a wall and creeping, under its shelter, towards the battery.

No infantry supports, except a handful of men—not a dozen in all—of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, of Tilton's brigade, are at hand. Graham's and Brewster's brigades have been pushed back; Humphreys's division is changing front to meet Barksdale, widening the gap by Trostle's.

It is the crisis of the conflict, the moment of the struggle on Little Round Top. McGilvery, leaving the Ninth Massachusetts Battery to hold to the last the position at Trostle's, is bringing twenty-five guns into position along the ridge. These his parting words to Bigelow:

"There is not an infantryman back of you; you must remain and sacrifice your battery if need be until I can find some batteries to put in position and cover you."(16)

Down upon the battery came the Mississippians, shooting horses and men, receiving double-shotted charges till the canister was all gone. Lieutenant Milton, seeing the horses of the other pieces dropping, tore down a gap in the wall, leaped his over it, and escaped with two pieces; but those attached to the other guns were shot.

Some of the men were killed, but the living bore the rammers and sponges from the field so that the Confederates could not use the guns. Captain Bigelow is wounded, and falls from his horse. Lieutenant Erickson, twice wounded, falls beside his gun, and his horse goes upon the run into the lines of the Mississippians. Lieutenant Whitaker is wounded, but escapes. Bigelow is lifted upon another horse and reaches the rear. One cannoneer is killed while trying to spike his gun. Of the four battery officers one is killed, another mortally wounded, the third slightly wounded. Of seven sergeants two are killed and four wounded. Eighty out of the eighty-eight horses have been shot. The battery has been sacrificed, but it has accomplished a great end in delaying for half an hour the advance of Kershaw and Barksdale, who otherwise would have had a clear and unopposed passage to the crest of the ridge.

General Sickles was wounded by Trostle's barn, and Hancock, of the Second Corps, was sent by General Meade to take command.

The Mississippians gave a shout of victory when they seized Bigelow's four guns. In the rush their lines had been broken, and it took time for them to reform. South of them Wofford was pushing towards the ridge, when there came a sheet of flame from its crest. It was McGilvery's opening fire—so destructive that the Georgians could not face it, but were compelled to find shelter behind rocks, trees, and fences.

We have seen Caldwell's and Ayres's divisions of the Second Corps engaged in the struggle in front of Little Round Top. Hancock has only Gibbon's division remaining. It is seven o'clock; the sun a half-hour above the horizon. Humphreys's division of the Third Corps is still holding the Emmettsburg road by Codori's, but its left flank, instead of facing west, is formed to face south to meet Barksdale.

The time has come for Longstreet to hurl the whole of Anderson's division of Confederates into the conflict; and Wilcox's brigade comes across the road a little south of the house where Josephine Miller baked her bread, falling upon the Union batteries before the drivers could hitch on the horses. This the account of a Confederate officer:

"We rushed forward and captured several pieces of artillery and caissons. Some of them were defended very gallantly, firing grape at us when within fifty yards or less. One little fellow, apparently not more than fourteen, sat erect on the lead-horse, looking straight at the front, trying to whip his horses forward. His two wheel-horses had been shot, and he did not know it. While I was admiring him some excited Confederates, to my inexpressible regret, shot him down. We halted and sheltered ourselves as best we could, and kept up the fight for perhaps half an hour. One time, evidently without loaded guns, the enemy charged up very close—say within forty yards—but were driven. At last our line was broken on the left, and we fell back, but could not take the captured cannon."(17)

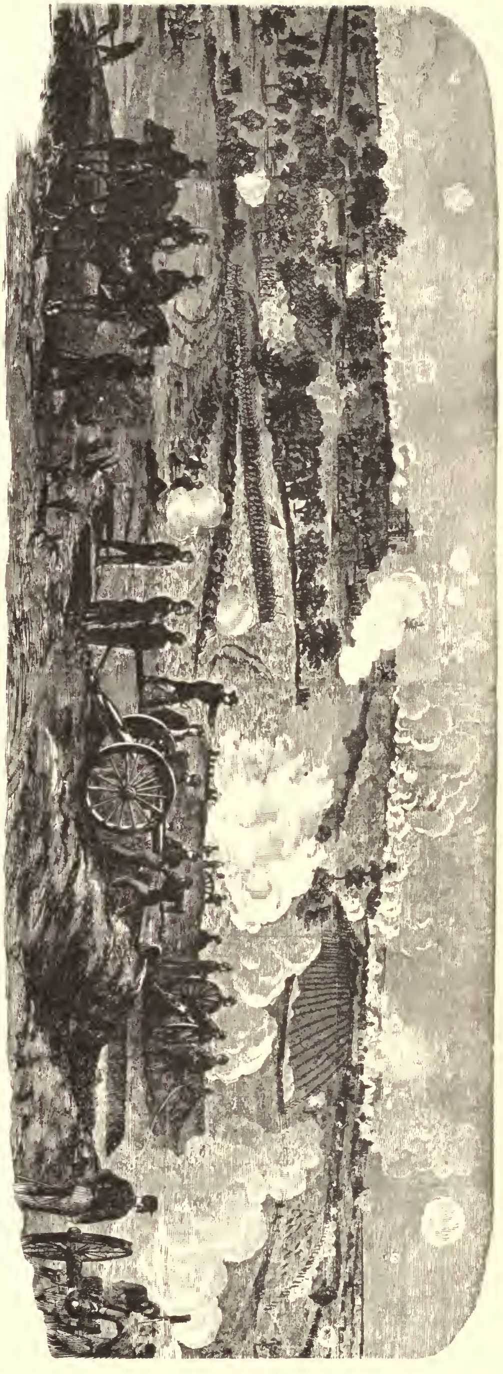
In the meadow east of Codori's house the battle rages with great fury. Hancock sees that it is a critical moment, and sends General Willard with three regiments to meet Barksdale, who is riding everywhere, urging on his men—a conspicuous figure. It is his nature to be aggressive. His speeches in Congress, before the war, were ever vehement. He has pressed the conflict; has captured four guns. A little farther and he will be upon Cemetery Ridge. Suddenly he reels in his saddle. A bullet has pierced him, and he falls with a mortal wound. Willard's men rush past him, driving the Mississippians, who in turn rally to rescue their wounded leader. Willard also falls with a mortal wound.

We are not to think that the men of the Third Corps, who have been forced back from the road and the orchard, have fled; on the contrary, though the ranks are broken and in disorder, the ground is held with great obstinacy. Hancock has ordered in nearly all of Gibbon's division. General Meade has ordered Slocum from Culp's Hill, and the troops of the

THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY BY TROSTLE'S HOUSE.

Sixth and Twelfth corps are coming, but will they be in season to roll back the Confederates before they gain possession of the ridge? The sun is sinking; men can see but dimly through the murky battle-clouds. Hancock discovers Wilcox's Confederate brigade, thinks the troops a part of his own command, rides towards them, but is welcomed by a volley which brings down his aide, Captain Miller.(18) Upon the ridge behind him is Thomas's battery, with eight companies of the First Minnesota Regiment (Colonel Coville) supporting it — two hundred and fifty-two men. Hancock rides up to the regiment. This the story as told by one of its officers:

"Just then Hancock rode up, and, unable to conceal his agitation, asked, in almost anguished tones, 'Great God, is this all the men we have here?' . . . Not a hundred yards behind us was the Taneytown road, crowded with our



ATTACK ON CEMETERY HILL.

The scene is at the close of the second day's engagement. The battery in the foreground is the Fifth Maine. Carroll's brigade is advancing from the left, to meet Hays's and Hoke's Confederate brigades.

wagons, and beyond them the hospitals and trains. If Hancock could only stop that charging mass for five minutes. Pointing to the smoke-covered masses of the advancing foe, he cried, 'Colonel Coville, advance and take those colors!'

"'Forward!' shouted our gallant colonel; and as one man the regiment arose, and, as if on review, stepped down the slope towards the enemy. Their cannon opened on us, and shell and solid shot tore through the ranks, and the more deadly Enfield rifles of their infantry were centred on us alone. At every step fall our men, but no one wavers. Every gap is closed up, and, bringing down their bayonets, the boys press shoulder to shoulder. Five color-bearers are shot down, and five times our flag goes proudly forward. Within a hundred—within fifty yards of the fire, one-quarter of our men already fallen and yet no shot has been fired.

"'Charge!' rang the order along the line, and with a wild cheer we ran at them.

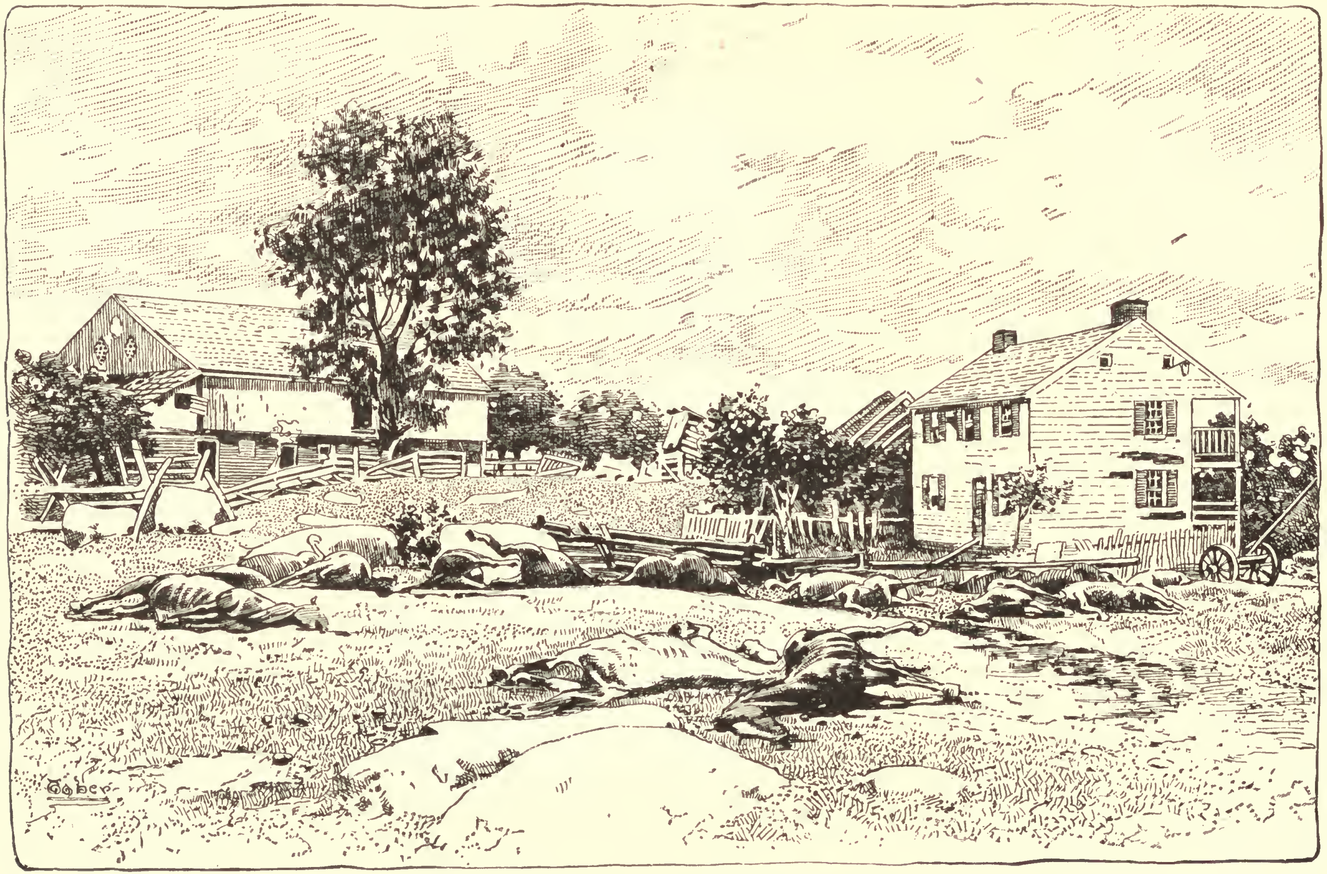
"Their extended line swept round our flanks like the waters around a rock; but before us they gave way, for we empty our guns with the muzzles at their very hearts. A perfect swath of men sink upon the ground, and their living recoil back upon their second line. Their supporting lines, confused and excited, wildly commence firing through the mass in front, slaughtering their own men and throwing them into confusion.

"Our object had been obtained. At the instant, a battery on our left opened and poured a few rapid volleys into the confused mass, and swept it from the field. The enemy had disappeared, all but their dead and wounded, and over their prostrate bodies rang the hearty cheers of our reinforcing troops. The almost fatal attack of the Confederates had been repulsed, but where was the First Minnesota? Only forty-seven men now gathered around our colors—two hundred and five killed and wounded—none missing. It was the Thermopylæ of our regiment."(19)

It was the twenty-five guns of McGilvery, together with Thomas's battery, which hurled canister into the ranks of the Confederates.

The critical moment had come and gone, for in the gloaming the troops of the Sixth and Twelfth corps, and Stannard's Vermont Brigade, attached to the First Corps, were forming on Cemetery Ridge, and it was their cheers which rang through the enveloping battle-cloud.

Longstreet examined the Union lines. He saw that it would be a useless sacrifice to attempt to force them, and so the sound of the strife died away, the cannons' lips were cooling, and the wearied soldiers of both armies threw themselves upon the ground for rest; the Confederates in



TROSTLE'S DOOR-YARD—DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

From a photograph of the time.

the fields along the Emmettsburg road, and behind the ledges of the Devil's Den, and in the fields between Rose's house and the orchard.

Though the contest had ceased in the fields around Codori's and Trostle's farm-houses, it began suddenly amid the woods on Culp's Hill and on the northern slope of Cemetery Hill.

WHERE WEIDERICK'S BATTERY STOOD.

The view is east towards Culp's Hill. Stevens's Fifth Maine Battery was under the trees in the distance at the right hand. Eustis's brigade was behind the stone wall in the centre of the view. The Confederates charged up the hill from the left.

Johnson's division of Ewell's corps was advancing to turn the right flank of the Union army. All of the Twelfth Corps, with the exception of Green's brigade, had been taken from Culp's Hill to roll back the Confederates under Longstreet. Green had drawn out his brigade into a thin line to hold all the ground. The Union troops had thrown up breastworks, but Johnson captured them with ease, and, satisfied with what he had done—not knowing that thirty rods farther, and he would be in possession of the Baltimore turnpike—rested for the night.

It was nine o'clock when Hays's and Hoke's brigades of Early's division, creeping stealthily along a hedge fence at the foot of the northern slope of

Cemetery Hill, with a yell, rushed upon Weiderick's battery and Ames's brigade of the Eleventh Corps. There was a fierce struggle, hand-to-hand fights, the cannoneers wielding their rammers. One Union soldier seized a stone and hurled it upon a Confederate, dashing out his brains. Sergeant Geible, of the One Hundred and Seventh Ohio, carrying the colors, was shot. A Confederate soldier seized them. Adjutant Young shot him with his revolver, but the next moment two bullets pierced him. A Confederate officer aimed a blow at his head, which Lieutenant Suhrer parried, and the colors were saved.

The Union troops in the field north of the turnpike were driven, and Confederates for a few moments held the cannon, but the Fifth Maine Battery, under Lieutenant Whittier, on the western slope of Culp's Hill, opened upon the Confederates with an enfilading fire. Eustis's brigade, behind a wall in the hollow east of the hill, fired to the left-oblique. Carroll's brigade came upon the double-quick across the eastern slope of Cemetery Hill, sent by Hancock, and the Confederates were driven, leaving the ground thickly strewn with killed and wounded.

It was ten o'clock before the contest ended. So closed the second day.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XII.

(1) Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 422.
(2) Longstreet, *Century Magazine*, February, 1887.
(3) Josephine Miller to author.
(4) Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 422.
(5) Berdan, Statement, *National Tribune*, 1886.
(6) Owen, "In Camp and Battle," p. 244.
(7) General Law, *Century Magazine*, December, 1886.
(8) General Hunt, *Century Magazine*, December, 1886.
(9) Colonel Sheffield, unpublished papers (War Department).
(10) Colonel Perry, unpublished papers (War Department).
(11) "Story of a Boy's Company," p. 139.
(12) General Warren to Porter Farley, *Rochester Democrat*, December 3, 1877.
(13) Porter Farley, *Rochester Democrat*, December 3, 1877.
(14) General McLaws to J. W. Baker, "History of the Ninth Massachusetts Battery '
(15) Major Bigelow, "History of the Ninth Massachusetts Battery."
(16) Idem.
(17) Colonel Herbert, Eighth Alabama, unpublished papers (War Department).
(18) General Walker, "History of the Second Corps," p. 283.
(19) McGinnis, Memorial Address, before First Minnesota Regiment.

CHAPTER XIII.

CEMETERY RIDGE.

WHAT next shall be done? is the great question ever confronting a general commanding an army. In battle he must be quick to decide. General Lee did not hesitate. He called no council of his officers, but acted on his own judgment. Stuart had arrived at last with the cavalry, after a long ride from Carlisle. A. P. Hill and Ewell had swept the First and Eleventh Union corps from their position on the first day. Longstreet had pushed the Third Corps from the Emmettsburg road, had all but gained Little Round Top, had compelled Meade to hurry a portion of the Twelfth Corps from Culp's Hill, which enabled Johnson's division of Ewell's corps to gain possession of a coveted position without fighting a battle. Johnson was where he could threaten Meade's right and rear, only a short distance from the Baltimore turnpike. Stuart had come down from the north, and was in the best possible position to act in concert with Johnson, and make havoc of Meade's trains. Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps had arrived from Cashtown. Johnson's and Pickett's troops were fresh, and so were Posey's and Mahone's brigades of Hill's corps, and Smith's, of Ewell's. Longstreet's success in pushing the Third Corps from the Emmettsburg road would enable him to plant all the artillery along that position, and pour a destructive fire upon the centre of Meade's line; and at the right moment he would hurl Pickett and Anderson upon that point, break through, and, in conjunction with Johnson's division on Culp's Hill and Stuart with the cavalry, make the rout of the Union army complete. That the plan of General Lee, who ordered Ewell to begin the attack at daylight. Johnson was reinforced by Daniel's and O'Neal's brigades.

Early in the morning General Lee rode to Longstreet's headquarters. "General," said Longstreet, "I have had my scouts out all night, and I find that you still have an excellent opportunity to move around to the right of Meade's army and manœuvre him into attacking us."(1)

"The enemy is there, and I am going to strike him," Lee replied, pointing towards Cemetery Hill.

"General, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers engaged in fights by couples, by squads, companies, regiments, divisions, and armies, and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no fifteen thousand men ever arrayed for battle can take that position."

General Lee entered upon no argument, but directed Longstreet to prepare Pickett's division for the attack. These Longstreet's words: "I should not have been so urgent had I not foreseen the hopelessness of the proposed assault. I felt that I must say a word against the sacrifice of my men; I felt that my motives were such that General Lee would or could not misconstrue them. I said no more, however, but turned away."

General Meade had been turning over the great question as to what should be done. Ought not the army to fall back to a stronger position, where, joined by reinforcements, it could make victory sure? In the first day's battle the First and Eleventh corps were cut to pieces. Thousands of stragglers had made their way towards Westminster and Taneytown. In the fight of the second day the Third Corps, small at the beginning, had suffered fearful loss. The Fifth Corps had made frightful sacrifice; the Second Corps had lost many men; the Sixth and Twelfth corps alone were fresh. General Meade held a consultation of his corps commanders. The majority were opposed to retreating. To retreat would be acknowledgment of defeat; the army was not defeated. If it had suffered great losses Lee's had been greater, so they reasoned.

I passed the night in a small house near Rock Creek, a short distance south of the turnpike. I did not know that I was within musket-shot of the extreme left of the Confederate line, with only the pickets between. I was early in the saddle, and found Ruger's division of the Twelfth Corps was lying in the pastures along the Baltimore turnpike. On the two hills south were three batteries of the Reserve Artillery, the cannon pointing north, to rain shells upon the woods where the Confederates were holding the Union breastworks, which they had seized in the night.

The clouds hung low upon the hills. It was a sultry morning. I heard two guns, deep and heavy, breaking the stillness; two more, and then the uproar began. They were Union cannon. General Meade had taken the offensive, determined to recover Culp's Hill. It was an announcement to General Lee that the Union army was to fight it out upon the spot; that, instead of being disheartened, it was about to put forth its aggressive strength.

Emerging from a grove, the scene burst upon me. The cemetery, Powers's Hill, and McAllister's Hill, south of the turnpike, were aflame, sending shells into the green wood north of the turnpike. There were a few musket-shots from the skirmishers in the woods upon the hill. Slocum's troops were preparing for the assault.

The four brigades which left Culp's Hill and went upon the double-quick towards Little Round Top at sunset returned to the Baltimore turnpike at eleven in the night, to find that the Confederates had quietly taken possession of the breastworks which they had constructed. There was a grim humor about it which the men of the Twelfth Corps did not relish, and which put them on their mettle.

Greene's brigade of Geary's division was holding the western slope of the hill; Kane's and Candy's brigades stood next in line; Ruger's division occupied the ground east to Rock Creek; Lockwood's brigade faced north, McDougall's north-west, Colgrove's west.

East of the creek Neill's brigade of the Sixth Corps held the left of the line. In the rear of Geary were Shaler's and Wheaton's brigades of the Sixth Corps.

General Ewell had no artillery in position to reply to the Union guns, and his troops, sheltered by the thick forest and the breastworks, suffered little from the cannonade. But an artillery fire long sustained is trying to the best-trained troops, though they have marched to victory under a leader like Stonewall Jackson.

Colonel Colgrove's brigade formed in a grove between the turnpike and Rock Creek, the Twenty-seventh Indiana on the right; then the Second Massachusetts. They were to charge across the marshy lowland and the brook which winds through it, to strike the left of the Confederate line. It was but a few rods; five minutes would suffice to carry them across the meadow. The signal was given, and they moved on. There came a volley. Men dropped, but the living went forward upon the run.

Five minutes, and the remnant drifted back—broken, shattered.

On a granite bowlder near the eastern edge of the meadow stands a tablet erected by the survivors of the Second Massachusetts. Thus it reads: "From the hill behind this monument, on the morning of July 3, 1863, the Second Massachusetts Infantry made an assault upon the Confederate troops in the works at the base of Culp's Hill, opposite. The regiment carried into the charge twenty-two officers and two hundred and ninety-four enlisted men. It lost four officers and forty-one enlisted men killed, and six officers and eighty-four enlisted men wounded."

Back over the meadow they retreated, followed by the exultant Confederates; but they reformed amid the trees, faced about, and strewed the ground with Confederate dead by their deliberate volleys.

Johnson was just ready to advance when Slocum began the assault. Had the Union army waited a few minutes, the struggle would have been along the Baltimore pike, instead of in the woods and along the bowlders on Culp's Hill. Johnson could not, from the nature of the ground, bring forward his artillery, and after the first cannonade by the Union batteries the battle was wholly by the infantry.

From seven o'clock till eleven there was a ceaseless tempest, wholly in the woods, for the possession of the breastworks, men firing from behind trees and bowlders. The oaks were pitted with bullets. Gradually the Confederates were pushed back, losing at last, in a charge by the Union troops, three stands of colors and five hundred prisoners, besides more than two thousand killed and wounded. At eleven o'clock the Union line was intact once more, holding the ground from Culp's Hill to Cemetery Hill, and thence to the summit of Great Round Top, with breastworks nearly the entire distance. Through the night and morning the soldiers had been at work with shovels and axes, and the line was stronger than ever.

Lee has one division (Pickett's, of Longstreet's corps) which had taken no part in the battle. The troops had arrived from Chambersburg. They were eager to take part in the struggle. Anderson's division of Hill's corps was comparatively fresh, having taken but little part since the afternoon of the first day. With such a body, numbering about fifteen thousand men, he would strike the last great blow.

The Union signal-officer on Round Top, looking westward over fields and groves, could see the Confederate troops gathering in the woods south of the seminary. He caught glimpses of batteries coming into position.

The cemetery ridge south of Zeigler's Grove is lower than the ground by Codori's house. General Lee confidently believed that he could open fire with all his artillery upon the Union lines from an assaulting column in the woods west of Codori's house; that when the Union line had been demoralized by the cannonade he could sweep the troops across the field west of the Emmettsburg road, hurl them like a thunder-bolt upon the Union troops south of Zeigler's Grove, divide Meade's line at the centre, folding the two halves back—one upon Little Round Top, the other upon Culp's Hill—as he would open two folding-doors, thus winning the victory—a single crushing blow. At the same moment he would have Stuart with the cavalry gain the rear of the Union army, east of Culp's Hill, fall upon Meade's wagons, and make the rout complete.

I was at Meade's headquarters when an officer came from Cemetery Hill with a message from General Howard that the Confederate cavalry could be seen moving eastward. The divisions of Union cavalry, Gregg's and Kilpatrick's, were by Rock Creek, near the Baltimore turnpike, watering their horses. It was past eleven o'clock when a messenger rode down with an order for Gregg to go out and meet Stuart, and for Kilpatrick to go south of Round Top and fall upon the extreme right of Longstreet.

"Bugler, blow your horn! Come on, boys!" said Kilpatrick. The clear notes of the cornet rang out, and Kilpatrick's division turned south. I joined General Gregg's division, which went upon a trot down the turnpike a short distance, then north-east through the fields and pastures. We soon came in sight of the Confederate cavalry.

Gregg had three regiments of McIntosh's brigade, Costar's and Irvin Gregg's brigades, Randol's and Pennington's batteries—almost five thousand men.

Stuart had Thompson's, W. H. F. Lee's, Fitz-Hugh Lee's, and Jenkins's brigades—nearly seven thousand.

A road runs north from the Baltimore pike, and crosses the Bonnaughtown road, and is known as the Low Dutch, or Salem Church road. The house of Mr. Reeves stands at the crossing.

A portion of the Confederates had come down into the field, but after a few cannon-shot they fell back. Thinking that there might not be an immediate engagement, I rode to a large farm-house, where I found a woman and her four daughters hard at work baking bread for the soldiers. I was at the dinner-table when one of the daughters came in, exclaiming that the Confederates were coming. Stepping to the door, I saw a regiment wheeling into line in the field but a short distance from the monument which now marks the scene of the conflict. My horse was eating his oats in the door-yard, and I had not finished my own dinner. The Confederates might be sweeping down upon the house, but I was a citizen, and they probably would not molest me. Besides, the Union cavalry were forming to confront them, so, standing upon the flank of both Union and Confederate, I saw the rush — the gleaming of sabres, the carbines' flashes, pistol-shots, horses leaping and plunging, riders going down, and the retreat of the Confederates to the field north of Mr. Rummel's house. For a time there was inaction; Gregg was standing on the defensive. He was to keep Stuart from gaining the Baltimore turnpike.

Thinking that there might not be any serious engagement, I left the cavalry and rode towards the cemetery once more, for a cannonade was going on, mingled with a rippling of musketry. West of the Emmettsburg road, between Codori's house and the seminary, stood the farm-house of Mr. Bliss, who had a large barn, the lower story of which was of brick. The Confederate skirmishers had used it on the morning of the second, but had been driven out by the Twelfth New Jersey; but they were again in the barn, firing from the windows, picking off the Union troops. The batteries in the cemetery sent shells and solid shot into the building, but the Confederates crouched beneath the brick walls and still remained. The Fourteenth Connecticut, of Smyth's brigade, was detailed to drive them out. Eight companies went down through the field. Men began to drop. "Scatter and run!" was the order shouted by General Hays, commanding the division. The ranks divided and rushed on, and drove out the Confederates; but they rallied in the orchard, and others came to assist them. It was an engagement to see which should have possession of the premises. General Hays determined to settle the matter. The Confederates saw an officer riding down from the Union line. The sharp-shooters aimed at him, bullets sang about his ears, but he kept straight on.

"General Hays orders that you set the buildings on fire," he shouted to the officer commanding the Connecticut men, then turned and rode back, the bullets spinning past him. He reached the crest of the ridge, raised his hat and saluted the Confederates, who, admiring his coolness and bravery, sent out a hearty cheer. It was Captain Postles, of the First Delaware. A moment later the flames were rising from the house and barn, and adding another feature to the lurid scene.

Indications pointed to a renewal of battle on the part of the Confederates, and every Union officer was on the alert—especially along the ridge between Zeigler's Grove and Little Round Top, the point where the attack was likely to be made. Robinson's division of the First Corps was in the grove. Then came Hays's division of the Second Corps, the front line along a low stone wall, the second line east of the crest of the ridge. Beyond Hays's division was Gibbon's, behind a rail fence. The soldiers had taken down the rails, laid them in a pile, and through the forenoon had scooped a shallow trench, in which they were lying. A small copse of scrubby oaks marked the position. Three regiments of Stannard's Vermont Brigade were in front of the main line, around a copse of trees and tangled vines.

The troops selected by General Lee to make the attack, or to co-operate in it, were Hill's corps and Pickett's division of Longstreet's—in all, twenty-one brigades, under the direction of Longstreet, that there might be united action under one commander. Pickett's, Anderson's, and Heth's divisions were to lead in the assault, to be supported by Pender's, Trimble's, and Rodes's divisions. To insure success the troops were to advance in a column or lines of brigades. On the right of the line in front was

Kemper's brigade, with Armistead in the second line; then Garnet and Scales, Archer and Field, Lane and Pettigrew; to be followed on the right by Wilcox and Perry, in the centre by Wright, on the left by Posey and McGowan, Thomas's and Rodes's divisions of Ewell's corps.

General Armistead was riding along his brigade, and came to the Fifty-third Virginia, and called out Robert Tyler, the seventeen-year-old grandson of President Tyler, who carried the colors.

"Do you see those breastworks over yonder?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want you to plant that flag on them."

"General, I will do it or die," said the boy.(²)

Colonel Alexander through the morning had been arranging the Confederate artillery. He had seventy-five cannon at the peach orchard and vicinity, and along the woods behind Hill's troops sixty-three more—one hundred and thirty-eight—which were to fire directly upon the cemetery and the ridge south of it.(³) When the infantry brigades were all in position ready to advance, General Longstreet was to fire two cannon as the signal for the opening of the cannonade, which it was supposed would silence the Union artillery, and so demoralize the Union troops that Pickett and Anderson would sweep all before them.

General Hunt, commanding the Union artillery, was arranging his batteries. This his account:

"Compactly arranged on the crest of the ridge was McGilvery's artillery—forty-one guns. Well to the right, in front of Hays and Gibbon, was the artillery of the Second Corps, under its chief, Captain Hazard. Woodruff's battery was in Zeigler's Grove; on his left, in succession, Arnold's Rhode Island, Cushing's United States, Brown's Rhode Island, and Rorty's New York; total number in the corps, twenty-six. Daniel's battery of horse artillery, four guns, was between McGilvery and Hazard. In addition, some of the guns on Cemetery Hill, and Rittenhouse's battery, on Little Round Top, could be brought to bear; but these were offset by batteries similarly placed on the flanks of the enemy, so that in the Second Corps line, within the space of a mile, were seventy-one guns to oppose nearly one hundred and fifty. They were on an open crest, plainly visible from all parts of the line." . . .(⁴)

This the scene at eleven o'clock:

"Our whole front for two miles was covered by (Confederate) batteries already in line or going into position. They stretched, apparently in one unbroken mass, from opposite the town to the peach orchard, which bounded the view to the left, the ridges of which were planted thick with cannon. Never before had such a sight been witnessed on this continent, and rarely, if ever, abroad. What did it mean? It might possibly be to hold that line while its infantry was sent to aid Ewell, or to guard against a counter-stroke from us; but it most probably meant an assault on our centre, to be preceded by a cannonade in order to crush our batteries and shake our infantry—at least to cause us to exhaust our ammunition in reply, so that the assaulting troops might pass in good condition over the half-mile of open ground which was beyond our effective musketry fire."

General Hunt believed that it was to be a direct assault by a body of troops concealed in the woods south of the seminary, and made arrangements to meet it. These his instructions:

"Beginning at the right, I instructed the chiefs of artillery and battery commanders to withhold their fire for fifteen or twenty minutes after the cannonade commenced, then to concentrate their fire, with all possible accuracy, on those batteries which were most destructive to us, but slowly, so that when the enemy's ammunition was exhausted, we should have sufficient left to meet the assault."

Neither General Hunt nor General Meade issued any orders to the Union artillery to prevent the Confederate artillery from coming into position. "The enemy, conscious of the strength of his position, simply sat still and waited for us," writes Colonel Alexander, of the Confederate artillery.

General Longstreet did not approve of the contemplated attack, and was greatly depressed in spirits.(6) His troops were to make what he believed to be a hopeless charge; that they would be sacrificed with nothing gained, and that he would be obliged to issue the order. He could not do it, and at noon sent this note to Colonel Alexander:

"COLONEL,—If the artillery fire does not have the effect to drive off the enemy or greatly demoralize him, so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer that you should not advise General Pickett to make the charge. I shall rely greatly on your good judgment to determine the matter, and shall expect you to let General Pickett know when the moment offers."

It was a startling note, and Colonel Alexander, who shrank from taking such a responsibility, sent this reply:

"I will not be able to judge of the effect of our fire on the enemy except by his return fire, for his infantry is but little exposed to view, and the smoke will obscure the whole field. If, as I infer from your note, there is any alternative to this attack, it should be carefully considered

ATTACK OF PICKETT'S AND ANDERSON'S DIVISIONS.

before opening our fire, for it will take all the artillery ammunition we have left to test this one thoroughly, and if the result is unfavorable we will have none left for another effort. And even if this is entirely successful, it can only be so at a very bloody cost."

Colonel Alexander a few moments later received a reply from Longstreet:

"The intention is to advance the infantry if the artillery has the desired effect of driving the enemy's off, or having other effect such as to warrant us in making the attack. When the moment arrives, advise General Pickett, and of course advance such artillery as you can use in aiding the attack."

General Wright, who was in the attack on the evening of the second, was with Colonel Alexander, and read the notes.

"It is not so hard to *go there* as it looks; I was nearly there with my brigade yesterday. The trouble is to stay there. The whole Yankee army is there in a bunch."(6)

Colonel Alexander rode to General Pickett, and found that he was sanguine as to the result. He and his troops were in the best of spirits. They had been resting after their march of the morning. They had heard of the success of Hill's and Ewell's troops on the first day, and how Longstreet and McLaws had driven the Union troops from the peach orchard and the Emmettsburg road, and it was left for them, with the aid of Hill's troops, to complete the victory, and win the great decisive battle which would give the Confederacy a place among the nations. Not a man doubted it. General Pickett was so certain as to what the result would be that Colonel Alexander determined there should be no indecision on his part. This the note which he sent to Longstreet: "When our artillery fire is at its best, I shall order Pickett to charge."

I had nearly reached Meade's headquarters from the position occupied by the cavalry, when I heard two cannon—the guns agreed upon as the signal on the part of the Confederate artillery. My watch, set to Washington time, pointed to five minutes past one.

The guns were fired by Lieutenant Brown's section of the First Company of Washington Artillery.(7) Instantly from below the peach orchard, northward to the Theological Seminary, from Benner's Hill, north-east of Gettysburg, not only from the one hundred and thirty-eight cannon which Alexander had arranged, but from Ewell's guns, more than one hundred and fifty in all, came solid shot and shells. The air seemed to be full of missiles. A moment later there came a crash from the Union artillery—all the batteries—those on Little Round Top, along the ridge, in the cemetery, round to the western slope of Culp's Hill. The instructions of General Hunt were for the batteries to wait a little while before replying, but flesh and blood could not wait. Nor can I see that anything would have been gained by waiting. The Confederate fire from the outset was destructive, and equally damaging was that of the Union cannon. This the record of Colonel Alexander:

"In a minute every gun was at work. The enemy were not slow in coming back on us, and the grand roar of nearly the whole artillery of both armies burst in on the silence almost as suddenly as the full notes of an organ could fill a church. . . . The enemy's position seemed to have broken out with guns everywhere, and from Round Top to Cemetery Hill was blazing like a volcano. The air seemed full of missiles from every direction."

A Confederate shell exploding in the cemetery killed or wounded twenty-seven men. General Meade's headquarters were directly in the line of fire from the one hundred and thirty-eight Confederate cannon. Solid shot tore through the house. Shells exploded in the door-yard, wounding horses, cutting down the peach-trees, ripping open bags of oats, sending General Meade, his staff, and the newspaper correspondents for shelter elsewhere—General Meade into the woods eastward, where his headquarters flag was stuck in the ground beside a huge bowlder. Not that General Meade attempted to screen himself or staff, but to prudently find a place less exposed than the cottage of Mrs. Leister, whose roof could be plainly seen by the Confederates at the peach orchard. One hundred missiles a minute swept across the ridge, crashing through baggage-wagons, ambulances, exploding caissons, and adding confusion and horror to the scene.

A soldier lying on the ground not far from me is suddenly whirled into the air. I hear the whir of the approaching shell; the next moment the living form is a mass of mangled flesh, broken bones, and streaming blood.

For nearly an hour the terrible storm howls and rages, and then there comes a sudden silence on the part of the Union guns.

General Hunt, comprehending the intention of Lee that the cannonade was to be followed by an advance, wishing to have a supply of ammunition at the decisive moment, directed the batteries to cease firing. The gunners throw themselves upon the ground beside their pieces.

General Longstreet was with General Pickett. A courier came with a note from Colonel Alexander to Pickett, written five minutes before the Union artillery ceased:

"If you are coming at all you must come at once, or I cannot give you proper support; but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all—at least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself,"(8) read the note. Five minutes passed, and the brazen lips of all the Union cannon were silent, and the guns in the cemetery limbered up and disappeared.

"If he does not run up fresh batteries in five minutes this is our fight," says Colonel Alexander, who is looking through his glass towards the cemetery, where he can see the ground thickly strewn with dead horses and men. The five minutes pass; no batteries come to take the place of those which had disappeared. The Confederate artillery has not ceased, but the cannon are firing with greater vigor, now that no answering shot comes from the cemetery ridge.

Colonel Alexander does not know that Major Osborne, commanding the Union guns in the cemetery, is only biding his time; that his batteries are resting behind the cemetery; that in a twinkling they will be flaming again. He does not mistrust that General Hunt has anticipated just what the Confederate movement is to be; that the tempest will be more terrific than ever when the time comes for action.

Colonel Alexander shuts his glass, and writes once more:

"For God's sake come quick. The eighteen minutes are gone; come quick, or my ammunition won't let me support you properly."

The messenger hands it to Pickett, who reads it and passes it to Longstreet.

"Shall I advance?"(9)

No word in reply; only a bow from Longstreet, as he mounts his horse.

"I shall lead my division forward, sir."

Longstreet makes no reply, but rides away.

This the scene of the moment, as given by a Confederate:

"While Longstreet was still speaking, Pickett's division swept out of the wood, and showed the full length of its gray ranks and shining bayonets, as grand a sight as ever man looked on. Joining it on the left, Pettigrew stretched farther than I could see. Gen. Dick Garnett, just out of a sick-ambulance, and buttoned up in an old blue overcoat, riding at the head of his brigade, passed us and saluted Longstreet."(10)

At the moment, I was near the cemetery and heard a chorus of voices saying, "There they come!" Up from the ground sprang the cannoneers, who ran their guns forward into position and began to fire. At the same moment the cannon on Little Round Top broke the silence. The Union cannon along the ridge were still dumb. Their time had not come. The Confederate cannon ceased, to enable the infantry to advance, but after the troops had moved on, renewed their fire.

Up in the cemetery, General Howard, watching the advancing Confederates, turned to Major Osborne, commanding the artillery, and said, "The Second Corps and the artillery will take care of the assaulting column; concentrate your fire upon their supports;"(11) and the cemetery cannon opened a destructive enfilading fire upon the troops which General Lee intended should drive home the wedge which Pickett, Anderson, and Heth were to insert in the Union line.

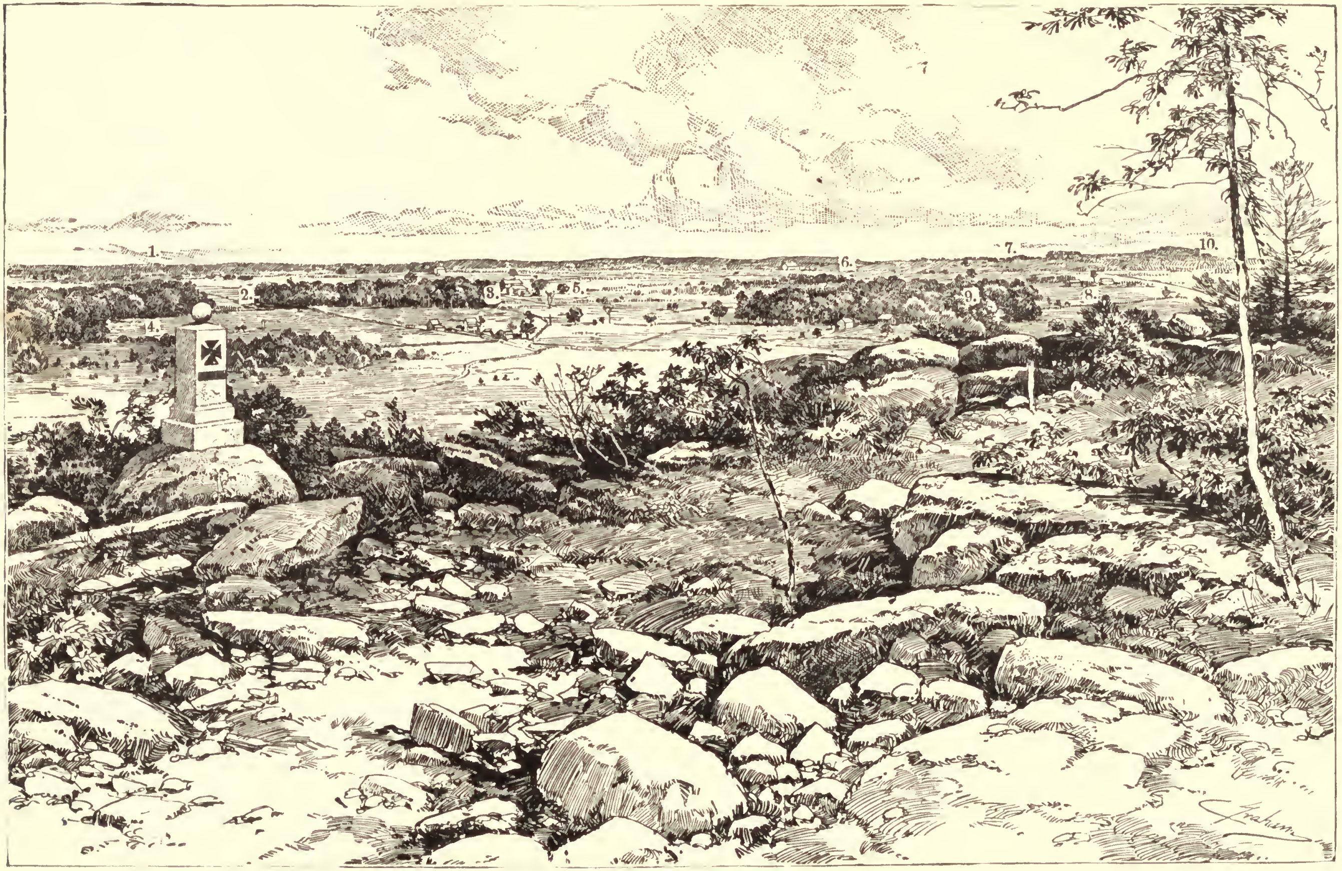
The front line of the Confederates reaches the Emmettsburg road, the Union pickets falling back, to be out of the line of fire which they know will soon open. There is an ominous silence along Cemetery Ridge. Says Hancock in his account: "The column pressed on, coming within musketry range, our men evincing a striking disposition to withhold their fire until it could be delivered with deadly effect."

The Confederates are crossing the road north of Codori's house, when the cannon on the ridge open upon them. They descend the gentle slope, and then comes the first roll of musketry from the two Vermont regiments thrown out in front of the main line, sending an oblique fire upon Kemper, who moves on to strike the Second Corps. The Confederates are between the road and the low stone wall behind which Gibbon's and Hays's troops are lying, when the first hot blast from the front bursts upon them. They come to a halt and return the fire—loading, firing, again advancing. Garnett falls dead; Kemper goes down wounded; Armistead, gray-haired — the only general officer of the division after Pickett—waves his sword. "Come on, boys!" he shouts, and they rush on towards the wall—he to fall mortally wounded.(12)

The supporting brigades on the left at this moment were coming within canister range, and the double-shotted cannon in the cemetery were cutting them to pieces, the howitzers firing twice in sixty seconds — a death-tempest so pitiless that the brigades melted away as the snow-flake in the running stream, the regiments breaking and disappearing. Officers tried to rally them, but in vain. "Pickett galloped down and implored them to rally, but they were panic-stricken, and no effort could induce them to form anew while under that terrific storm of fire," writes a Confederate officer.(13)

Note to Second Day's Engagement.

1. Sherfy's house and peach orchard.
2. Position of Fifth and Ninth Massachusetts batteries.
3. Trostle's house.
4. Wheat-field, and right of Ward's brigade.
5. Peter Rogers's house.
6. Codori's house and barn. Humphreys's division extended from this point along the Emmettsburg road, past Rogers's house.



VIEW FROM LITTLE ROUND TOP.

From a photograph taken in 1886. The view is from the position occupied by Vincent's brigade and Hazlett's battery, and by the author up to their arrival, July 2d.

7. Cemetery Hill.

8. Where McGilvery massed his guns. The line selected by General Sickles extended from Codori's south to Sherfy's orchard, figure 1; then to figure 2, where it crossed the road. Burling's brigade in part occupied the wood to the left of figure 2; Winslow's battery was at figure 4; Ward's brigade extended through the woods to the left, to the Devil's Den, not seen in the view. On the Union side, Birney's division of the Third Corps, the Fifth Corps, and Caldwell's division of the Second Corps, fought to the left of figures 2–

On the Confederate side were Hood's and McLaws's divisions of Longstreet's corp. Hood's movement was to gain Little Round Top. The retreat of the Union troops was across the ground between Little Round Top and Trostle's house, back to figure 8. Kershaw's Confederate brigade advanced through the woods to the left of figure 3; Barksdale advanced between figures 3 and 5; Wilcox's and the other brigades of Hill's corps, under figure 6.

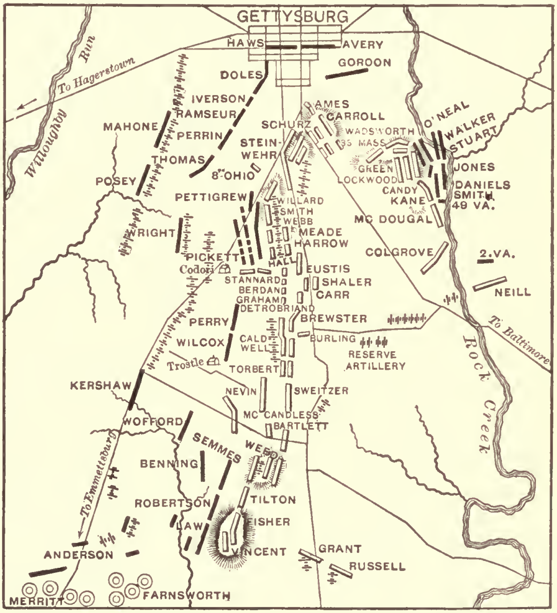
Willard's brigade of the Second Corps and the First Minnesota Regiment advanced from the position between figures 7 and 8, drove the Confederates to figure 6, and recaptured the Union cannon left in the retreat.

Note to Third Day's Engagement.

The Union line extended from Little Round Top to figure 7. Stannard's brigade was in advance of the main line, at figure 9; the advance of Pickett and Anderson was from figures 1, 3, 5, and 6, across the open field between figures 5 and 6; Pickett crossed the road between figures 6 and 7; Wilcox, who was in the rear of Pickett, crossed the road between figures 5 and 6. The third Confederate line was in the open field between figures 5 and 6, and was cut to pieces by the cannon on Little Round Top and those on Cemetery Hill, figure 7.

When Pickett reached the stone wall between figures 7 and 8, Stannard's brigade at figure 9 made its flank movement northward towards figure 7, the farthest point reached by the Confederates.

10 is Culp's Hill, the extreme left of the Union line.



POSITION OF TROOPS THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

The brigades of Pickett are up to the stone wall, pouring their volleys into the faces of the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania of Webb's brigade, which are pushed back by Armistead's men, Robert Tyler, true to his promise, planting his colors on the wall. All of the guards are killed, the colors are shot to pieces. A bullet tears through Tyler's shoulder, and he and the flag go down together. He tries to rise, but a second bullet inflicts a mortal wound.(14)

The Confederates rush up to the muzzles of Cushing's cannon. Cushing fires his last shot and falls dead beside his guns. There is a desperate struggle—the bayonet-thrust, pistol-shot, clubbing of muskets, men summoning all their strength into a supreme effort. Hancock is everywhere along the line.(15) "Strike them in flank!" he shouts to Stannard; and the Vermonters make a half-wheel to the right, march north, and deliver their volleys.

"Where shall we go in?" Colonel Devereux, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, of Hall's brigade, in the second line, puts the question. "There!" Hancock points to the gap by Cushing's guns, and the regiments of the brigade rush forward to throw themselves into the breach.(16)

From right and left the brigades of the Second Corps press in. The two Pennsylvania regiments, which were pushed from the wall, have not fled, but have rallied behind the crest. Smyth's brigade is confronting Pettigrew, while Harrow's brigade comes from the left, and the Eighth Ohio, which has been on the picket line, closes in upon his flank. In the mêlée, uproar, confusion, and carnage, amid the roar of cannon, rolls of musketry, explosion of shells, whirring of canister and musket-balls, amid yells and oaths and curses, brave deeds are done by Confederate and Union alike. There is an utter disregard of life—men in blue and men in gray are animated by one thought only—to conquer.

Fifteen minutes! it seems an hour. When General Pickett looks round for his supports they are not there to fold back the door which he has opened, and which has already closed again. The cannon of the cemetery have decimated the supporting brigades on the left, while Wilcox and Perry, who were to have come up on the right, are just starting from their positions west of the Emmettsburg road, not to follow up his attack, but through some misdirection to make an independent and futile movement south of Codori's house.

The Confederates along the stone wall see that no help is at hand, that to attempt to retreat will be almost certain death, and four thousand five hundred throw down their arms and rush into the Union lines, while those farther out upon the field seek safety in flight. Then from Little Round Top to Cemetery Hill rises a mighty chorus of voices shouting the pæan of victory.

Says Longstreet, "When the smoke cleared away, Pickett's division was gone. Nearly two-thirds of his men lay dead on the field, and the survivors were sullenly retreating down the hill. In a half hour the contested field was cleared, and the battle of Gettysburg was over."(17)

It was a feeble movement made by Wilcox and Perry—repulsed easily by McGilvery's guns—not made till too late to have any effect, for the battle had already been decided.

Lieutenant-colonel Freemantle, of the British Army, was riding at the moment through the woods to Longstreet's position. This his account:

"When I got close up to General Longstreet, I saw one of his regiments advancing through the woods in good order; so, thinking I was just in time to see the attack, I remarked to the general that 'I wouldn't have missed this for anything.' Longstreet was seated on the top of a snake-fence, in the edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed. He replied, 'The devil you wouldn't! I would like to have missed it very much; we've attacked and been repulsed. Look there!'

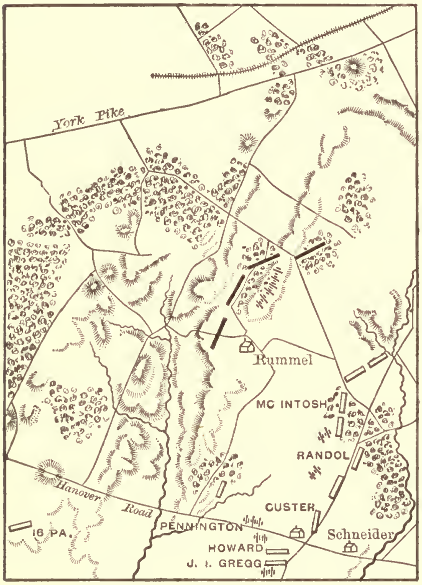
"For the first time I then had a view of the open space between the two positions, and saw it covered with Confederates slowly and sulkily returning towards us in small broken parties. . . .

"I remember seeing a general (Pettigrew, I think it was) come up to him and report that he was unable to bring his men up again. Longstreet turned upon him and replied with some sarcasm, 'Very well, never mind, then, general; just let them remain where they are. The enemy is going to advance, and will spare you the trouble.'. . .

"Soon afterwards I joined General Lee, who had in the mean while come to the front, on becoming aware of the disaster. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the troops. . . . He was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as, 'All this will come right in the end; we will talk it over afterwards, but in the mean time all good men must rally. We want all good men and true men just now,' etc. . . . He said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, colonel, a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories.' . . . I saw General Wilcox (an officer who wears a short round jacket and a battered straw hat) come up to him, and explain, almost crying, the state of his brigade. General Lee immediately shook hands with him, and said, cheerfully, 'Never mind, general. All this has been my fault—it is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it in the best way you can.'"(18)

The conflict had ceased in Codori's fields, but south of Round Top and out on Rummel's farm the cavalry were still engaged. The cavalry south of Round Top advanced resolutely, with two objects in view—the capture of some of Longstreet's trains, and a diversion which would prevent Longstreet from advancing once more against Little Round Top. Merritt's brigade deployed on the left, and attacked G. B. Anderson's Georgia Brigade, supported by two batteries. Farnsworth's brigade deployed on the right, next to Round Top, charged upon Backman's battery, and came near capturing it; but the Ninth Georgia Regiment, behind a stone wall, fired a volley by which Farnsworth was mortally wounded and his troops repulsed with much loss. It was cavalry attacking infantry, with the advantage pretty much on the side of the Confederates.

I had supposed the cavalry engagement ended when I rode back from the vicinity of Rummel's farm at one o'clock, but the great engagement between Stuart and Gregg did not begin till near the close of the cannonade preceding Pickett's charge. Stuart had placed himself in position to make the rout of the Union army complete, which it was confidently believed would be inaugurated by the assault of Hill's and Pickett's troops.



CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT—THIRD DAY.

It was two o'clock when the First New Jersey Regiment advanced northward across a level field towards Mr. Rummel's house, to discover if any Confederates were in that direction, when out from Rummel's barn swarmed a strong body of dismounted Confederates, and the carbines began to rattle. A Confederate battery came galloping to the edge of the woods at the top of the hill north of Rummel's house, sending its shells across the field. Randol's Union battery replied.

There was brave fighting between men of the North and men of the South, Gregg holding his chosen ground and warding off every effort of Stuart. Union and Confederate alike could look across the intervening woodlands and see Cemetery Hill, Little Round Top, and the connecting ridge enveloped in smoke. They heard the rolls of musketry, and then the dying away of the battle. There was no rout of troops—no men in blue fleeing panic-stricken down the Baltimore turnpike. Possibly it nerved Stuart, and especially Hampton, to do something, if possible, to retrieve the waning fortune of the hour, for the charge of Hampton's brigade was bold and furious; but it was met and resisted. The sun was going down. The last blow had been struck, the Confederate troops fell back, and silence settled over all the scene. The battle of Gettysburg had been fought and lost by General Lee. More than twenty thousand Confederates had been killed, wounded, or taken as prisoners. The Union army had lost nearly as many.

Although the troops under Pickett had reached the ridge at one point, the entire Sixth Corps of the Union army, which had taken no part in the contest, together with the Third and Fifth corps, were in position to fall upon them; and the supports which General Lee had arranged, even if the brigades had advanced with Pickett, would have been cut to pieces. Longstreet, from his observation during the second day's engagement, had best comprehended the situation, and correctly judged that the movement would result in disaster.

It was a night of gloom and despondency in the Confederate army. During the three days' engagements nearly every regiment had taken part —the losses had been frightful. The Union army, which had been regarded with contempt, had defeated them. The confident expectation of victory which had inspired them all the way from Fredericksburg had suddenly given place to a consciousness that the great battle which they had counted on as a crowning victory had resulted in defeat. "These considerations made it to us one of those solemn and awful nights that any one who fought through our long war sometimes experienced before a great battle," are the words of a Confederate general.(19) The soldiers of both armies expected that with the rising sun the conflict would be renewed.

General Lee through the evening was turning over once more, as he never before had turned it, the great question of what to do. Fight another battle? Impossible; his ammunition was nearly gone. He must return to Virginia. With his large comprehension, in that hour of gloom it is not unlikely he saw that Gettysburg was the beginning of the end of the Confederacy. He was in consultation with A. P. Hill, examining maps by the flickering light of a candle. At one o'clock in the morning he came riding slowly to his own tent.

A Confederate officer, who had been directed to wait for him, has pictured the scene:

"There was not even a sentinel on duty, and no one of his staff was about. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a flood of soft silvery light, almost as bright as day, upon the scene. When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reined in his horse, and essayed to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him he had alighted. He threw his arm across the saddle to rest himself, and fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse. The moon shone fully upon his massive features, and revealed an expression of sadness I had never seen upon that fine countenance before in any of the vicissitudes of the war through which he had passed. . . .

"'General, this has been a hard day on you.'

"This attracted his attention. He looked up, and replied, mournfully,

"'Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us,' and immediately relapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude. After a minute or two he suddenly straightened up to his full height, and turning to me with more animation, energy, and excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, addressed me in a voice tremulous with emotion, and said,

"'General, I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division of Virginians did to-day in their grand charge. And if they had been supported, as they were to have been, but for some reason not yet fully explained to me they were not, we would have held the position they so gloriously won at such a fearful loss of noble lives, and the day would have been ours.' After a moment he added, in a tone almost of agony, 'Too bad! *Too bad!* Too BAD!'"(20)

While yet the Confederates of Pickett's division who threw down their arms were rushing into the Union lines, I went down to the scene of the final conflict. Men in blue and men in gray, who had fired their muskets into one another's faces—so near that the powder had burned their clothing—were lying under the muzzles of Cushing's guns. The field between the stone wall and Codori's was very thickly strewn with prostrate forms—the dead of the second day's engagement, together with those that had gone down in the strife just ended. The wounded were calling for help, and already the hospital corps was upon the field, bringing Union and Confederate alike to the surgeons. Measure off a half mile in width, from Codori's to the crest of the ridge, extend the line south one mile to Rose's house and the wheat-field, and you have a plot of ground on which, during the second and third day's engagement, more than fifteen thousand men were killed or wounded. Through the evening I surveyed the scene, walked amid the dead, beholding their faces in the moonlight — forms motionless evermore, life gone out. I thought of desolate homes North and South; of wife, mother, sister, or aged father, who would listen for footsteps which never would again be heard. Why such carnage of human life? Not personal hate; not obedience to autocrat or king, but the conflict between liberty and slavery, two eternally antagonistic, irreconcilable forms of society. Standing there, the conviction came that the slave power had wielded its mightiest blow; that when the remnants of Pickett's brigades drifted back across Codori's fields, it was the beginning of the ebb tide of the Confederacy.

It was nearly midnight when I rode up to General Meade's headquarters, in a grove east of the Taneytown road. General Meade was sitting on a great flat bowlder, listening to reports brought in by couriers. It was a scene which lives in memory. The evening breeze was gently rustling the green leaves over our heads, the katydids were singing cheerily. Around were bivouac-fires, where soldiers were sitting, talking of the events of the day, and pointing to the trees shattered by cannon-shot. Corps commanders were there, Howard, Sykes, Sedgwick, Pleasonton of the cavalry, Hunt of the artillery. General Meade had laid aside his slouched felt hat, that the breeze might fan his brow.

"Order up rations and ammunition," he said to his chief of staff.

"Let your limbers and caissons be refilled. Lee may be up to something in the morning, and we must be ready for him," his words to General Hunt.

A band near by struck up "Hail to the Chief," "Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle." The soldiers listened and responded with a cheer.

The morning of July 4th dawned—anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States—the birth of the nation. From Cemetery Hill I could see with my glass the white canvas tops of army wagons and ambulances far away in the south-west moving towards the mountains. Were the Confederates retreating, or was it only the removal of the wounded? The Confederate pickets were still along the fields west of the Emmettsburg road, exchanging shots with the Union videttes. The day passed with no aggressive movement by either army. Lee was improving the time sending his trains southward. Another day, and he had disappeared and was making his way to the Potomac. The Union army could not follow him with much hope of success, for in the mountain-passes a brigade could hold a division at bay. General Meade lingered at Gettysburg when he should have been on the march. The cavalry under Kilpatrick and Gregg crossed the mountains, reached Hagerstown and Williamsport in advance of Stuart, fell upon a wagon-train, captured several hundred prisoners, and burned the train. The pontoons which Lee had left at Falling Waters had been destroyed on the second day of the battle by some Union cavalry sent by General French. Rain was falling, and the Potomac rising. Troops were hastening from all quarters to make good the losses of the battle. The Union army marched cautiously. General Meade was undecided as to what he ought to do. General Lee reached the Potomac, where he received a supply of ammunition. His provisions were running low. He threw up intrenchments, collected canal-boats, tore down houses, reconstructed a pontoon-bridge, and when Meade, after much unaccountable delay, was ready to attack, the Confederate army was once more in Virginia, with the exception of Pettigrew's brigade, which Kilpatrick overtook at Falling Waters, the cavalrymen charging up a hill, with two cannon hurling canister in their faces, with muskets flashing, horses and men going down, but the men of Michigan in the saddle closed around the Confederates, cut off their retreat, and captured nearly nine hundred prisoners.

The invasion of the North was over; the great battle which was to bring about the independence of the Confederacy, its recognition as a nation by France and England, had been fought and lost.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIII.

(1) General Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 427.
(2) Captain Harwood, "Virginia Fifty-third."
(3) Colonel Alexander, *Century Magazine*, January, 1887.
(4) General Hunt, *Century Magazine*, January, 1887.
(5) General Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 431.
(6) Colonel Alexander, *Century Magazine*, January, 1887.
(7) Captain Owen, "In Camp and Battle," p. 253.
(8) Colonel Alexander, *Century Magazine*, January, 1887.
(9) General Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 430.
(10) Colonel Alexander, *Century Magazine*, January, 1887.
(11) General Howard and Major Osborn to author.
(12) Captain Harwood, "Virginia Fifty-third."
(13) Captain Owen, "In Camp and Battle," p. 251.
(14) Captain Harwood, "Virginia Fifty-third."
(15) General Stannard to author.
(16) Hancock's account.
(17) General Longstreet, "Annals of the War," p. 431.
(18) *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1863.
(19) General Imboden, *Galaxy Magazine*, April, 1871.
(20) Idem.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD FLAG ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

NEVER had there been such a night in Vicksburg as that of Sunday, May 17th, when the Confederate troops, commanded by Pemberton, came into the city after their defeat at Champion Hills and Big Black River. A woman who was in the city through the siege that followed wrote this in her diary :

"*May* 17*th*.—Hardly was our scanty breakfast over this morning when a hurried ring brought us to the door, and there stood —— in high excitement. 'Well, they are upon us; the Yankees will be here this evening.' 'What do you mean?' 'That Pemberton has been whipped at Baker's Creek and Big Black, and his army is running back here as fast as they can come, and the Yanks are after them in such numbers that nothing can stop them. Hasn't Pemberton acted like a fool?' 'He may not be the only one to blame.' 'I hear you can't see the armies for the dust; never was anything known like it.' About three o'clock the rush began. I

PEMBERTON'S HEADQUARTERS, VICKSBURG.

shall never forget that woful sight of a beaten, demoralized army that came rushing back—humanity in the last throes of endurance. Wan, hollow-eyed, ragged, foot-sore, bloody, the men limped along, unarmed, but followed by siege-guns, ambulances, gun-carriages, and wagons in aimless confusion."(1)

"Many of the troops," says a Confederate writer in Vicksburg, "declared their willingness to desert rather than serve under him [Pemberton] again. The stillness of the Sabbath night was broken in upon, and an uproar in which the blasphemous oaths of the soldier and the cry of the child mingled formed a scene which the pen cannot depict, and which can never be forgotten. There were many gentlewomen and tender children torn from their homes by the advance of a ruthless foe, and compelled to fly to our lines for protection; and mixed up with them in one vast crowd were the gallant men who had left Vicksburg three short weeks before in all the pride and confidence of a just cause, and returning to it a demoralized mob and a defeated army, all caused by one man's incompetency."(2)

Through the night the Confederate troops marched in, weary and disheartened, but the officers rallied and reorganized them; stragglers returned to their regiments, and by Monday afternoon they were in position behind the breastworks, working with picks, spades, and axes. The regiments which had been stationed at Snyder's Bluff and Chickasaw Bayou hastened to the city, abandoning fourteen cannon and a large amount of stores which could not be removed.

During the two weeks that had passed since Pemberton marched out from Vicksburg he had lost Loring's division, eight thousand seven hundred, besides eight thousand killed and wounded or taken prisoners. All told, he had lost over sixteen thousand. He had still nearly thirty-three thousand men, but fully ten thousand were too demoralized to be of much service.

On the morning of the 17th a courier from Pemberton made his way to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was thirty miles north-east of Vicksburg, carrying a letter giving information of the defeat of the Confederates at Champion Hills and Big Black River. This was Johnston's reply:

"If you are invested in Vicksburg you must ultimately surrender. Under such circumstances, instead of losing both troops and place, we must, if possible, save the troops. If it is not too late, evacuate Vicksburg and its dependencies, and march to the north-east."

The courier hastened back with the letter, delivering it to General Pemberton Monday noon, who was astonished at such an order. "Give up Vicksburg! Never!" he said. "The evacuation of Vicksburg! It meant the loss of the valuable stores and munitions of war collected for its defence, the fall of Port Hudson, the surrender of the Mississippi River, and the severance of the Confederacy. These were mighty interests which, had I deemed the evacuation practicable in the sense in which I interpreted General Johnston's instructions, might well make me hesitate to execute them."

He called his generals together for consultation. What should be done was the momentous question. It was impossible to withdraw the army from that position with such *morale* and material as to be of further service to the Confederacy, they said. It was too late to withdraw. While the generals were discussing the question the deep booming of the cannonade fell upon their ears. Sherman, holding the right wing of Grant's army, was closing the roads leading north-east, and his troops were pushing on towards Haines's Bluff, on the Yazoo.

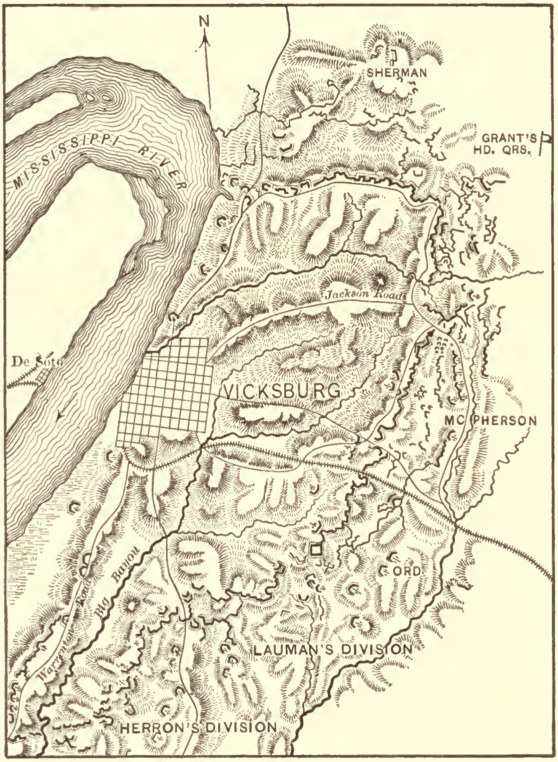
"I intend to hold Vicksburg to the last. I conceive it to be the most important point in the Confederacy," was the reply which Pemberton sent to Johnston.

Vicksburg was important to the Confederate Government, because if it were surrendered the States west of the Mississippi would be severed from those east of it. It was important also because from the western bank of the river a railroad extended west into Arkansas. Grant's movement had cut off all communication westward, but it might be reopened if the Union army could be repulsed. For the cause of the Union it was important that Vicksburg should be taken, because the Mississippi was Nature's great highway to the sea. At the beginning of the war, John A. Logan, of Illinois, had voiced the sentiment of the people of that section. "The men of the North-west will hew their way to the Gulf of Mexico," and he was there, with the thousands composing the army, to carry out that resolution.

Beginning north of the city, we see the Confederate brigades of Shoup, Baldwin, Vaughn, and Buford; then General Forney's division—Moore's and Hebert's brigades; then Stevenson's division—Barton's, Cummings's, Lee's, and Reynolds's brigades, the last on the right of Pemberton's line below the city. Bowen's division—Green's and Cochran's brigades — in reserve. The cavalry, under General Waul, was dismounted and attached to Stevenson's division.

There were one hundred and twenty-eight cannon behind the intrenchments, placed in position to sweep every approach; thirty-six heavy siege-guns, besides forty-four in the batteries along the river.

Eighteen days only had passed since the Union army crossed the Mississippi at Grand Gulf. During the time, the troops had marched two hundred miles, defeated the Confederates at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, and Big Black, capturing eighty-eight cannon, inflicting great losses upon Pemberton. They had only five days' rations, but had picked up what food they could find in the country. It was a great risk which General Grant took to cut himself loose from all supplies. But he had faith in his men, and, best of all, faith in himself.



MAP OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

With what energy he pushed on! The battle of Big Black was fought on Sunday morning. It was over by nine o'clock, the Confederate troops fleeing west to Vicksburg, twelve miles.

General Grant had only one pontoon train, and Sherman was using it. He reached the Big Black at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and at sunset was ready to cross.

General McPherson set his soldiers to tearing down a cotton-gin and

THE ATTACK UPON VICKSBURG ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY.

felling trees. Through the afternoon there was a clattering of axes, men lifting timber, building cribs in the river, filling them with bales of cotton, laying stringers with plank upon them, building two bridges before midnight.

On the morning of the 18th Sherman was across the Big Black, pushing north-west to hold the right of the line and opening communication with the fleet; McPherson was across, and pushing due west; McClernand was swinging south-west—all closing in upon Pemberton.

General Grant knew nothing of the country, only that the Big Bayou, rising in the hills north-east of Vicksburg, ran south, and emptied into the Mississippi below the city; that the country was much broken; that there were ravines, hills, gullies, forests, thickets; that the Confederates had lines of earthworks, forts, and batteries, making a large intrenched camp; that there were several roads—one running out of the city south west, parallel with the river; another south to Hall's Ferry; one east to Baldwin's Ferry, parallel with the railroad; another north-east, called the Jackson road, and two others between the Jackson road and the Mississippi. He saw at a glance that the ground was higher north-east of the city than anywhere else. The ravines were deep, the banks sharp and steep, the woods thick with underbrush. He did not think that General Pemberton could have more than fifteen thousand men. He thought that the Confederates must be demoralized by their defeats, while his own troops were flushed with their victories, and were eager to finish Pemberton. He had about thirty-five thousand men.

The three corps were to push on at two o'clock in the afternoon of May 19th. General Sherman's troops were nearest the Confederate works. He was ready at the appointed hour. Blair's division led the attack.

The troops come to a deep ravine, through which trickles a small stream westward to the Mississippi. The banks are sharp and high. Upon the south side of a ravine, at the top of a slope, were the Confederate breastworks, with abatis in front of them. The Confederates defending them had not been out of Vicksburg, and were not demoralized by defeat.

The Union soldiers crossed the ravine, but become entangled in the abatis. The Regulars, under Captain Washington, cleared the obstructions and rushed upon the intrenchments. A pitiless storm beat in their faces. They reached the parapet. Captain Washington waved the flag as a signal for his soldiers to scale the parapet, but the next moment he fell mortally wounded, and the Confederates captured the flag. Other Union troops rushed forward, but not enough to break the Confederate line. The troops remained in the woods till evening, and then fell back across the ravine.

In the centre there were so many obstacles that McPherson could not get his men in position till nightfall, neither could McClernand. The attack had failed, and Grant had lost four hundred men. The Confederates were encouraged, and made their intrenchments still stronger.

The Union army had been put on short rations, and the supplies were nearly exhausted. The troops had gathered what food they could find, but that too was almost gone. On the morning of the 21st General Grant was riding along the lines, when a soldier, seeing him, said, in a low voice, "*Hard tack!*" Regiments took it up, and the cry rang along the lines, "*Hard tack! Hard tack!*"(3)

"You shall have all the food you want in a short time, for ever since our arrival men have been building a road to the river that the wagons may bring up supplies."

No more grumbling, but lusty cheers instead.

All day and through the night the wagons were winding along the roads from the steamboats on the Yazoo to the different brigades. The ammunition brought from Grand Gulf had been exhausted, and during May 20th and 21st the troops rested beneath the shade of the forest-trees.

There was little firing on the part of the Confederates. General Pemberton was sparing of his ammunition. His great want was percussion-caps. The Union fleets were sending bombs into the city, dismounting guns, exploding in the streets, doing great damage. The people dug caves in the hill-sides—men, women, and children there finding shelter. Pemberton had no longer any use for his cavalry horses, or for the mules of his supply train. He had no hay or grain to spare, and so turned them loose outside the intrenchments. Some of them came into the Union lines, but the worthless were shot down by the Union soldiers, and the air became tainted and unwholesome.

We come to the morning of the 22d. The Union engineers have reconnoitred the ground, planted batteries, and selected the points for attack. The crews of the mortar-fleet have placed six mortars in position to rain thirteen-inch shells upon the Confederates. Through the night they send their terrible missiles upon the doomed city. At seven o'clock Admiral Porter comes up with his fleet—the *Benton*, *Mound City*, *Carondelet*, and *Tuscumbia*—and opens fire. The Union field artillery begin at daylight a terrific cannonade. For four hours the uproar goes on, the Confederates replying briskly at first, but their fire gradually slackens.

Ten o'clock.—The hour has come for a combined attack. General

Sherman has placed Blair's division to attack along the road leading past the cemetery. General Tuttle's division is to support Blair's, while Steele's division is to advance nearer the Mississippi. There is a ditch to be crossed, which must first be bridged. Who will build the bridge under the storm that will be rained upon the builders? One hundred and fifty men spring from the ranks ready to do it, though they know that it will be almost certain death. Ewing's brigade stands ready behind the volunteer bridge-builders.

HUTS ON THE HILL-SIDE.

The hands of the watches, which have all been regulated, sweep on to ten o'clock. Not a Confederate is to be seen behind the intrenchments. The soldiers of the Confederacy are silent, motionless, biding their time. The Union troops—Ewing's, Giles Smith's, and Kirby Smith's brigades—are sheltered in the ravine six hundred feet distant from the breastworks. Twenty-four Union cannon are planted to pour a concentrated fire upon the fort which is to be assaulted. Up from their shelter spring the one hundred and fifty volunteers, rushing up the narrow road with poles and boards. Ewing's men are behind them. Suddenly the fort is ablaze. General Hebert's Confederates are upon their feet delivering a terrific volley upon the volunteers, who fall headlong to the earth. Ewing's men press on. They reach the ditch, cross it, climb the parapet, plant their flag upon the upheaved embankment. The man who plants it falls. His comrades go down. The ground is thickly strewn with men in blue. Ewing is rolled back, but his men leave the flag still waving where they planted it. Confederate after Confederate attempts to seize it, but is shot down by the Union men sheltered in the thicket. Through the day it floats in the summer breeze, riddled by bullets of friend and foe. Through the day Ewing's men lie in the woods within a stone's-throw of it.

Going south along the Union lines, we come to McPherson's corps; Ransom's brigade of McArthur's division holding the right south of the cemetery road, Logan's division in the centre, and Quimby's on the left, between the Jackson and Baldwin roads.

Logan's division leads the attack. J. E. Smith's brigade is along the road; Stevenson's south of it. Both are to attack the strong fort which stands north of the road. So terrible the fire that bursts upon Smith that his men recoil; but Stevenson's men rush on, the Seventh Missouri planting its colors on the parapet of the fort. The bearer falls. A second soldier seizes them. He, too, falls; the third, fourth, fifth, sixth all go down in as many minutes, their life-blood staining the yellow earth. In vain the effort, and the brigade, to save itself from utter annihilation, falls back to the shelter of the ravine.

In McClernand's corps Benton's and Lawler's brigades are selected to lead the attack. Burbridge's brigade is in support of Benton, and Landram's behind Lawler. The fort which they are to attack is on a hill a few rods south of the railroad. The Twenty-first and Twenty-second Iowa charge up the hill. They reach the ditch outside the fort. Sergeant Joseph Griffith, with a squad of men, clears the ditch, scales the parapet, leaps into the fort; but nearly all except the sergeant are killed. The Confederates flee to a second embankment three hundred feet in rear of the first. The Twenty-second Iowa takes possession, plants its colors upon the parapet; but the men are obliged to shelter themselves from the fire rained upon them from the second intrenchment. Landram's men join them, and the Seventy-seventh Illinois also plants its colors upon the parapet. Through the day the Union men hold the outside of a portion of the intrenchment, the Confederates the inside. Equally brave are Benton's and Burbridge's men—reaching the ditch, holding the outside.

Half-past ten.—The three divisions have attacked at the same moment; each has reached the parapet.

General Grant had seen the attacks. From his position, just behind Blair's division, he could look down the line and see the brigades one after another rush up the steep slope. He could see the struggle to gain possession of the forts, the flags waving upon the parapets, the brave men in blue lying upon the ground, their life-work ended. He saw that the attacks had failed. It was half-past eleven when he received a message from McClernand, who said that he was hotly engaged; that the enemy was massing on his right and left; that if McPherson would strike a vigorous blow it would aid him. A little later came another message:

"We are hotly engaged with the enemy. We have possession of two forts, and the Stars and Stripes are floating over them. A vigorous push ought to be made all along the line."

A third message from McClernand—one o'clock:

"We have gained the enemy's intrenchments at several points, but are brought to a stand. I have sent word to McArthur to reinforce me if he can. Would it not be best to concentrate the whole or a part of his command at this point? My troops are all engaged, and I cannot withdraw any to reinforce them."

A commander in battle must act upon information from his subordinates. He can see personally very little of what is going on. To Grant's own mind, judging from what he could see, the attack had failed; but McClernand, according to the despatches, was in possession of the Confederate works. If so, would not a vigorous attack by Sherman and McPherson complete the victory? He shows the despatches to those officers, and directs them to renew the assault.

We see Quimby's division hastening to support McClernand; Tuttle's division moves up to support Blair; Giles Smith's and Ransom's brigades unite to rush upon the intrenchments between the cemetery and the little stream west of it; Steele's division works its way amid the ravines and knolls farther west; Logan's division, on the Jackson road, rushes once more upon the intrenchments.

Again the cannon are thundering, muskets flashing, solid shot ploughing up the mellow earth, hurling clouds of dust into the air; shells bursting; Union soldiers falling thick and fast; the lines halting, wavering, rolled back at last, leaving the ground thickly strewn with dead and dying.

The battle ends, with nothing gained on the part of Grant. Of the thirty-five thousand troops, nearly thirty thousand have been engaged, and more than four thousand have been killed or wounded.

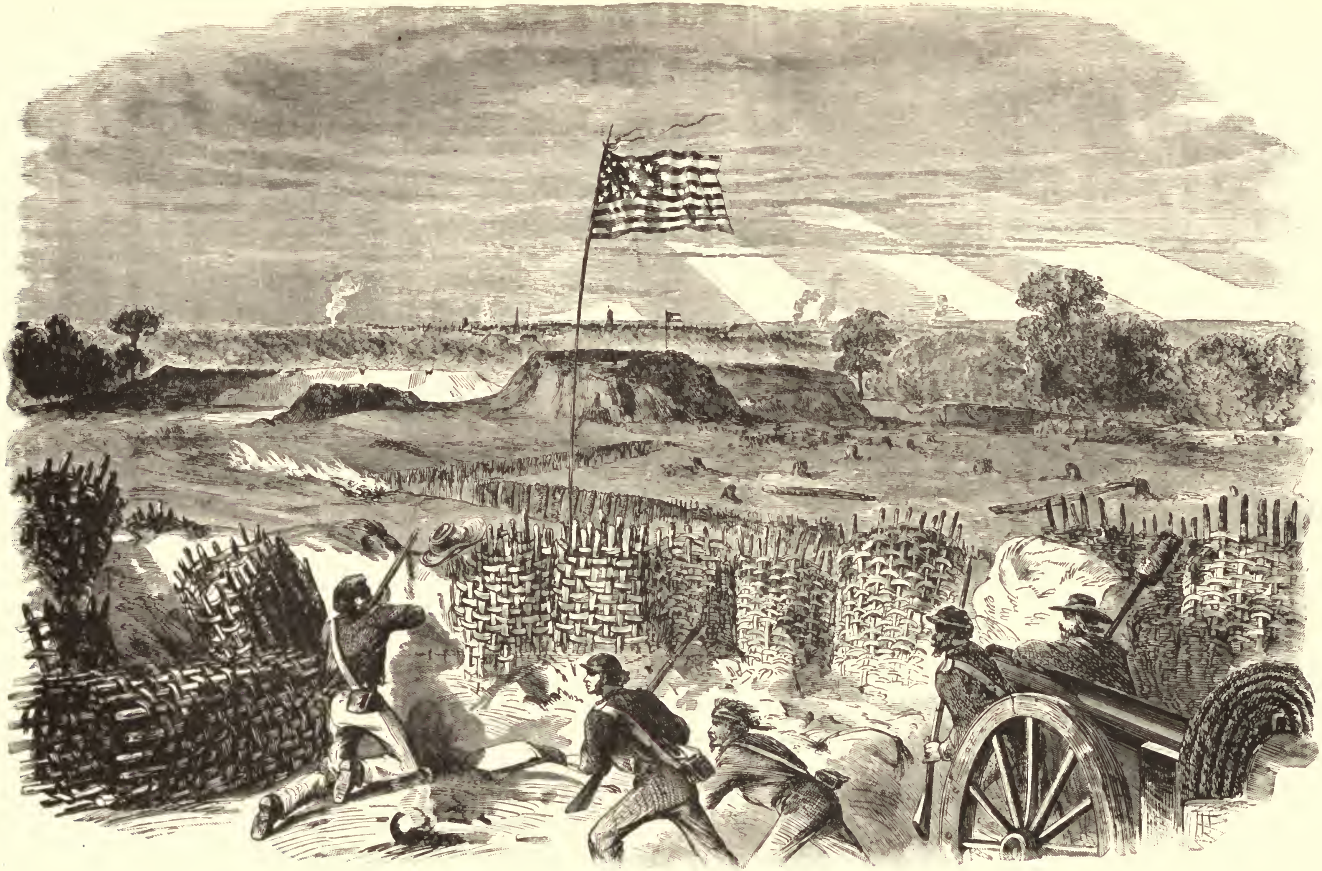
Had it not been for the misleading despatches from McClernand, the assault in the afternoon would not have been ordered. The Confederates, sheltered by their breastworks, suffered little loss comparatively. No one will ever know how many were killed or disabled on that afternoon, but Pemberton's loss was probably not more than five or six hundred.

Night comes, and the Union troops, weary, exhausted, broken-down by constant marching and scant supply of food, are withdrawn. The attempt to capture Vicksburg by direct attack had failed. The Union troops had suffered heavy loss. They had received their first check, and were in a measure discouraged. The Confederate troops had suffered little, and were greatly elated. Their enthusiasm was kept alive by the hope and confident expectation that General Johnston would soon be falling upon Grant with a great army. They did not take into account the fact that the resources of the Confederacy were failing; that men were not to be had to repair locomotives, build cars, relay tracks, restore destroyed material.

There was one way by which Vicksburg might possibly have been saved to the Confederacy: the quick transportation of the army under General Bragg, near Chattanooga, to the rear of Vicksburg; attacking Grant before reinforcements could reach him. It was not done. There were divided councils at Richmond. Jefferson Davis had a personal quarrel with General Johnston, and paid little heed to his requests, while General Johnston was lacking in essential qualities needful in a great emergency; and before he could collect an army from scattered remnants of troops the great opportunity for recovering what had been lost went by, never to return.

When the sun went down on the night of May 22, 1863, General Grant saw that it would not be possible for him to break Pemberton's lines by any direct attack. To capture Vicksburg he must begin a siege. To carry out the siege successfully, he must have more troops. He had not enough to cover more than half the distance around the city. Besides, he knew that General Johnston was out north-east of him with the remnants of the force which had been defeated at Jackson. He reasoned that Johnston would summon troops from every quarter to attack him and compel him to abandon the siege. Before daylight General Grant had planned a new campaign. Osterhaus's division in the morning was on its way east to guard the bridge across the Big Black River. Following these troops, six brigades—three from the Fifteenth Corps, three from the Seventeenth Corps—marched north-east under General Blair to Mechanicsburg to drive off any Confederate troops gathering in that direction. The gunboats steamed up to Yazoo City, destroying all the Confederate steamboats.

"Send me all the troops possible," was Grant's order to Hurlbut at Memphis. Lauman's division was already on its way down the west bank of the Mississippi.



INTRENCHMENTS OF McPHERSON'S CORPS.

The steamboats below the city ferried the six thousand men in the division to the eastern shore, and Lauman took position between McClernand and the river.

"I need more troops," was the telegram to Halleck in Washington.

"Send Grant all available troops," was Halleck's message to Schofield, commanding at St. Louis; to Burnside in Cincinnati, commanding the Ninth Corps. Schofield sent General Herron's division; Burnside, General Parke's division, the troops steaming down the river. A new division arrived under General Kimball. General Rosecrans said that he was about executing a movement, and could not spare any troops. Herron arrived June 8th, joined Lauman, and closed the last gap in the line.

A division of the Sixteenth Corps, under Gen. W. S. Smith, arrived June 11th, was united with Kimball's division, and placed, under the command of General Washburne, north-east of the city. Parke's division came on June 14th, landing at Howe's Bluff, swelling Grant's army to seventy-one thousand men, with two hundred and forty-eight cannon.

We are to remember that there were two Confederate armies—one of twenty-one thousand effective men hemmed up in Vicksburg, and a large and constantly increasing force under Johnston gathering at Canton, north-east of Grant's army. Johnston reached Canton May 2d. The next day Gist's brigade arrived from South Carolina, Ector's and McNair's from Chattanooga, and Loring's from Jackson. Before June 3d, Evans's brigade arrived from South Carolina, Breckinridge's division from Chattanooga, and a division of cavalry under Jackson—in all, thirty-six thousand men. Johnston had men, but he lacked wagon-trains and supplies of all kinds. The Federal cavalry under Grierson had burned railroad bridges and committed great havoc.

Johnston found it exceedingly difficult to organize his army sufficiently to take the field. He was harassed by orders from Richmond to attack Grant, no matter what the risk might be. But Richmond was far away, and Jefferson Davis and the Secretary of War had slight knowledge of the difficulties besetting him.

"I consider the saving of Vicksburg hopeless," was Johnston's telegram on June 15th.

"Vicksburg must not be lost without a desperate struggle," was the answer from Richmond.

"Grant is covered by the Big Black," said Johnston.

"Grant must be attacked if possible," was once more the message from Richmond.

If Johnston could not attack Grant, he might hasten south and attack

Banks, who was laying siege to Port Hudson. A courier made his way through Grant's lines to Pemberton with Johnston's plan, which was to attack Grant, while Pemberton was to improve the opportunity to cut his way out.

The courier returned with Pemberton's answer. Johnston was to attack Grant north of the railroad, while Pemberton would cut his way out south of it.

We are not to think that the Union troops were lying still, taking their ease during those bright days. On the contrary, no beavers ever worked so steadily, day and night, as they—building intrenchments, throwing up fortifications, making gabions, or great baskets of willows and grape-vines, filling them with earth, and digging what the engineers call saps and parallels. A sap is a trench, or gallery, made with the intention of undermining a fort. The soldiers constructed sap-rollers by filling barrels with earth.

As soon as the sun disappeared and the twilight faded from the sky, men with shovels, lying on the ground, began rolling the barrels towards the Confederate forts. When they got as near as they dared, they began to dig a trench. The barrel sheltered them from the sharp-shooters. Before morning they would have a trench in which they could lie through the day, to begin digging again at night. They cut notches in logs and laid the logs on the top of the earth thrown up, with the notches turned down. Through the day the sharp-shooters stood with their rifles pointing towards the forts, peeping through the notches to catch sight of a Confederate head. Some of the soldiers, instead of using the barrels, would spring out with their shovels, make the earth fly lively, and in five minutes have a trench deep enough for shelter before the Confederates were aware of what was going on.

Every night the Union works were brought nearer to the Confederates, who would open their eyes in amazement in the morning to see a new earthwork, with cannon peeping through the embrasures, not three hundred feet distant. As soon as it was dark each army threw out its pickets; the soldiers lay upon the ground so near to one another that they could carry on conversation.

"We won't fire if you won't," shouted a Confederate.

"Agreed."

Provisions were getting scarce in Vicksburg.

"How do you like mule-steak?" was the banter of the Union soldier.

They talked of the war, of Abraham Lincoln, Jeff Davis, the Emancipation Proclamation, exchanged newspapers, traded coffee and tobacco.

SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Officers met old acquaintances and shook hands in the darkness; but when morning dawned the Union pickets returned to the trenches, the Confederates to the forts.

The gunboats and mortar-rafts opened fire at ten o'clock, Wednesday, May 27th. While those below the city sent their shells up-stream, the *Cincinnati*, which was above the city, came round the bend of the river, ran out her guns, and delivered a terrific fire upon the batteries at the foot of the hill. At the top of the bluff was an eight-inch rifled cannon which the Confederate soldiers named Whistling Dick. They could always tell when Dick was at work from the shrill whistle of its shell. It was so high above the *Cincinnati* that it could send a plunging shot down upon its deck. The gunner obtained the exact range, and sent a pointed bolt which crashed through the thin iron plating, making sad havoc on board the boat. Another, a third, pierced the plating. The vessel was rapidly leaking, and before the officers could get out of range it ran aground upon a sand-bar, and was utterly disabled. Many of her crew were killed or wounded.

"Issue short rations," was the order of Major-general Stevenson, who had charge of the Confederate food department.(4) This was what the soldiers had to eat each day: four ounces of flour, four of bacon, one and one-half of rice, two of pease, three of sugar. The pease were wormy, the bacon rancid. It was less than one-quarter of a regular ration. The Confederate soldiers had a hard time. They could not show themselves above the breastworks, could not walk around, but must lie all day in the broiling sun or pelting rain, without shelter. They could not leave their posts to wash or obtain water. The Union solid shot were tearing through the embankments, or shells were bursting among them.

The Union artillerymen wanted small mortars. To obtain them they cut down oak-trees, sawed them into short logs about three feet long, cut a round hole in one end large enough to take in a shell, bound the logs with iron bands, placed them in the trenches, loaded them with small charges, and tossed shells into the Confederate lines.

The Confederate soldiers were still animated with the hope and expectation that Johnston would soon have a great army, and would fall on Grant's rear and compel him to abandon the siege.

"Not the slightest fear," writes a Confederate, "was expressed of the city ever falling into the hands of the enemy; not a man, woman, or child believed such an event at all likely to occur, but all anticipated the defeat and destruction of Grant's army as soon as Johnston arrived with fifty thousand men he was reported to have under his command."(5)

The negroes who flocked to the Union army were set to work. During the month of June twelve miles of trenches were excavated, eighty-nine batteries constructed, and two hundred and twenty guns placed in position, each opening fire upon the Confederate lines.

One of the principal Confederate forts was near the Jackson road. The Union engineers determined to undermine it. The trench was carried beneath the fort and a ton of powder was tamped into the earth. On

June 25th all was ready—the fuse laid and fired. There was a heavy jar, a roar, and the air was filled with earth, timber, cannon, and men.

One of the men was a negro slave, who had been set to work by the Confederates, but who was blown into the Union lines and into freedom at the same time. He was very much frightened.

"How high did you go up?" asked a soldier.

"Dunno, massa; t'ink I neber should light—yah! yah! Went up 'bout free mile." He became General Logan's servant—a free man.

BLOWING UP THE FORT.

All along the line the Union artillerymen stood beside their guns waiting for the explosion. When the dull roar rolled along the ravines, the cannon opened fire. Two regiments rushed in and held the line, but found the Confederates had a second fortification in the rear.

"The enemy's sharp-shooters were all splendid marksmen, and effectually prevented any of our men from rising above the parapet on pain of certain death, while it was an utter impossibility for our cannoneers to load the guns remaining in position on our line without being exposed to the aim of a dense line of sharp-shooters," wrote a Confederate soldier.(6)

Famine was staring the people of Vicksburg in the face. Many families had eaten the last mouthful of food, and were supplied from the military stores. Those who were rich scorned the idea of living on commissary supplies so long as any food was to be had. The few provision-dealers who had flour, meal, or bacon charged five dollars for a pound of flour, or one thousand dollars a barrel; meal was one hundred and forty dollars per bushel, molasses twelve dollars per gallon, and beef two dollars and fifty cents per pound.(7)

We are to remember that these prices were in Confederate money, which was getting to be of little value in the estimation of the people.

Some of the citizens were very generous, and refused to take advantage of the necessities of others, handing over all their supplies to a committee who looked after the wants of the people living in the caves on the hillside or in their cellars. This the picture from the diary of a lady who lived in a cellar, but who sometimes went up-stairs for a little fresh air:

"I was just within the door when a crash came that threw me to the floor. It was the most appalling sensation I had ever known. Shaken and deafened, I picked myself up. Candles were useless in the dense smoke, and it was many minutes before we could see. Then we found the entire side of the room torn out. The soldiers who had rushed in said that it was an eighty-pound Parrott. It had burst upon the pallet bed, which was in tatters; the toilet service and everything else in the room was smashed. We went to bed in the cellar as usual. In the morning we found that two more had ploughed up the yard....

"*June* 21*st.*—I had gone up-stairs to-day to enjoy a rest on my bed, when a shell burst right outside the window in front of me. Pieces flew in, striking all around me, tearing down masses of plaster that came tumbling over me. When H—— rushed in I was crawling out of the plaster, digging it out of my eyes and hair. He picked up a piece as big as a saucer beside my pillow. The window-frame began to smoke, and we saw that the house was on fire. He got a hatchet and I some water, and we put it out. Another shell came crashing near, and I snatched up my comb and brush and ran. It has taken all the afternoon to get the plaster out of my hair, for my hands were rather shaky."(8)

Several women and citizens were killed or wounded.

It is the continual dropping that wears the stone at last. The Confederates were brave. Day and night for six weeks they had held the intrenchments against all assaults. Day and night the terrible storm of shot, shell, and minie-bullets had swept over them. The Confederate cannon had been dismantled; they had seen their comrades blown into the air; had lived on one-fourth rations, and had had little sleep. Physical strength was failing, ability to endure had gone, hope of relief faded. Johnston had not come, nor could he; Grant was keeping him at bay. They had little confidence in their commander. The inevitable hour was approaching; every soldier knew it just as well as Pemberton.

It was a curious letter which Pemberton received June 28th, dated "In the trenches," and signed "Many Soldiers." Thus it read:

"Everybody admits that we have all covered ourselves with glory; but, alas! alas! general, a crisis has arrived in the midst of our siege. Our rations have been cut down to one biscuit and a small bit of bacon per day—not enough scarcely to keep soul and body together, much less to stand the hardships we are called upon to stand. We are actually on sufferance, and the consequence is, as far as I can hear, there is complaining and general dissatisfaction throughout our lines. We are and have been kept close in the trenches day and night, not allowed to forage any at all, and even if permitted there is nothing to be had among the citizens.

"Men don't want to starve and don't intend to, but they call upon you for justice, if the Commissary Department can give it; if it can't, you must adopt some means to relieve us very soon. The emergency of the case demands prompt and decided action on your part.

"If you can't feed us you had better surrender us—horrible as the idea is—than suffer this noble army to disgrace themselves by desertion. I tell you plainly men are not going to lie here and perish. If they do love their country, self-preservation is the first law of nature, and hunger will compel a man to do almost anything. You had better heed a warning voice, though it is the voice of a private soldier.

"This army is now ripe for mutiny unless it can be fed."

This the condition in the city as described by a Confederate:

"Starvation in its worst forms now confronted the unfortunate inhabitants, and had the siege lasted two weeks longer the consequences would have been terrible. All the beef was exhausted by this time, and mules were soon brought into requisition, and their meat sold readily at a dollar a pound, the citizens being as anxious to get it as they were before the investment to purchase the delicacies of the season."(9)

This in the lady's diary:

"*July* 3*d*.—Provisions so nearly gone, except the hogshead of sugar, that a few more days will bring starvation indeed. Martha says that rats are hanging dressed in the market for sale with mule-meat; there is nothing else. An officer at the battery told me he had eaten one yesterday."(10)

What could General Pemberton do? He must either cut his way out or surrender. There were hot-headed officers in his army, who talked bravely of their ability to cut their way through Grant's lines; but cooler heads saw that it was impossible. General Pemberton knew that his men were worn down with constant watching, loss of sleep, and want of food. He knew that if he were even able to break through Grant's lines anywhere except towards the north-east nothing would be gained. He would be hemmed in by the Big Black River. He sent a circular letter to his commanders asking their opinions on this question: "Can the army make the marches and undergo the fatigues necessary to accomplish a successful evacuation?"

"It cannot," was the answer of Major-generals Smith, Forney, and Bowen. "My men," answered General Stevenson, "are greatly enfeebled, but I believe that most of them, rather than be captured, would exert themselves to the utmost."

"An evacuation is impossible, on account of the temper of the troops," said General Smith.

"We cannot cut our way out," said most of the brigade commanders.

The major-generals came to Pemberton's headquarters. "What should be done?" There was but one answer: "Surrender."

It is July 3d. The Union pickets are in their places; the sharp-shooters watching to discover a Confederate head peering above the breastworks, but instead, the pickets on the Jackson road see a white flag waving in the morning sun. The joyful news runs along the lines. Men who have been lying low upon the ground stand upon their feet. Two Confederate officers climb over the intrenchments—General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery — and walk towards the Union lines with a letter from Pemberton to Grant, asking that commissioners be appointed to arrange for terms of capitulation.

"My terms are unconditional surrender of the city and the troops," was the reply.

General Grant was ready to assure Pemberton that the men who had shown so much courage and endured such hardships should be treated with respect. If General Pemberton wished to see him personally, he would meet him in front of the lines at three o'clock. The hour came, and General Grant, with Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan, and A. J. Smith, walked out from the Union lines south of the Jackson road. At the same moment Pemberton, Bowen, and several other officers advanced from the Confederate lines. The parties lifted their hats to each other.

"What terms will you allow?" Pemberton asked.

"Those which I have already indicated," was the reply.

GRANT AND PEMBERTON.

"The conference may as well terminate," said Pemberton.

"Very well," said General Grant.

General Pemberton knew that the contest could not go on, and they sat down and talked it over.

The Fourth of July dawned—a great day in the history of our country. Terms of surrender had been agreed upon. Thirty-one thousand men gave up their arms, with one hundred and seventy-two cannon.

In March General Pemberton had 61,495 men. That great army had disappeared. All but the six thousand under Loring who broke away at the battle of Champion Hills were lost to the Confederacy. Since March Pemberton has lost two hundred and sixty cannon.

The Union troops marched into the city, and the Stars and Stripes were raised above the court-house. Then the great fleet of steamboats came steaming to the levee, with their colors flying.

Once more from a woman's diary: "Truly it was a fine spectacle to see the fleet of transports sweep around the curve and anchor in the teeth of the batteries lately vomiting fire. Presently Mr. J—— passed us. 'Aren't you coming? There's provisions on those boats — coffee and flour.' . . . The town-folk continued to dash through the streets with their arms full, canned goods predominating. Towards five Mr. J—— passed again. 'Keep on the lookout,' he said; 'the army of occupation is coming;' and in a few minutes the head of the column appeared. What a contrast to the suffering creatures we had seen were these stalwart, well-fed men, so splendidly set up and accoutred! Sleek horses, polished arms, bright plumes; this was the pride and panoply of war. Civilization, discipline, and order seemed to enter with the measured tramp of those marching columns, and the heart turns with throbs of added pity to the worn men in gray who were being blindly dashed against this embodiment of modern power."(11)

General Johnston had gathered twenty-six thousand men, and on June 29th he marched west towards the Big Black River to make a demonstration in Grant's rear, but was confronted by Sherman with the Fifteenth Corps, under General Steele, the Thirteenth, under General Ord, the Ninth, under General Parke, with Lauman's and W. S. Smith's divisions, making altogether forty thousand.

General Johnston saw that he could not attack Sherman with any hope of success. While pondering the state of affairs a messenger reached him with the news that Vicksburg had surrendered. He turned east and marches once more to Jackson, his despondent troops reaching the town

July 7th. Sherman was at his heels, the Union troops crossing Big Black the same day. The sun poured down its fiercest rays; the troops suffered for want of water and from heat. The Confederates strengthened the intrenchments. Sherman was too wise to attempt to storm the breastworks. The Fifteenth Corps was in the centre, the Thirteenth on the right, the Ninth on the left, north of the town. The cannonade began, and there was constant skirmishing. Sherman's wagons were bringing bales of cotton for breastworks, while the Union cavalry swept north and south along the railroad, destroying the track.

While this is going on at Jackson let us look at the last stronghold of the Confederates on the Mississippi—Port Hudson. Slaves had been at work many months building Confederate intrenchments upon the bluff overlooking the river. The works were very strong, the parapet twenty feet thick, and the ditch outside the intrenchments fifteen feet deep. Along the river were twenty heavy siege-guns. Admiral Farragut had tried in vain to silence them with his fleet, but his vessels had been roughly handled, and some of them destroyed.

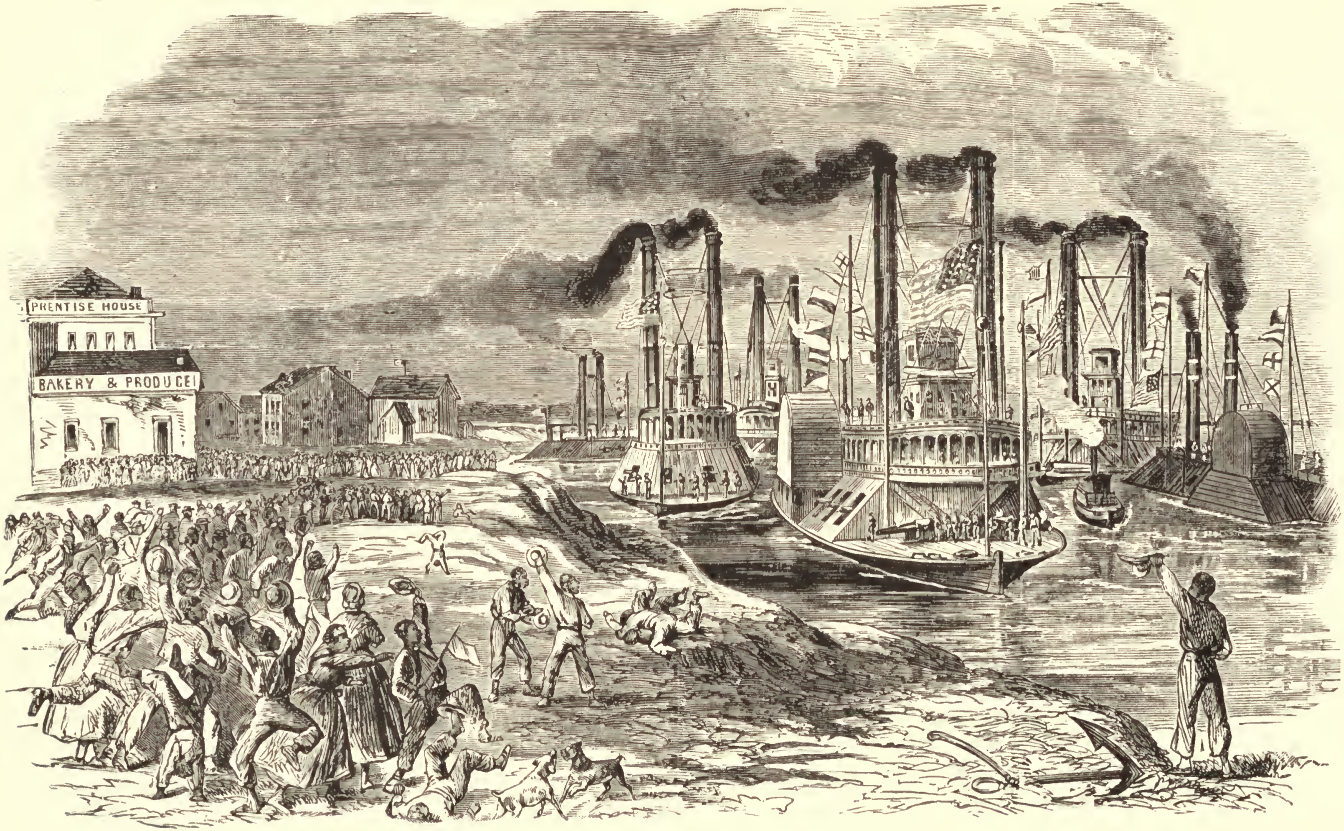
The river makes a bend, running north-east, then turning sharply south, and the great guns in the fortifications could send a plunging fire upon the fleet. The place could be captured only by an army.

The Confederate works protecting the rear began a mile below the town, near Ross's Landing, ran east amid hills and knolls, came out upon an open plain dotted with trees, then ran parallel with the river a mile east of it to Thompson's Creek, a little stream that trickles amid the knolls. There were thirty cannon along these intrenchments. Seven thousand Confederate troops, under the command of Major-general Gardner, held the place.

General Johnston at the outset saw that a Union army under General Banks, which had been operating west of the Mississippi, was moving east, and would cross the Mississippi, get in rear of Port Hudson, and begin a siege. He sent a messenger, May 19th, with orders for Gardner to evacuate the place; but the messenger did not arrive till the 23d. He was a day late, for the Union troops were landing below the city and closing around it — Gen. T. W. Sherman's division, near Ross's Landing; then Augur's division, south-east of the town, Paine's in the centre, and Weitzel's north. Grierson's cavalry, after a three-weeks' rest, had been scouring the country east to hold in check any Confederate forces gathering in that direction.

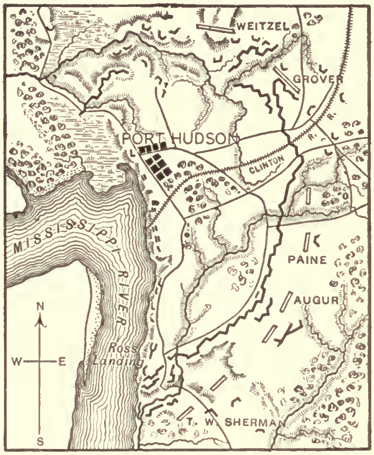
"Assault along the whole line," was the order of General Banks.

The sun had just risen, May 25th, when the Union artillery opened fire.



ARRIVAL OF THE UNION FLEET AT VICKSBURG.

Through the forenoon the uproar went on. It was mid-afternoon before the grand assault began. The troops advanced over broken ground, and their progress was difficult and slow. They were in the open field and suffered severely, while the Confederates, behind their intrenchments, lost few men. With a hurrah the Union troops rushed upon the fortifications, reached the ditch, to see that it would not be possible for them to scale the parapet. They were compelled to fall back, leaving the ground strewn with nearly two thousand killed and wounded. It had been a brave but fruitless assault. The Confederate loss was hardly three hundred.



MAP OF PORT HUDSON.

On the morning of the 26th the Union soldiers placed siege-guns in position, which sent heavy shells into the Confederate lines. The Union line was seven miles long, and no end of labor had to be done—earth shovelled, trees cut down, trenches dug, cannon moved.

On June 13th General Banks sent a summons to General Gardner to surrender, who refused. Once more the Union troops rushed upon the Confederate works, but they could not cross the ditch. They gained new ground, and held it, but at a cost of nearly two thousand killed and wounded.

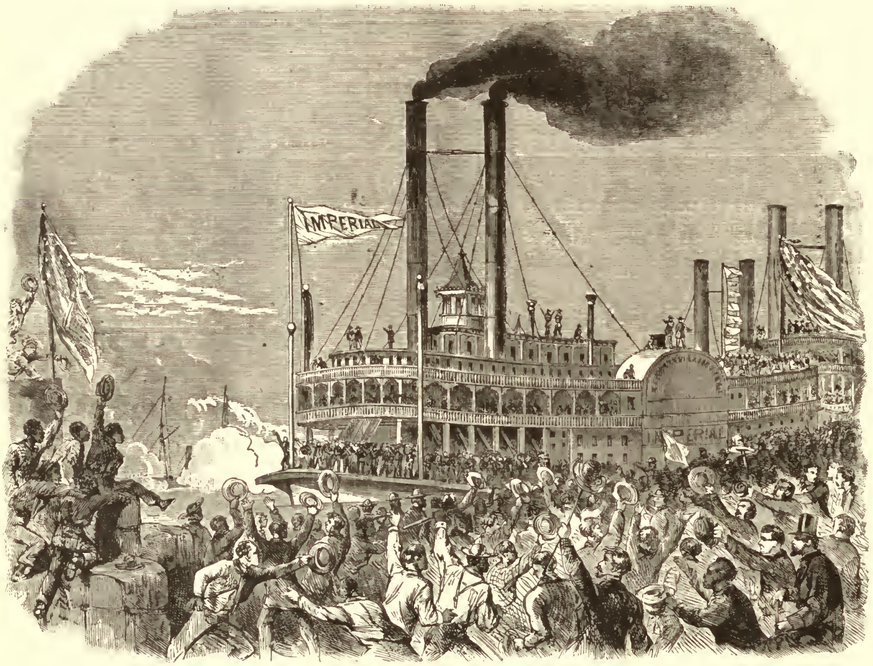
The shovel, and not the bayonet, did its work. Every night the trenches were carried nearer the Confederate lines.

On July 7th a messenger arrived from Vicksburg with the news that it had surrendered. A wild cheer went up from the Union line. The soldiers tossed their hats into the air and screamed themselves hoarse. They shouted the news to the Confederates, "Vicksburg is ours!" A white flag came out from the Confederate lines. An officer brought a letter from General Gardner to General Banks asking if the news is true, and carried back a copy of Grant's letter.

The morning of July 8th dawns. Again the white flag flies above the Confederate intrenchments. General Gardner is ready to surrender. His provisions are exhausted. His troops are eating mule-meat. Some of them have eaten cats and dogs. It is useless to prolong the contest. At nine o'clock three Union and three Confederate officers meet between the lines to arrange the terms of capitulation. Seven thousand troops, fifty-one cannon, and all the stores are given up.

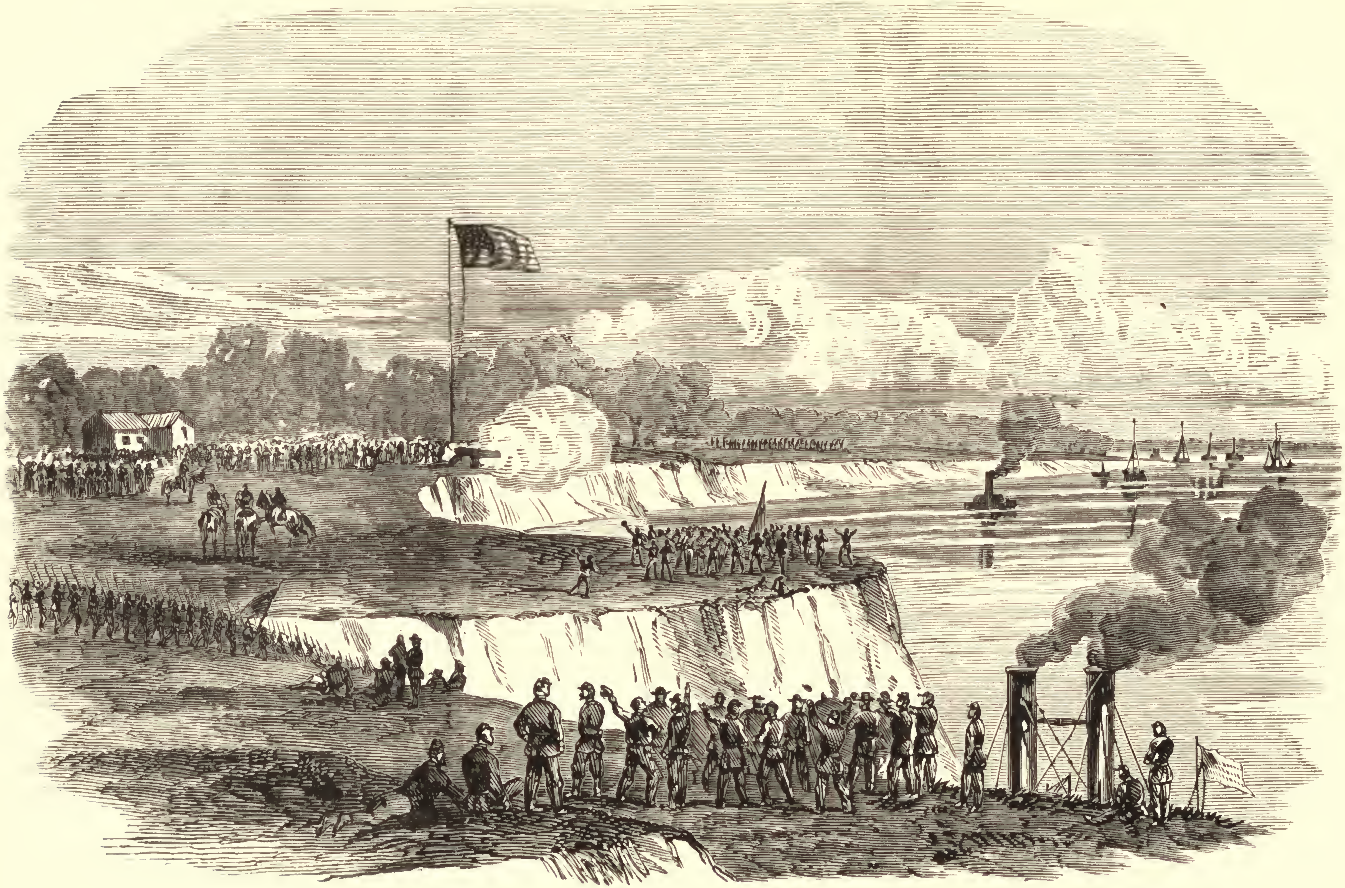
Going back now to Jackson, we see, on July 12th, Lauman's division of Union troops falling upon the Confederates, to be repulsed with a loss of five hundred.

Sherman needs ammunition for his artillery. The trains arrive July 16th, but on the morning of the 17th, when the cannon are ready to open fire, not a Confederate is to be seen. Johnston has stolen away, marching east towards Alabama. Sherman burns bridges and depots, levels the fortifications, distributes food to the poor people, and then turns west towards Vicksburg.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER "IMPERIAL."

The last vestige of Confederate power and authority had disappeared from the Mississippi. Once more its waters were free to the commerce of the great West. On the 16th, while Johnston was hastening eastward from Jackson, the steamboat *Imperial*, from St. Louis, was rounding up to the levee at New Orleans amid the shouts of the multitude. The great river



SALUTING THE OLD FLAG AT PORT HUDSON.

was flowing peacefully to the sea, with no Confederate cannon commanding its waters.

The troops of the North-west had declared to the world that thenceforth it should flow through an undivided country, and together with the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg had manifested to the nations of Europe that thenceforth the country was to be one nation, under one flag, with Union and Liberty forever.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIV.

(1) "A Woman's Diary, Siege of Vicksburg," *Century Magazine*, September, 1885.
(2) Abrahams, "Siege of Vicksburg," p. 29.
(3) General Grant, *Century Magazine*, September, 1885.
(4) Abrahams, "Siege of Vicksburg," p. 42.
(5) Idem.
(6) Idem.
(7) Idem.
(8) "A Woman's Diary," *Century Magazine*, April, 1885.
(9) Abrahams, "Siege of Vicksburg," p. 67.
(10) "A Woman's Diary," *Century Magazine*, April, 1885.
(11) Idem.

CHAPTER XV.

MIDSUMMER, 1863.

THE midsummer days, bright with sunshine, perfumed with flowers, were days of gloom throughout the States of the Confederacy. The month of June had been one of confident expectation, exhilaration of spirit —a looking forward to the time, near at hand, when the army of General Lee would be in Philadelphia or Baltimore, or flinging out the flag of the Confederacy above the marble walls of the Capitol, to be followed by recognition as a nation by France, England, and the other European powers. Instead of this the Confederate troops were once more in Virginia, having met with a disastrous defeat and frightful losses, which carried sorrow and mourning to thousands of homes. More than this, Vicksburg and Port Hudson had surrendered, with all their cannon and material, and more than thirty-five thousand troops as prisoners of war. During the summer months, the losses of the Confederacy, by battle and surrender, aggregated not far from seventy-five thousand men. The States west of the Mississippi were cut off from those east. In addition to these disasters, Rosecrans, by a strategic movement from Murfreesboro, was forcing General Bragg out of the State of Tennessee. Of the situation of affairs a Richmond paper said, "The sadness which lately seized the Southern people, though not without cause, was without justification. It was the result of heavy and sudden disappointment overtaking the public mind while in a high state of exhilaration, confidence, and expectation. It was due to two great misfortunes occurring simultaneously in quarters where nothing of the sort was at all apprehended. The repulse at Gettysburg was certainly an event which there was no reason to anticipate. It was the result of an attack where an attack was desperate and hopeless. But for that attack Lincoln would now have been a fugitive from his Capitol, and Meade's army a scattered and demoralized mob."(1) "The news of the Vicksburg surrender is not less astonishing than unpleasant. It is the most unexpected announcement which has been made in this war."(2)

The Richmond newspaper which was regarded as the organ of Jefferson Davis said, "Despondency is both folly and treason. The men had greater cause for unutterable disgust and loathing of our fiendish enemies, who this day prefer going under the sod to going under their yoke. This is not the hour for lassitude or discouragement, but for new efforts and a higher resolve."(3)

"Our Yankee enemies," said a Charleston paper, "are very exultant at the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson into their hands. If they were any other people than they are, they would be ashamed of their success. They have succeeded not by their valor or skill in arms; every effort they made to take the fortified position by storm failed. . . . Confederate imbecility, not their courage or energy, occasioned the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Yet after being thrashed a dozen times, and our troops, surrounded by overwhelming numbers, surrender to starvation, they rejoice with frantic exultation. This is characteristic of the people. They have no delicacy, no pride, no conscience. Coarse, brutal, and unscrupulous, it is a matter of no consequence to them how they obtain success. . . . They are humiliated by no disaster; they are mortified by no defeats. They fight for gain, and know neither honor nor glory nor shame in obtaining it."(4)

Gettysburg and Vicksburg together marked the beginning of the ebb-tide in the fortunes of the Confederacy. Never again to the people of the South would return the high hope and exultant expectations of those early summer days.

There was joy in the loyal States—church-bells ringing joyful peals, cannon thundering salutes. From every State men and women and maidens hastened to Gettysburg to the hospitals there, or to those on the Mississippi, or wherever there were sick or wounded, to minister to their wants, to sit by their beds through the sultry nights, watching the ebb and flow of life; listening to the last words of the dying, writing down the last prayer or blessing to be read by loved ones far away—caring alike for Union and Confederate. Never in the history of the world had there been such an outpouring of sympathy, devotion, and tenderness. On the battle-field and in the hospital patriotism and all the highest and noblest qualities of heart and soul shone resplendent as the mid-day sun.

"Can I do anything for you?" was the question kindly put to a Confederate officer from South Carolina.

"No," the surly reply.

The day was hot, the air offensive from the thousands of wounded in the wards of the hospital on the hill-side just outside from Gettysburg, and the gentleman who had left home and business to care for the wounded had brought a bottle of cologne to make sweet the tainted air.

"Let me put some of this on your handkerchief."

"I have no handkerchief."

"Here is one for you;" and wetting it with the perfume, he placed it in the hands of the Confederate, who, with tears upon his face and a choking in his throat, said, "I can't understand you Yankees. You fight us like devils, and then you care for us with the tenderness of angels. I am sorry I entered this war."(5) So in the hospitals men learned the eternal truth that love is the mightiest moral force in the universe of God.

"May every hair of your head be a wax-taper to light you on your way to glory," said a jolly Irish Confederate soldier as the gentleman bathed his face with the perfume.(6)

"Have you written to your mother since the battle?" was the question put by a chaplain to a boy.

"No, sir, and there is the reason why I have not," said the boy, as he laid the sheet aside with his left hand, exposing the stump of his right arm; "and there is another reason," he added, as he pointed to his left leg amputated. "And now, sir, if you will be so kind as to write for me, tell mother that I have given my right arm and my left leg to my country, and that I am ready to give the others."(7)

But there were men in the Northern States who experienced no thrill of joy when they learned that victories had been won at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, that the tide of the Mississippi was flowing freely once more, and that the Stars and Stripes was emblem of sovereignty from its source to the sea. To them the ringing of the church-bells was discordant music, and the song of the "Star Spangled Banner" a hateful melody.

On the 3d of March Congress had passed a law making legal the act of Abraham Lincoln in suspending the writ of *Habeas Corpus* whenever the safety of the country demanded it. Mr. Vallandigham was back once more in Ohio—the nominee of the Democratic party for governor. Public meetings had been held in that State, in Pennsylvania, and at Albany, at which the friends of Mr. Vallandigham drew up memorials to President Lincoln, asking him to revoke all orders relating to his arrest. Plain and direct, and to all loyal hearts very convincing, was the reply of the President to the Democrats of New York. These his words:

"Long experience has shown that armies cannot be maintained unless desertion shall be punished by the severe penalty of death. The law requires and the law of the Constitution sanctions this punishment. Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier-boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious by getting a father, or brother, or friend into a public meeting and there working on his feelings till he is persuaded to write to the soldier-boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible government too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case to silence the agitator and save the boy is not only Constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

So regardful of justice and right were the expressions of the President the great mass of the people saw that the exercise of power would never be abused by him.

On Saturday, July 4th, while the field of Gettysburg was red with the blood of those who had died that the Nation might live, and while the Confederate troops at Vicksburg were laying down their arms, the Young Men's Democratic Association was holding a meeting in the Academy of Music, New York, to celebrate the Independence of the United States. Thousands of men and women filled the building or thronged the streets around it. The bands played "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, addressed the assembly.

"When I accepted your invitation," he said, "to be present at this meeting we were promised the downfall of Vicksburg, the opening of the Mississippi River, and the probable capture of the Confederate capital, and the exhaustion of the rebellion. By common consent all parties had fixed upon this day when the results of the campaign should be known to mark out that line of policy which they felt our country should pursue. But, in the moment of expected victory, there came the midnight cry for help from Pennsylvania to save its despoiled fields from the invading foe, and almost within sight of this great commercial metropolis the ships of your merchants were burned to the water's edge. . . . I stand before you on this occasion not as one animated by expected victories, but feeling as all feel now within sound of my voice the dread uncertainties of the conflicts which rage around us, not alone in Pennsylvania, but along the whole course of the Mississippi — contests that are carrying down to bloody graves so many of our fellow-countrymen, so many of our friends—that is spreading renewed mourning throughout this great, broad land of ours."

Of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* authorized by Congress, Governor Seymour said, "This doctrine of the suspension of the Constitution, this doctrine of the suspension of the laws, is unconstitutional, is unsound, is unjust, is treasonable."

No allusion to Gettysburg, no cheer for the victory achieved, from orator or audience.

Said Mr. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, another speaker, "When Ireland revolted from her long and hateful union with England, what happened? British bayonets crossed the Channel and extinguished in blood the hopes of Irish independence. We have no such power in our country to engage in the wholesale slaughter of our fellow-citizens. Neither have we the power to conscript them against their will. . . . As the States came voluntarily into the Union, you cannot compel them to remain in the Union by force of arms."

At the same hour, amid the hills of New Hampshire, at the State capital, there was a great Democratic convention. Upon the banners borne in the procession were these sentiments: "Peace, Compromise, and Union;" "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

Franklin Pierce, ex-President of the United States, was president of the convention. "Do we not know," he said, "that the cause of our calamities is the vicious intermeddling of too many of the citizens of the Northern States with the Constitutional rights of the Southern States?... Here in the loyal States the mailed hand of military usurpation strikes down the liberties of the people, and its foot tramples a desecrated constitution. . . . You or I myself may be the next victim of unconstitutional, arbitrary, irresponsible power; but we are free now, and we resolve to live, or, if need be, die as such.... We will build up a great mausoleum of hearts to which men who yearn for liberty in after-years, with bowed heads and reverently, will resort as Christian pilgrims to the sacred shrines of the Holy Land."

Loyal men and women were at a loss to understand the exact meaning of the rhetoric of ex-President Pierce, but they fully comprehended the attitude of a political party which, on the anniversary of the Independence of the United States—with the newspaper of the morning announcing the result of the great battle, and setting forth the devotion and sacrifice of their fellow-citizens, the pouring out of life for a united country—had no cheer to give for the crowning victory of the war, no praise for the valor of the living, no eulogy for the heroic dead; which resolved that the war was a failure, demanded compromise and peace, declared its determination to resist the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and yet with many high-sounding words protested its allegiance to the Constitution and the Union. "Charity Grimes" attended the convention, and after listening to the resolutions, prepared a series of her own:

"*Resolved,* That Lincoln's a usurper—
An awful skeery wun at that.
He shall not lead us wun step further
Than we've a mind to go—that's flat!
We love the Government of the Nation,
But we go agin its administrashun.

"*Resolved,* We will rekord the story
Thet in this war we've acted wust.
It's true the Saouth fired on 'Old Glory;'
But didn't we go hoist it fust?
We might have missed the war's mischances
Ef we had hoisted olive branches.

"Therefore we form a resolushun
To make all Lincoln's orders void—
To put his generals to konfushon
So that our own sha'n't be annoyed,
And fortify our strong position
By firing guns on abolition.

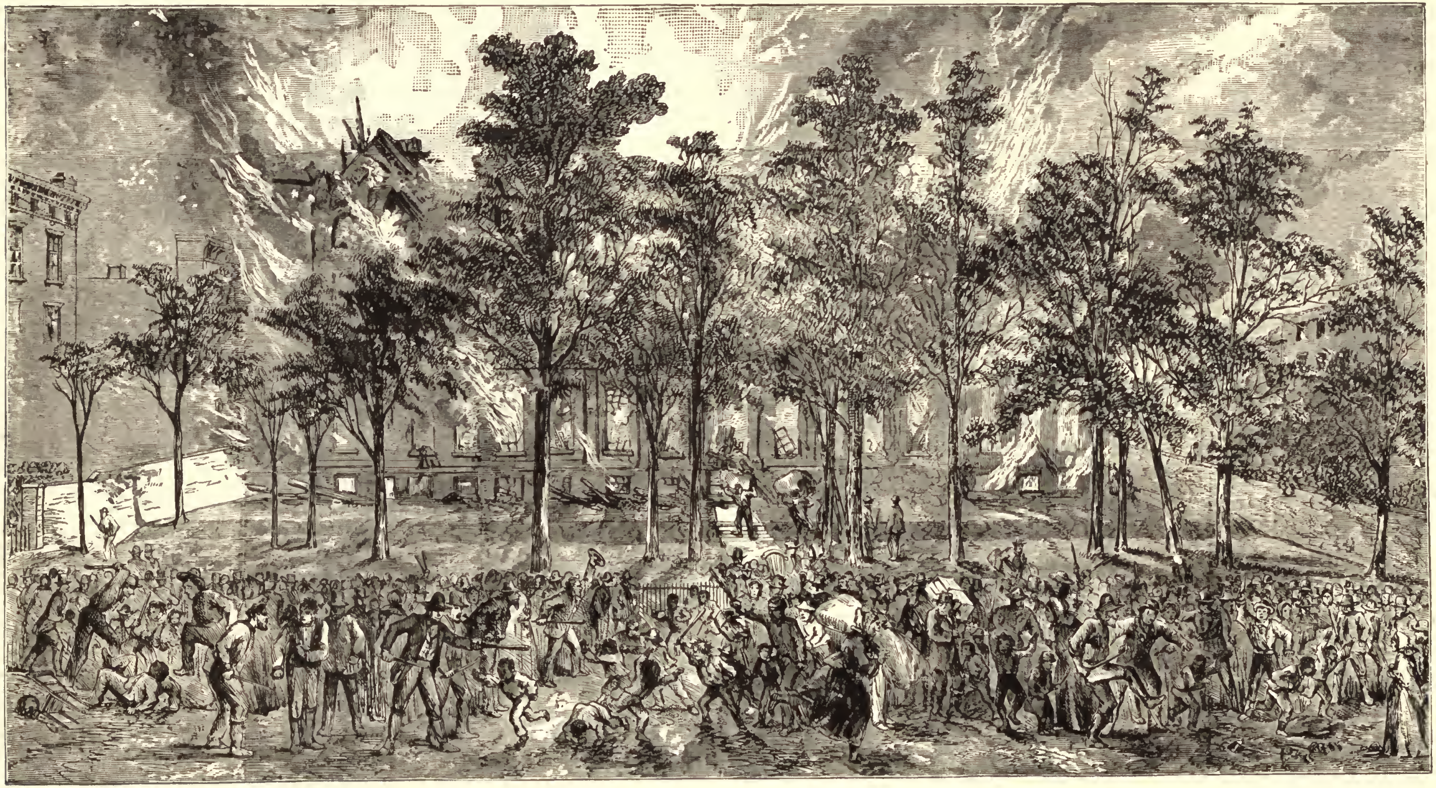
"We'll grasp the fiery Southern cross,
And bid such folks as Butler bear it;
We'll kover aour defeat and loss
With treason's garb (naow Davis wears it).
We skorn deceit, detest hypockracy.
Make way thure for the Peace Dimmockrasay!"(8)

Hating the negro, opposed to the emancipation of the slaves and their employment as soldiers, carried away by political prejudice and party zeal, the men composing the Peace Democracy, blind to the intentions of the conspirators who were attempting by force of arms to destroy the Union and subvert the Constitution, arrayed themselves against those who were giving their lives to sustain it.

On March 3d, Congress had authorized a draft for three hundred thousand men. No volunteers were coming forward to fill up the ranks decimated by battle or disease. If the country was to be saved, men must be impressed into military service. Money was needed as well as men, and, wisely or unwisely, the condition was attached that a man might be exempted upon the payment of three hundred dollars. The Peace Democrats were opposed to the draft. The Copperheads denounced it in bitter language, and said that it was the "rich man's war, but the poor man's fight;" meaning that those who were making money by the war could escape the draft, while the poor man, who could not get three hundred dollars, must leave home and expose himself in battle. The Knights of the Golden Circle in Indiana and Illinois counselled resistance to the draft. They sent agents to other States to organize the disaffected. They were angry when the news from Gettysburg came flashing over the wires. The drafting was to begin July 11th. During the preceding week Governor Seymour had been informed that a conspiracy was being organized to resist it, but it was regarded as an improbable story.(9) There was no disturbance on Saturday, the first day of the drafting; but down in the cellars and up in the attics of the rickety tenement-houses, through Sunday, the conspirators were at work.

Monday morning came, and people on their way to business saw a crowd armed with clubs, old muskets, and rusty swords following a man who was beating a copper pan and marching towards the Provost-marshal's office, where the drafting was going on. Suddenly stones came crashing through the windows, wounding the men conducting the drafting, who fled from the house. The mob rushed in, destroyed the furniture, tumbled it out-of-doors, and set the building on fire. The steam fire-engines came, but the rioters cut the hose, and the building and two others were burned. A great crowd gathered; thousands of infuriated men and women, armed with picks, shovels, pokers, crow-bars, and clubs, attacked the police, knocking them down, and seizing inoffensive citizens with the intention of hanging them. While the Provost-marshal's office was in flames, a man with large whiskers, heavy mustache, in a blue coat, light vest, and striped trousers, climbed upon the roof of a shanty, "I am from Virginia," he said; "you have begun nobly, but I'll tell you what I want, and what you must do. You must organize, appoint leaders, and crush this abolition draft. If you don't find anybody else to lead you, I will. Lincoln is worse than Nero or Caligula." The great crowd yelled their approval, and started to carry out the work of destruction. On Lexington Avenue they came to a fine residence, which some one said belonged to Horace Greeley, editor of the *Tribune.* They smashed the windows, broke down the doors, threw out the elegant chairs, marble tables, mirrors, beautiful books, and fine paintings, the red-faced women and blear-eyed men carrying off whatever suited them; then they set the building on fire, and danced with savage glee and hideous yells as the flames curled through the rooms. The mob went to the Bull's Head Tavern to obtain rum, but the landlord had closed his door. The locks and bolts gave way before their pounding, and then they helped themselves to liquors and choicest wines, smashed the furniture, and left the building a wreck.

They regarded the negro as the cause of the war. If there had been no



BURNING OF THE NEW YORK COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

negroes there would have been no draft. They would have their revenge. On Fifth Avenue stood an asylum for colored children who had no father or mother to care for them. With a yell the mob rushed to the building, broke down the doors, seized the furniture, carried it off, and set the building on fire, then chased the negroes through the streets, hung them upon the trees, kindled fires beneath the swaying bodies, and danced in glee as they beheld the contortions of the dying men. Between twenty and thirty colored men were beaten, shot, or hung. The mob was kindly disposed towards General McClellan, visiting his house and giving cheers; but he was in New Jersey, and could not respond to their calls.

HANGING A NEGRO.

Their next visit was to the house of Judge Barnard, who was a Peace

Democrat, who made a speech and said "that the conscription was unconstitutional and an act of despotism on the part of Abraham Lincoln."

"The *Tribune!*" next shouted the mob.(10) A great body of police had gathered to protect the office of that newspaper. Stones were thrown, but the policemen's clubs came down upon the skulls of the rioters. Scalding water was poured upon them, and they were beaten back. Other buildings were burned, but rain began to fall, and the rioters, well satisfied with what they had done, rested for the night and made preparations for the morrow.

It was an opportune moment for them to carry out their work of destruction, for Governor Seymour, in compliance with the requisition of President Lincoln, had sent all the militia—thirteen regiments—to Pennsylvania to resist the invasion of the Confederates. The outbreak had come as suddenly as the rising of a whirlwind on a calm summer day, and the police were unprepared.

In the armory on Twenty-first Street was a large quantity of ammunition and many muskets, guarded by forty policemen. The mob burst open the door, but the leader went down with a bullet through his heart. Other rioters fell; then the police, instead of maintaining the fight, fled, and the mob seized the guns and ammunition, and set the building on fire.

The rioters knocked down Colonel O'Brien, of the Eleventh New York Volunteers, and dragged him by a rope through the mud till life was extinct. Riots were going on in a dozen places at once—no longer against the draft, but for robbery and plunder. Soldiers who had been discharged from the army, others who were at home on furlough, together with small bodies of troops — five hundred in all — aided the police. All business stopped; no horse-cars ran; merchants and bankers volunteered to act as policemen. Wherever a mob was encountered it was charged upon and put to flight. But the wild beast having tasted fresh blood thirsts for more, and the rioters, having enjoyed their unbridled license, when put down in one place congregated in another.

Governor Seymour came from Albany and made an unfortunate speech to the multitude, addressing them as "My friends." He counselled obedience to the laws, but expressed his belief that the conscription was illegal, and announced his determination to have it tested in the courts. He intended and desired to allay passion, and put a stop to the rioting by pleasant words, but he soon discovered that men who were bent on plunder would not desist at the request of the governor of the State.

Nearly all the rioters were Irish men and women. Archbishop Hughes published through the newspapers a request that they should visit him at his residence. A large crowd gathered, and he gave them good advice. It was not his speech but bullets which put an end to the rioting. While he was addressing them the New York Seventh Regiment and the police were having a battle with the real rioters, clearing the houses in which they had taken refuge, and putting an end to their plundering. In all, more than one thousand were killed, as estimated by the police. Only three policemen were killed, but many had been seriously injured.

DRAGGING COLONEL O'BRIEN'S BODY.

While this was going on in New York those in Boston who were ready to resist the draft broke open a gun-shop, and obtained one hundred guns and seventy-five pistols. They attempted to break into another shop, but were driven by the police. Governor Andrew and Mayor Lincoln saw that there was trouble ahead, and prepared for it. Two regiments were ordered under arms, and two cannon placed in the armory on Cooper Street, commanded by Captain Jones, who loaded them with canister, and who said to the gathering rioters that he should fire upon them if they attempted to enter.

Evening came, and the mob began to throw stones and beat the doors. There was one flash, and the canister balls cut a path through the crowd, ending the riot.

While the rioting was going on in New York, Gen. John Morgan, of Kentucky, who commanded a division of cavalry in Bragg's army, was carrying out a bold plan. General Rosecrans was at Murfreesboro, where he had remained after the battle of Stone River confronting Bragg, who was at Tullahoma. General Burnside was at Cincinnati, preparing to march an army across Kentucky to East Tennessee. General Bragg detailed Morgan to make a raid in rear of Rosecrans, to destroy the railroads, burn bridges, and threaten Louisville, which he thought would deter Burnside from making his contemplated movement. Morgan wanted to do more than this. He wished to make a sensation, and proposed to Bragg to reach the Ohio River, cross into Indiana, ride northward towards Indianapolis, eastward towards Cincinnati, threaten Hamilton, Columbus, and other large towns, destroy the railroads, and recross into East Kentucky or West Virginia. Bragg would not consent to his attempting such a raid, but gave

THE RIOTERS AND THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.

him liberty to go where he pleased in Kentucky, where he would be at home, and where he would find many friends. Morgan deliberately determined to carry out his own plan and sent scouts to examine the fords of the upper Ohio.(11) Just what he intended to accomplish, other than the execution of a bold, audacious movement, is not plain.

On the 2d of July, while the battle was raging around Little Round Top at Gettysburg, Morgan was crossing the Cumberland River, in Kentucky, at Burkesville, moving towards Columbia with twenty-five hundred men, all of them bold riders and mounted on good horses. He eluded the Union cavalry under General Judah. At Green River he had a skirmish with a Michigan regiment, but avoided a battle, reached Lebanon, where he came suddenly upon three regiments of Union infantry, captured nearly all, pressed on till within thirty miles of Louisville, capturing a train on the railroad, reached the Ohio River, seized two steamboats, and on the evening of the 8th ferried his troops to the Indiana shore. The governors of Indiana and Ohio proclaimed martial law, but the authorities, believing that Morgan would recross below Cincinnati, sent troops in the wrong direction. A body of Union cavalry under General Hobson was following Morgan, but the Confederates were always a day's ride in advance, making long marches, seizing fresh horses, and plundering the people, making no distinction between Union men and Peace Democrats. They broke open stores and helped themselves to whatever pleased their fancy—webs of

MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

cloth, ladies' bonnets, dry-goods, hardware, bird-cages, boots, shoes, clothing, table-cloths, blankets—carrying them a while, then tossing them aside as children throw away their toys when tired of them. Not till Morgan had passed to the eastward of Cincinnati did the authorities comprehend his intentions; but the militia and troops sent out were closing around him. The light-draft gunboats which patrolled the river made their way to the possible crossings. He reached the river at Portland, but found the Union troops upon him. There was a battle, a charge by the Union forces in which a large number of Confederates were captured. Morgan, with nine hundred, reached the river once more twenty miles farther up, but a gunboat prevented him from crossing. On the 26th, with every avenue of escape closed, his men worn down by continuous riding, want of sleep and rest, and surrounded by the enemy, they surrendered, and the twenty-five hundred were lost to General Bragg.

Going now across the Atlantic, we see, on the 4th of July, while General Lee is preparing to leave the field of Gettysburg, an iron-clad ship sliding into the water of the river Mersey, at Birkenhead, built by Messrs. Laird for the Confederate Government, and which will in a few weeks be ready for sea, unless prevented, cross the Atlantic, and scatter the blockading fleet at Wilmington or Charleston.

Mr. Mason, on Sunday, July 10th, wrote to Mr. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State:

"Our reports are up to July 1st. They would seem to indicate that Lee is perfectly master of the field of his operations, both in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that Washington must speedily fall, with Baltimore, into his possession. Should this be realized before Parliament adjourns, I do not think the ministry will hold out against recognition. If they did the House of Commons would override them."(12)

It was while General Buford was taking possession of Seminary Ridge, at Gettysburg, on the night of June 30th, that Roebuck's motion for the recognition of the Confederacy had been debated, but no action taken.

What effect the news of the victory at Gettysburg and the surrender had upon the people of Great Britain who sympathized with the Confederacy is set forth by one of the Confederate agents in London:

"The news of the check sustained by our forces at Gettysburg, coupled with the reported fall of Vicksburg, was so unexpected as to spread very general dismay, not only among the active sympathizers with our cause, but even among those who take merely a selfish interest in the great struggle. The disappointment was proportionate to the confidence which had come to be generally entertained that our arms were about to achieve the crowning triumph of peace. . . . The news received last night (July 22d) has somewhat reassured the shaken confidence in our ultimate success, but all is still perplexity, surprise, and alarm."(13)

Another Confederate wrote:

"The unexpected reverses to our arms must, of course, essentially modify our situation abroad as well as our action in relation to it. I cannot disguise from you the deep discouragement inflicted on our friends by so sudden a change of position from invading conquerors to hard-pressed defenders in their own stronghold, which was the attitude suddenly given to the belligerents two weeks ago (June 30th), when all Europe watched for the triumphant entry of General Lee into the city of Washington. Many among ourselves held the same high hope, and had no apprehensions for Vicksburg. You may readily imagine the force of the recoil from two such stunning blows received at the same time without warning or preparation. The public sentiment, both in England and France, recoiled from blind confidence in our immediate success to a belief in the success of the North and its scheme of subjugation. The Confederate loan, which is our barometer, fell at once twenty per cent. below par."(14)

Mr. Mason, who, on June 30th, in imagination beheld General Lee marching triumphantly into Washington and the British Parliament recognizing the Confederacy, saw things under a different light when he penned his next letter to the Confederate Secretary of State:

"The hopes and expectations of our friends in Europe," he wrote, "have been much depressed by the late intelligence from the South, one marked effect of which has been on the loan, quoted yesterday, August 5th, as low as thirty per cent. discount. The fortunes of the late loan will preclude any other for the present."(15)

From Paris Mr. Slidell sent this to Mr. Benjamin:

"Since my last we have the unpleasant intelligence of the retreat of General Lee across the Potomac and the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. For the latter event we were not prepared, and, as you may suppose, they cannot fail to exercise an unfavorable influence on the question of recognition."(16)

I have said that when Vincent's brigade and Hazlett's battery, on the evening of July 2d, were holding Little Round Top, when McGilvery's guns were flaming along Cemetery Ridge, when Willard's brigade and the First Minnesota Regiment advanced into the meadow by Codori's house in the twilight of that eventful day, it was the hour which marked the high tide of the Confederacy; that on the afternoon of the following day, when all that was left of Pickett's division drifted back over those fields, it was the beginning of the ebb-tide. Of the decisiveness of that conflict this the estimate of an English historian:

"Mr. Adams was satisfied that the fate of Mr. Roebuck's motion would depend on the military events of a few days. He was right. The motion was never pressed to a decision; for during its progress there came at one moment the news that General Grant had taken Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, and that General Meade had defeated General Lee at Gettysburg, and put an end to all thought of a Southern invasion. The news at first was received with resolute incredulity in London by the advocates and partisans of the South. In some of the clubs there was positive indignation that such things should be reported. The outburst of wrath was natural. That was the turning-point of the war, although not many saw it. The South never had a chance after that hour."(17)

So Gettysburg and Vicksburg together became pivotal points in the history of our country and in the history of human affairs.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV.

(1) *Richmond Examiner*, July 25, 1863
(2) Idem, July 9, 1863.
(3) *Richmond Sentinel*, July 18, 1863.
(4) *Charleston Mercury*, July 24, 1863.
(5) Demond Address, Alumni Williams College, 1865.
(6) Idem.
(7) Rev. Mr. Auley, Report of Christian Association, Chicago, 1865.
(8) *Harper's Weekly*, July 25, 1863.
(9) *New York Herald*, July 6, 1863.
(10) Idem, July 14, 1863.
(11) Duke, "History of Morgan's Cavalry," pp. 409, 411, 429.
(12) Mason to Benjamin, unpublished papers (War Department), July 23, 1863.
(13) Hotze to Benjamin, unpublished papers (War Department), July 23, 1863.
(14) Idem, August 3, 1863.
(15) Mason to Benjamin, unpublished papers (War Department), August 5th, 1863.
(16) Slidell to Benjamin, unpublished papers (War Department), August 5th, 1863.
(17) Justin McCarthy, "History of Our Own Times," vol. iii., p. 327.

CHAPTER XVI.

ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER.

FROM Morris Island, commanding the main channel leading into Charleston harbor, had been fired the first hostile shot in the war—1861. It turned back the *Star of the West*, which was carrying provisions to the beleaguered garrison of Sumter. Slave-gangs threw up the breastworks of the batteries which had rained solid shot and shells upon Sumter, inaugurating the conflict between the Confederate and the loyal States. During 1862 other gangs of slaves had constructed a formidable fortification amid the sand-hills—Fort Wagner, mounted with heavy guns, planned to prevent any Union force from gaining a position on the island, from which Union cannon in turn could rain their iron bolts upon Sumter.

FORT WAGNER, FROM THE CHANNEL.

Gen. Quincy A. Gillmore, who had battered down Fort Pulaski, guarding the entrance to Savannah River, had been appointed by President Lincoln to command the department. He was a skilful engineer. He was in possession of Folly Island, a long and narrow range of sand-hills, separated from Morris Island by Light-house Inlet, leading inland to a series of intricate water-ways. South of Folly Island was Stono River.

Between Stono Inlet and the intricate water-ways is James Island, on which the Confederates had erected strong earthworks. Fort Wagner was half a mile south of Cumming's Point, the northern end of Morris Island, and three miles north of Light-house Inlet.

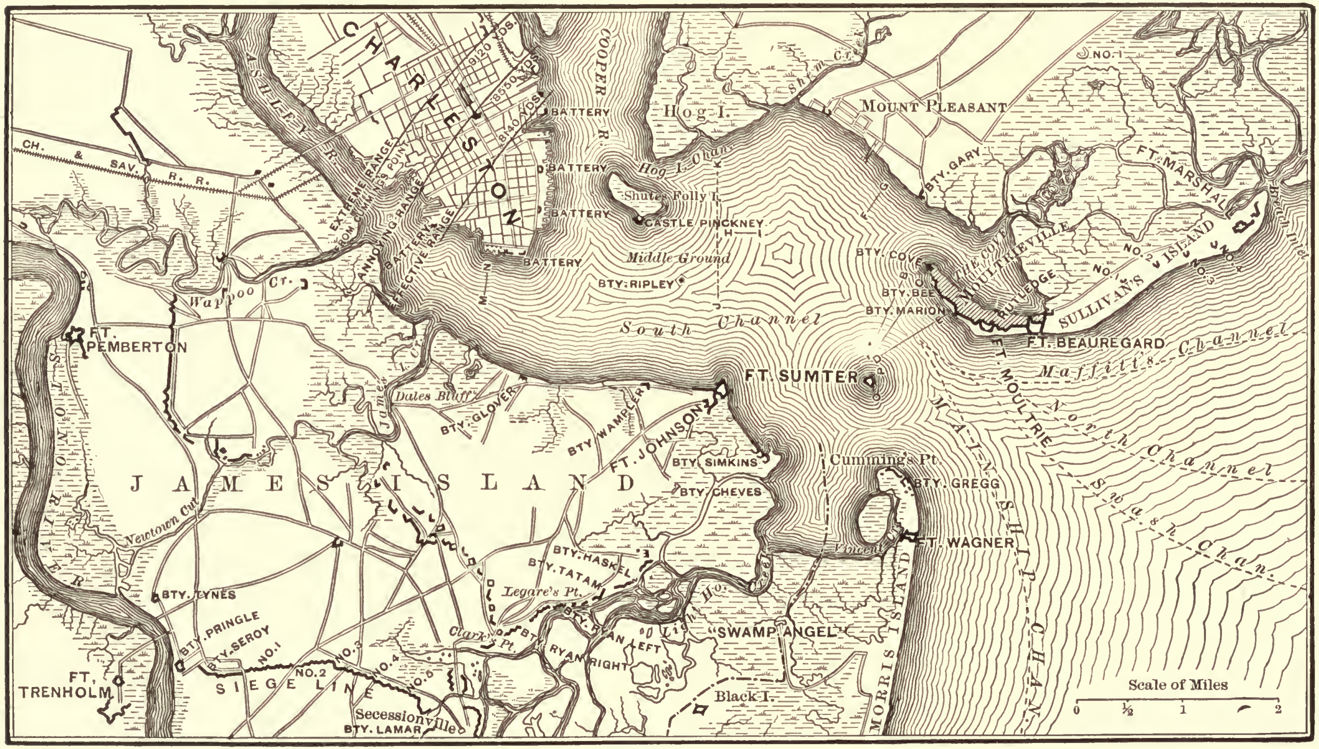
General Gillmore came to the conclusion that if he could get possession of the southern end of Morris Island he might in time possibly get possession of Fort Wagner, which was built of earth and mounted ten guns; but there were earthworks at the southern end of the island which must first be captured.

A lookout tower was erected, from the top of which General Gillmore surveyed Morris Island. He decided to get possession of the lower end of it, then carry Wagner by assault if possible; but in case of failure he would begin siege operations. After gaining it he would erect batteries, and assail Sumter and bombard Charleston. Public sentiment in the North demanded that there should be no cessation of effort till the old flag should wave once more over Sumter. In a military point of view, it was not a wise expenditure of strength; but in obedience to public sentiment the operations began.

All the preliminary labor was done in secret. Soldiers were at work in the night with shovels building breastworks behind a piece of woods, wholly concealed from the Confederates. The artillerymen dragged heavy guns through the sand, and placed them in position. A road was cut through the woods, brush laid along a path-way and covered with earth, that no rumbling of cannon-wheels might reach the ears of the enemy.

The troops under General Gillmore erected two siege-batteries in seventeen days, one twelve hundred yards and the other twenty-two hundred yards from the Confederate batteries, and had forty-seven guns and mortars in position to open fire. In Folly River were all the boats General Gillmore could obtain—enough to carry General Strong's brigade, which was to land on Morris Island, while General Terry was to make a demonstration upon James Island.

On the afternoon of the 9th Strong's brigade marched to the boats, and as soon as it was dark rowed up Folly River to the entrance of Light-house Creek. The reeds and grasses along the marshes were so tall and rank that no Confederate saw them. No word was spoken. The sentinels and pickets heard only the cry of the sea-fowl. It was a night of painful silence to the soldiers sitting in the boats waiting for the dawn of day, for they were within easy range of a battery of eight guns and three mortars. Daylight was streaming up the east when, greatly to the surprise of the Confederates holding the batteries at the lower end of Morris



MAP OF CHARLESTON AND VICINITY.

Island, the Union cannon on Folly Island opened fire. A few moments later came the roar of the great guns of four monitors which had crossed Charleston bar and taken position to enfilade the Confederate batteries. It was half-past six when General Strong saw a signal waved from the Union lines, and then the oars dipped the water and the boats moved on. The Confederates discovered them and opened fire. The boats soon grounded on the mud-flats.

"Come on!" shouted General Strong. With him men of the Sixth Connecticut leaped out.(1) The commander lost a boot in the mud, but not stopping to regain it, led the men, with only a stocking on one foot, charging upon the Confederate rifle-pits. The other regiments landed, formed, and rushed upon the batteries, capturing twelve guns, one hundred prisoners, and all the camp equipage. By ten o'clock General Gillmore was in possession of the lower end of the island.

Fort Wagner extended from the sea-beach across the island to the marshes of Vincent's Creek, a distance of six hundred feet. It had two bastions, one on the sea-side, with two faces, one fronting the sea, to meet the fire of the ships, the other fronting the land approach. The second bastion was on the west side—both provided with shelter for the garrison from the bombs fired by the mortar-boats. It was a strong fortress, upon which great labor had been expended by slaves, the Confederates well comprehending that so long as they could hold it General Gillmore would not be able to get at Fort Sumter.

There was consternation in Charleston over the information that the Union troops had effected a lodgment on Morris Island.

"The fall of Fort Wagner," said one of the Charleston newspapers, "ends in the fall of Charleston. Fort Sumter, like Fort Wagner, will then be assailable by land and sea."(2)

The governor of the State issued a call to the planters to send their slaves to construct additional fortifications, making earnest personal appeals to them.

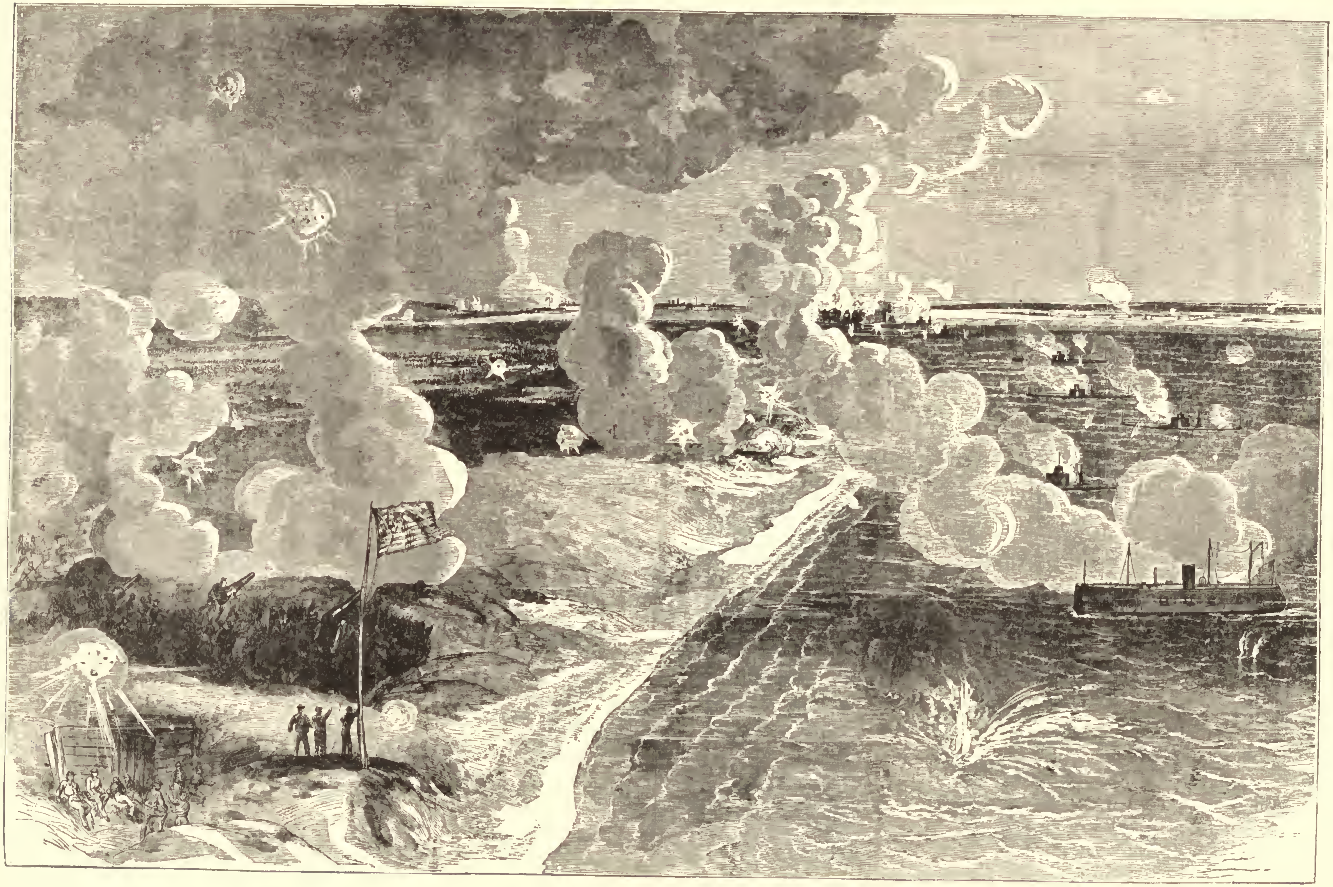
The Mayor of Charleston issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens "to suspend business till the safety of the city was assured," and ordered that all male negroes and mulattoes between the ages of eighteen and sixty be conscripted for work on the fortifications.(3)

General Gillmore knew nothing of the strength of Wagner, how formidable a fortress it was, that there were thirteen guns of large size mostly for firing shells and grape and canister. He did not know that the ditch in front was waist-deep with water kept there by a gate which opened when the tide came in and closed when it began to go out. Nor did he know that sharpened stakes were driven into the sand for *chevaux-de-frise*—that planks with iron spikes were laid along the glacis of the fort. Not knowing how strong it was, he selected only three regiments to assault it. The sun was rising on the morning of the 11th when the Seventh Connecticut, followed by the Ninth Maine and the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, went upon the double-quick across the sand, driving in the Confederate pickets. They reached the ditch, firing no volley, but charging with the bayonet up the slope of the work, only to be cut to pieces and driven back, with a loss of more than three hundred, while the Confederate loss was scarcely a dozen. It was a blind assault, attempted without knowledge of the strength of the fort or the garrison within it—on that morning exceeding twelve hundred.

On the 16th General Terry made an assault upon the works on James Island, but was repulsed, and General Gillmore ordered him to join General Strong on Morris Island. An arrangement was made with the fleet for a combined bombardment of Wagner, to dismount its guns and demoralize the garrison.

It was nearly eight o'clock on the morning of July 18th when the monitors, the *New Ironsides*, and several gunboats steamed slowly up the channel and opened fire. The vessels moved in a circle, thus lessening the chances of being injured. The land batteries and mortars opened at the same time. The thunder of the cannonade was heard at Edgefield, one hundred and thirty miles distant. At noon the monitors ceased firing that the men might rest. Inside the iron turrets the heat on that midsummer day, from the sun and the firing; was very exhausting; but after an hour's rest the men sprang once more to the guns. Upon the housetops and in the belfries of the churches were the people of Charleston—men and women—watching the distant spectacle. This the scene as pictured by one of the citizens:

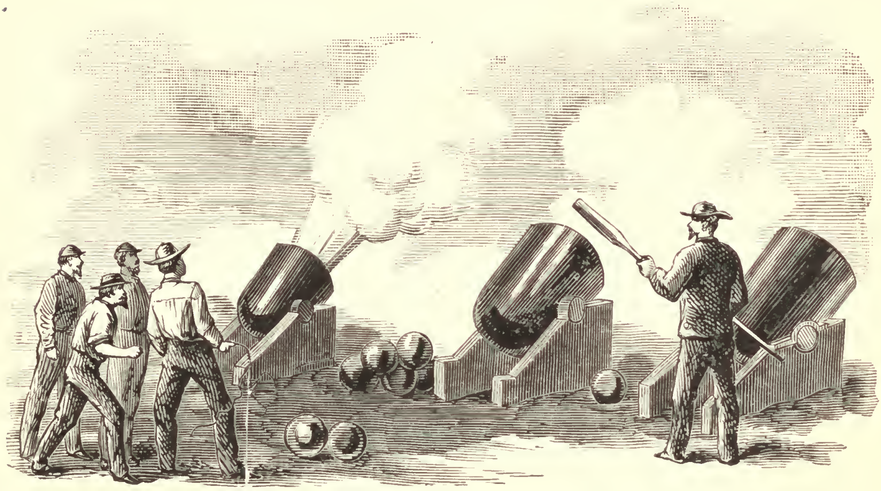
"Gray old Sumter lay like a half-aroused monster midway the scene, only occasionally speaking his part in the angry dialogue. Far in the distance lay the blockaders, taking no part in the fray. To the right, on Cumming's Point, was a little mound of earth, and every now and then we could see a band of artillerists around the guns, a volume of smoke, and far to the right exploding in the vicinity of the enemy's batteries its well-aimed shells. Still to the right of this was Wagner, clustered above which, now bursting high in air, now striking the sides of the work, and now plunging through the sand on the beach and throwing up a pillar of earth, or dashing into the marsh and ricochetting across the water, could be seen the quickly succeeding shells and round-shot of the enemy's guns abreast



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT WAGNER.

of Wagner. Still farther to the right, but concealed from view by the trees on James Island, were the land batteries of the enemy, whose location we only knew by the heavy puffs of smoke that shot suddenly into the air, then drifted away."(4)

General Gillmore, General Seymour, and General Strong, all three believed that the fort could be successfully assaulted; that the bombardment had demoralized the Confederates, and probably dismounted most of the cannon. Colonel Putnam did not think so, but that the Confederates had been protected in their bomb-proof shelter; that to make the attack at night, as proposed, would end in disaster. In the darkness the troops would become confused by the obstacles they would encounter and the fire that would be poured upon them, and they would not be able to distinguish friend from foe. The weight of opinion was against him. "We are going into Wagner like a flock of sheep," he said.(5) Who should lead? What regiment should be selected first to meet the fiery storm? There were three brigades—General Strong's, General Stevenson's, and Colonel Putnam's—thirteen regiments. General Strong's brigade was composed of the Sixth Connecticut, Forty-eighth New York, Third New Hampshire, Ninth Maine, and Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania. It was at the head of the column on the sea-beach. Behind it stood Putnam's brigade—the Seventh New Hampshire, One Hundredth New York, Sixty-second and Sixty-seventh Ohio. Stevenson's brigade was to be held



MORTAR BATTERY BEFORE WAGNER.

From a sketch of the time.

COL. ROBERT G. SHAW.

in reserve. It was past six o'clock. The mortars and the frigate *New Ironsides* were still sending their shells into the fort. The soldiers saw a long column of men marching across the sand-hills from the west, with the Stars and Stripes flying above them, and the white flag of the State of Massachusetts, with its seal of an Indian and an out-stretched arm grasping a sword, bearing the legend, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*" —seeking calm peace by the sword.

It was the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, a regiment of colored soldiers recruited in Boston, commanded by Col. Robert G. Shaw, who had been selected by Governor Andrew of that State to command this first regiment of colored troops, regularly authorized by the Secretary of War from a State east of the Mississippi. I saw the regiment upon Boston Common when it received its colors from the hand of the governor. It was on a beautiful afternoon in May. Thousands of people had gathered to see them—some to laugh and sneer, others to respect and applaud. Those who sneered predicted that they never would fight a battle, but would scatter like sheep at the sound of the first hostile shot; those who applauded hoped, possibly believed, that they would be brave and manly in battle.

"I know not," said Governor Andrew, as he placed the colors of the State in their keeping, "when in all human history to any one thousand men in arms there has been given a work so proud, so precious, so full of hope and glory as the work committed to you."

Some of them had been slaves, sold on the auction-block. The Supreme Court of the United States, through Chief-justice Roger B. Taney, before the war, had declared that the son of a slave mother could not be a citizen, and therefore had no rights under the laws. The Peace Democrats hated them because they were negroes. The majority of the people in the Northern States had been prejudiced against them. For them there was no seat in the upholstered car of a railroad; no place at the public table of a hotel; no bed except in the loft of a tavern-stable or the lumber-room of a garret; for them no place in church except in some far-off seat in the gallery. So intense the prejudice that many officers objected to their employment as soldiers. Politicians and "Copperheads" were doing their utmost to arouse hostility to the colored race. Many people who had favored the war turned against President Lincoln because he had consented to their employment as soldiers.

As representatives of a despised race, a great hour had come to this regiment. It had been in General Terry's command, and the men had exhibited in some degree their soldier-like qualities on June 10th, when attacked by a large force of Confederates, holding them in check, and saving the Tenth Connecticut from capture. They had been ordered to Morris Island, had been marching all day across the sands of Folly Island, in the sweltering heat, without rations. They reached the sea-beach—six hundred of them—in the twilight of the sultry summer evening.

General Seymour was to conduct the assault, and decided that they should lead. These his reasons: "It was in every respect as efficient as any other body of men; and as it was one of the strongest and best officered, there seemed to be no good reason why it should not be selected for the advance. This point was decided by General Strong and myself." Of officers there were Colonel Shaw, Lieutenant-colonel Hallowell, and Adjutant James, seven captains and twelve lieutenants, also the surgeon and quartermaster.

During the week after the first assault the Confederates in Wagner had been hard at work to make the fort still stronger. The garrison had been increased to seventeen hundred men under General Taliaferro, who had assigned each company to its appointed position, and who had drilled them to run helter-skelter from the bomb-proof, each man to his place along the breastworks, and to be ready in a moment after a given signal to repel an attacking force. In all, there were thirteen large cannon and six pieces of field artillery—howitzers which could be loaded and fired rapidly, and placed to sweep the ditch outside the fort with grape and canister. While the bombardment was going on the Confederates were beneath their bomb-proof.

The men of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts were resting after their tiresome march. Officers were riding here and there carrying orders. General Strong, in full uniform, came to the regiment and informed the soldiers that they were to have the honor of leading the charge. Were they ready to do so? "We are ready," they replied, and at the word of command dressed their ranks as if upon parade.

It is not clear just what General Seymour's plans were in regard to the attack. There was the fort; its guns silent, the earthworks torn by the bombardment. Manifestly an assaulting column must be strong enough to remove the obstructions in front, cross the ditch, climb the parapet, and overwhelm those within. It was reasonable to suppose that this could not be accomplished by a single regiment, and that other troops should be close at hand to swarm over the works and outnumber the Confederates. Whatever was to be done must be accomplished at once; it must be an assault so aggressive and powerful—a blow given with such force that nothing could stand before it. Unless so made, it ought not to be attempted. It was known that there was a *chevaux-de-frise*, that there was a line of stakes along the beach to obstruct an advancing column; and it was reasonable to suppose that unless men were selected to remove the obstacles the column would be thrown into confusion; but no details were made to do the work of pioneers.

How should the attack be made — with loaded muskets or with the bayonet alone? When Anthony Wayne stormed Stony Point, on the Hudson, during the Revolutionary War, at night, his troops marched with unloaded muskets. He would have no shooting of his own men by mistake in the darkness. The bayonet alone won the victory. Instead of this, the columns of men in front of Wagner stood with loaded muskets. Behind the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts were the Sixth Connecticut, then the Ninth Maine, Forty-eighth New York, and Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and then Putnam's brigade.

The sun had gone down. The monitors were still firing. Sumter was sending its shells down the beach upon the dark outline of men. A thunder-storm was rising landward—the lightning illumining all the western landscape, and the thunder rolling far away. Seaward, a thick haze was settling over the harbor, through which could be dimly seen the vessels of the blockading fleet rising and falling upon the long and heavy swells of the ocean. At a signal the monitors ceased their fire, and the Union batteries became suddenly silent. General Strong, in full uniform, rides in front of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and addresses them briefly; (7) their beloved Colonel Shaw walks along the lines as calmly as upon parade. Three-fourths of a mile away, dimly seen in the gathering darkness, floats the Confederate flag.

"Attention!" The men who have been sold as slaves stand erect. "Forward!" The commander who speaks the word is in advance, and sets his face towards Wagner. He will not ask them to go where he is not ready to lead; they are willing to follow wherever he may go. The way narrows as they advance, till the men on the right are crowded down upon the beach and walk in the white-fringed ripples.

"We shall take the fort, or die!" These are the parting words of Colonel Shaw to his next in command, Lieutenant-colonel Hallowell.

The regiment moves on alone, those of Strong's and Putnam's brigades remaining in columns on the beach, awaiting orders from General Seymour.(8) Why they were thus held, why the colored troops were sent forward alone, has never been explained. Why six hundred men should have been ordered to assault a fortress held by seventeen hundred, or what General Seymour intended by such a plan of action, is not known. In the first assault three regiments had been hurled back, but the men move on, little knowing how terrible a storm is to burst upon them. Suddenly the embrasures of Wagner are sheets of flame, and a line of light runs along the parapet. The air is thick with grape and canister and musket-balls. Lieutenant-colonel Hallowell, Captain Willard, and Adjutant James go down, and Lieutenant Thomas is whirled to the ground by a shot through the shoulder.(9)

On through the gloom and deadly tempest rush the soldiers, following their beloved commander; down into the moat, through the water, up the glacis of the south-eastern bastion, with the enfilading cannon and howitzers belching grape and canister into their ranks. By the lightnings of heaven and the cannon-flashes the men see their comrades falling. In advance of all is Colonel Shaw. He crosses the ditch, followed by the two color-bearers. Together they climb the glacis and stand outlined on the parapet by the lightnings, Shaw waving his sword. Amid the uproar the men hear him shouting, "Come on!" And then the form goes down, and the voice is hushed evermore. The color-bearers are still there, and the men rush up the glacis and fire into the faces of the Confederates. But the struggle on the parapet is soon over. There is no supporting column at hand to leap down into the bastion, and by the force of numbers drive the Confederates. General Strong's brigade has not started. Sheltered in part, the men of the Fifty-fourth fire into the embrasures, driving the Confederates from the cannon, and they in turn toss grenades and lighted shells over the parapet. One member of the Fifty-fourth, with his left arm shattered and bleeding, lies in the sand, but with his right hand piles his cartridges upon his breast that his comrades may seize them and load and fire more rapidly. The color-bearers are shot down, and for a moment the colors lie upon the breastwork. The living seize the staves, but one of the dead bearers is lying upon his flag, and in the effort to save it it is torn from the staff. Sergeant Carney, though wounded, still clings to his colors. Colonel, lieutenant-colonel, adjutant, and every captain, excepting Captain Emilio, have been killed or wounded. More than one-third of the men have fallen. How long it has been, those who participated cannot determine. Men live fast at such a moment, when all the energy of life is concentrated into a supreme effort. Whether it was half an hour or an hour, even those who stood in column on the beach, and those who were on the sand-hills a mile away, are not agreed. Those who still stood there illumining the darkness by their flashing muskets knew that their effort had failed, but they resolutely remained to take part in the mêlée when the supports should come—not *their* supports. The time had gone by for supports to them. Not till only a remnant was left—not till the whole aggressive force of the six hundred had been wasted—was the order issued for the advance of Strong's brigade.

"Column forward! Double quick!" The brigade, in column of companies, went up the beach—the Sixth Connecticut leading. This the account of one who participated in the assault:

"When we had gone twelve hundred yards, and the head of the column was almost to the ditch, suddenly the parapets were alive with men. They yelled, they fired all their muskets and their cannon straight in our faces. It was as if the deepest hell had vomited its hottest fires upon you. It was as light as day, and that noble column reeled and surged and fell, shot through with grape and canister and shrapnel. Oh, it was pitiful! The air was on fire everywhere, and the fire seemed to have voices that now moaned, and now cheered, and now cried with pain. The dead and the dying were piled in heaps far up that fatal slope; the sea moaned; the thunder muttered in the sky. It grew dark suddenly, and the eye of God saw the survivors of that shattered column pushing on towards the fort. Here was one, there another; ten steps away a third—all that were left standing of the solid columns that had melted away in the fires; but they did not halt, they did not retreat—they pressed on. Those in the rear followed them, trampling down their dead and dying comrades, stumbling over the wire entanglements as they rushed in the dark towards the fort.... We reached the moat, crossed it. Many fell under the terrible enfilades, others impaled their feet on the spikes and blades of steel; but the rest climbed up that first bank, and step by step, with swords drawn and bayonets fixed, without the firing of a single shot, without speaking a single word, drove the enemy back, captured their guns, their magazines, followed them, as they fled in terror across the enclosure, drove them over the superior slope, and at last, a mere handful of them—all that remained of the fighting brigade — stood triumphant upon the parapets, and the strongest bastion of Wagner was taken. Then there rang a great shout of victory over the sea."(10)

The Confederate commander says of the attack:

"As the assaulting columns came on they were met by the withering volleys of McKethan's direct and Gaillard's cross fire, and by the direct discharge of the shell-guns, supplemented by the frightful enfilading discharges of the lighter guns upon the right and left. It was terrible, but with unsurpassed gallantry the Federal soldiers breasted the storm and rushed onward to the glacis. The Confederates, with the tenacity of bull-dogs, and a fierce courage aroused almost to madness by the frightful inaction to which they had been subjected, poured from the ramparts and embrasures sheets of flame and a tempest of lead and iron. Yet their intrepid assailants rushed on like the waves of the sea by whose shore they fought. They fell by hundreds, but they pushed on, reeling under the frightful blasts that almost blew them to pieces, up to the Confederate bayonets. The south-east bastion was weakly defended, and into it a considerable body of the enemy made their way."(11)

Colonel Putnam had been ordered by General Gillmore to remain where he was, but he could see the guns flashing in the darkness, and he knew that General Strong needed assistance, and assumed the responsibility of advancing. 'After a disastrous delay, and without orders,' says General Seymour, 'he led his brigade on to assault the south-east angle through a destructive fire.'"(12)

The brave young commander reached the ditch, crossed it, and mounted the parapet, followed by his men, to fall with a mortal wound. A portion of his brigade joined those already in the bastion, but in the darkness a portion of the troops fired a volley into Strong's brigade. In the attack General Seymour and General Strong were wounded, and every colonel was killed or wounded. Men fell by scores on the parapet, to roll back into the ditch, already piled with the fallen: some to be strangled in the water, others to die of suffocation in the sand. With howitzers pouring canister upon them; with a thousand Confederate muskets sending bullets into the huddled mass, the fearful carnage went on. Messengers were sent to General Stevenson, commanding the brigade in reserve, to advance, but he waited for orders from General Gillmore.

When at last that brigade advanced it was only to meet the shattered remnants drifting back in disorder through the darkness. Not all, for still in the bastion were one hundred and forty men, all privates, belonging to different regiments, not a commissioned officer among them. How bravely they held out is narrated by the Confederate commander:

"The party which had gained access by the salient next the sea could not escape. It was certain death to pass the line of concentrated fire which swept the face of the work, and they did not attempt it; but they would not surrender, and in despair kept up a continuous fire upon the main body in the fort. The Confederates called for volunteers to dislodge them—a summons which was promptly responded to by Major MacDonald, of the Fifty-first North Carolina, and by Captain Rion, of the Charleston Battalion, with the requisite number of men. Rion's company was selected, and the gallant Irishman, at the head of his company, dashed at the reckless and insane men who seemed to insist upon immolation.... Rion rushed at them, but he fell, shot outright, with several of his men, and the rest recoiled."(13)

General Beauregard in Charleston had seen from his headquarters the flashing of the cannon and musketry, and had sent the Thirty-Second Georgia in a steamer to Morris Island. It was a large regiment, and came upon the run from Cumming's Point. Even with this fire added to that of the garrison, the few Union soldiers still held the bastion, till, seeing that no relief was possible, they gave up the struggle and surrendered, after maintaining their position four hours.

Midnight.—The sound of the conflict has died away. The Confederates, looking down into the ditch, behold by the lightning-flashes a ghastly scene. Fifteen hundred men have been killed or wounded, and those of the living who have not dragged themselves away are piled in a mass before them. No other spot on this Western continent has presented a like scene of horror or a more heroic struggle. Let us close our ears to the wails of the wounded and the groans of the dying. Let darkness hide the blood-red water in the moat, and let us hear, instead, in the early hours of Sunday morning, coming from that pile of dead and dying, the last words of one who has led a religious life, who, with both legs crushed and his life-blood flowing from ghastly wounds, sings once more the songs he has often sung in the prayer-meeting of the camp:

"My heavenly home is bright and fair;
No pain nor death shall enter there.
Its glittering towers the sun outshines,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home—I'm going home—
I'm going home, to die no more."(14)

So Captain Paxson, of the Forty-eighth New York, lays down his life for his country. Live on evermore, heroes of Wagner!

Sunday morning dawns. The waves are rippling on the beach; the air is calm, after the midnight tempest of the sky. The guns of the monitors are silent, as are those of Sumter. Before we turn our faces away from the ghastly scene at the base of Wagner, let us linger while a white flag comes from General Gillmore, with a note requesting the body of Colonel Shaw. This the answer:

"We will let him be buried with his niggers."

It was not a reply prompted by the natural impulse of the Confederate commander's heart, but it was the brutality engendered by the spirit born of slavery. The body of Colonel Shaw was buried where he fell—the place which he himself most likely would have chosen. That which was intended as an insult will dignify and make glorious the service and sacrifice of his life—dying for the elevation of a despised race. He loved justice and liberty. His sympathies were with the poor and lowly and oppressed; he cast in his lot with them, and so his name will go down the ages. During the war there were many heroic scenes, but it may be questioned whether any contest, for determination, bravery, endurance, and sacrifice of life, surpassed that of Wagner.

"It may be said," are the words of a Savannah paper, "that a more daring and gallant assault has not been made since the commencement of the war."(15)

This the commendation of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts by General Strong the next morning: "They did well and nobly; only the fall of Colonel Shaw prevented them from entering the fort. They moved up as gallantly as any troops could, and, with their enthusiasm, deserved a better fate."(16) The advance of Sumner's corps up the slope of Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg was bravely done, resulting in frightful loss of life; equally brave, and more dramatic, was the Confederate advance across Codori's fields at Gettysburg; but neither at Fredericksburg nor at Gettysburg was there persistence and endurance greater than that in the bastion of Wagner. The winds and the waves have left but a shapeless mound where once it stood, but its bastion will remain evermore a landmark in history; for there the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, representing a despised race, manifested to the world the manhood of that race, and its right to citizenship under the flag of the republic, by giving their lives freely that the nation might live. When Sergeant Carney leaped the ditch, climbed the glacis, and planted the Stars and Stripes upon the parapet of Wagner, the whole African race advanced with him across the deep moat which, through all the centuries, had separated it from the Anglo-Saxon. Prejudice and contumely disappeared in the clouds of that Saturday night's tempest, and with the dawn of Sunday morning came for them the beginning of a new era.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVI.

(1) Palmer, "History of the Forty-eighth New York," p. 84.
(2) *Charleston Mercury*, July 13, 1863.
(3) Idem.
(4) *Charleston Mercury*, July 20, 1863.
(5) Emilio, "Fort Wagner," p. 6.
(6) General Seymour's Report.
(7) Emilio, "Fort Wagner," p. 7.
(8) Palmer, "History of the Forty-eighth New York," p. 105.
(9) Emilio, "Fort Wagner," p. 11.
(10) Palmer, "History of the Forty-eighth New York," p. 105.
(11) General Taliaferro, quoted ("History of the Forty-eighth New York," p. 107).
(12) General Seymour's Report.
(13) General Taliaferro, quoted, p. 107.
(14) Palmer, "History of the Forty-eighth New York," p. 121.
(15) *Savannah Republican*, August 16, 1863.
(16) *Harper's Weekly*, August 15, 1863.

CHAPTER XVII.

OPERATIONS AGAINST WAGNER AND SUMTER.

THE Confederate war-ship *Florida*, built in England in the early part of 1863, was off the coast of Brazil, capturing the merchant-vessels of the United States, one of which, the brig *Clarence*, instead of being burned, was put in command of Lieutenant Reed, with a crew from the *Florida.* A six-pounder howitzer was placed on board, and the *Clarence* sailed away to begin her work of destruction, capturing off Cape Hatteras the *Whistling Wind*, loaded with stores for the Union troops at New Orleans. In a short time three other ships were captured and burned.

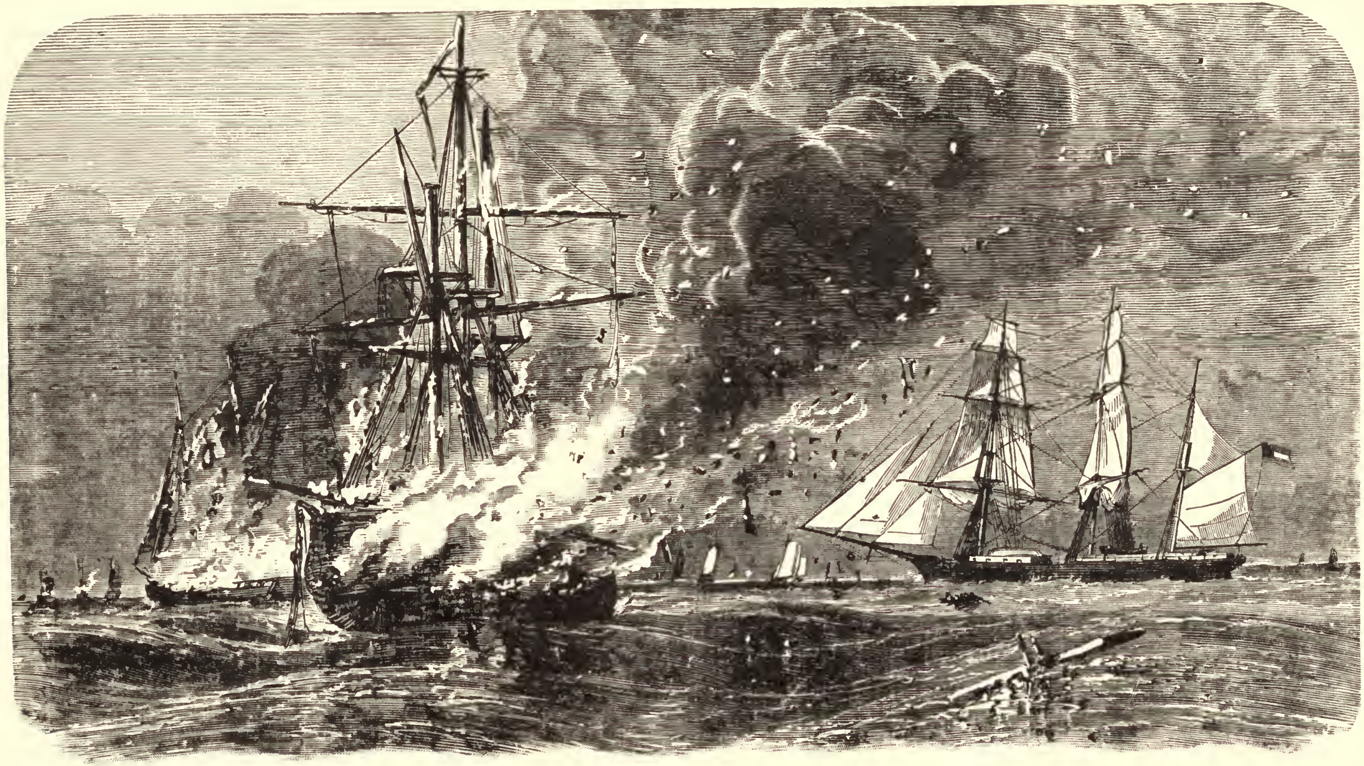
The *Alfred Partridge*, with the crew of the captured vessel, was sent ashore at the mouth of Delaware Bay—which was the first information of what this Confederate sailing-vessel was doing. The next prize was the swift-sailing bark *Tacony*, which was so beautiful and swift that the howitzer was placed on board, and the *Clarence* set on fire. Up the New England coast sailed the *Tacony*, overhauling in quick succession fourteen vessels, all of which were destroyed. On June 25th the schooner *Archer* was captured, the howitzer transferred to her deck, and the *Tacony* given to the flames.

The Confederate commander greatly desired to gain possession of a steamer, and learning from some fishermen that the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing* was in Portland harbor, determined to capture her. As the sun was going down on the evening of the 27th the sailors on the fishing-smacks off Cape Elizabeth saw a schooner sail into the harbor. The watch on the revenue-cutter paid no attention to the schooners that were coming and going. The twilight faded away, darkness settled over sea and land, when suddenly over the bulwarks of the *Cushing* leaped the Confederates, overpowering the watch pacing her deck, securing officers and crew. It was all done so quietly that no one in the harbor knew what had happened till, in the dim gray of the morning, when Captain Merriman, who had been ordered to Portland to take command of the *Cushing*, and who was on the steamer from Boston, saw the *Cushing* steaming out to sea.

There was a commotion in Portland. Major Anderson, commanding Fort Preble, put his troops on board two steamers, citizens volunteered, and in a short time the steamers and three tug-boats were in pursuit. They sighted the *Cushing* and *Archer*, and by eleven o'clock were within cannon-shot. The Confederates opened fire, but the steamers steered straight on, whereupon Lieutenant Reed set the *Cushing* on fire and leaped, with his crew, into the small boats; but before night they were all prisoners inside of Fort Preble.

The first vessel purchased by the Confederate agent in England, Captain Bullock, was the steamer *Fingal*, which at the beginning of the war reached Wilmington with a great amount of arms, ammunition, and supplies for the Confederate army. She had run into Savannah, but being unable to get out as a blockade runner, carpenters were set to work, and the vessel was changed into an iron-plated ram, renamed the *Atlanta*, and on the morning of June 17th appeared in Ossabaw Sound, carrying six guns. She was supposed to be a very strong and powerful vessel, and two monitors, the *Weehawken* and *Nahant*, were in the sound to meet her. The *Atlanta* had two 7-inch rifled pivot-guns, one fore and the other aft, the others on her sides, which were covered with four inches of iron bolted upon twenty-four inches of wood, the plating extending two feet below the water-line. One million dollars in gold had been expended upon her, and Lieutenant Webb, in command, intended, after finishing the monitors, to make his appearance among the blockaders off Charleston.

In the early morning light of the 19th of June the *Atlanta* was discovered. The *Weehawken* slipped her cable and steamed towards her, followed by the *Nahant*. The *Atlanta's* rifled guns first awoke the echoes of the morning, firing three shots. Then came the roar of one of the *Weehawken's* cannon, sending a solid shot weighing four hundred and forty pounds, which tore through the iron plating and the twenty-four inches of solid timber, knocking down by the terrible concussion more than forty of the crew, killing or wounding many of them by the splinters. A second shot struck one of the iron shutters of a port, knocking it into fragments, killing or wounding seventeen men. The *Atlanta* had grounded, and was helpless. Three more shots came from the *Weehawken*, riddling the vessel, making terrible havoc among its crew. Fifteen minutes, and the contest was over. A white flag went up from the Confederate vessel in token of surrender, and the two steamboats, crowded with ladies and gentlemen who had come down from Savannah to see the monitors knocked to pieces, steamed back again with the mournful



THE "TACONY" BURNING MERCHANT-VESSELS AND FISHING-CRAFT.

news. The *Atlanta*, which was a valuable prize, was taken to New York, repaired, and rendered excellent service for the Union to the close of the war.

We have already seen (Chapter XVI.) how the monitors and the *New Ironsides* had bombarded Fort Wagner on the day of the assault by the troops of General Gillmore, and they were still hurling shot and shell upon it.

General Beauregard determined to hold Morris Island at all hazards. General Gillmore was equally determined to gain possession of Wagner. It must be done by regular siege operations—by the shovel, by heavy cannon and mortars. On the 20th of June he had two new batteries ready, and in the afternoon of that day a shot dismounted a 10-inch Confederate gun. He began, also, a fire upon Sumter. His 30-pounder Parrott cannon were nearly two miles distant, but the shot had so marked an effect that he determined to keep his rifled guns pounding its walls. On the 28th General Gillmore's troops had dug their way to within sixteen hundred feet of Wagner. At night the sharp-shooters went in advance, with shovels, scooped rifle-pits in the sand, and through the day kept such a sharp watch that the Confederates could not work their guns. By

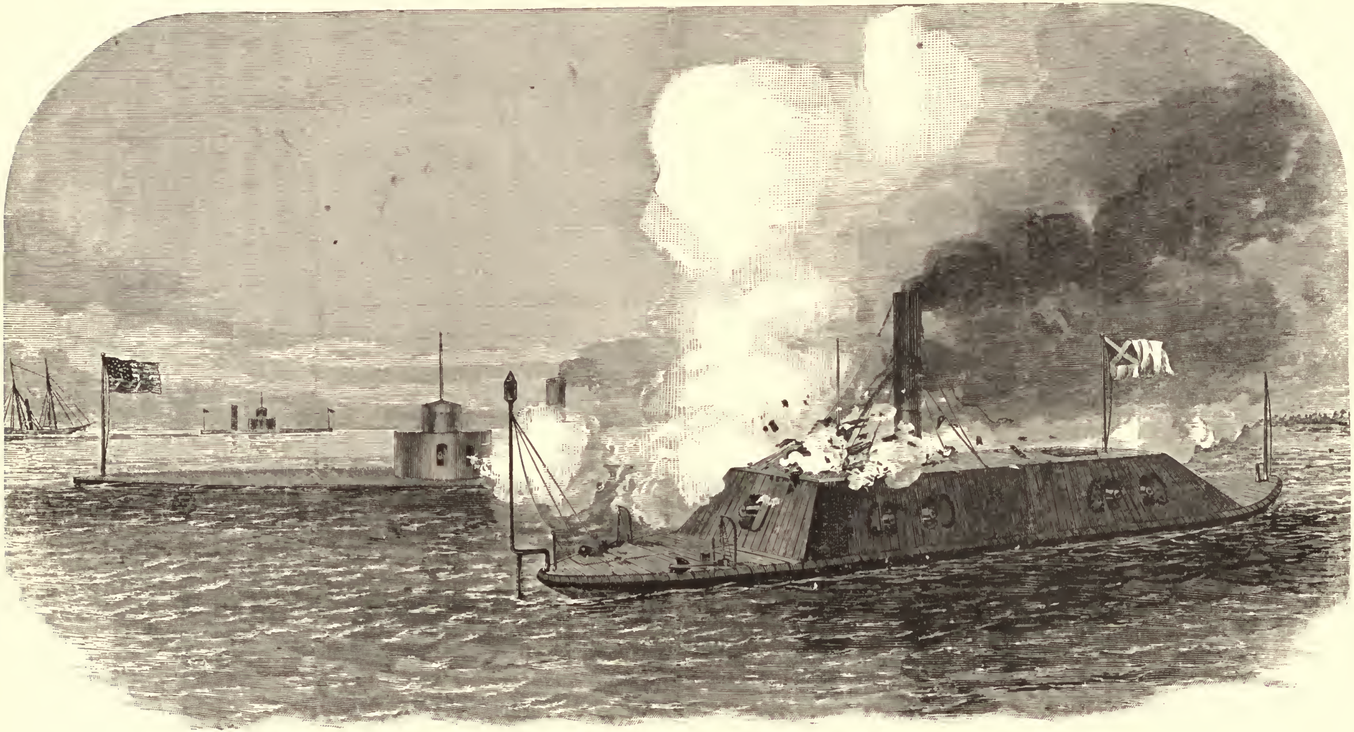
DIGGING TRENCHES AND MOUNTING GUNS.

August 9th the troops were only four hundred yards from the fort. Gillmore had twenty-eight heavy guns and twelve mortars ready, and on the 17th opened in earnest upon Sumter, while the monitors and gunboats rained their fire upon Wagner. During the morning six hundred and twelve shot and shell were fired at Sumter, dismounting or disabling five of its cannon and crumbling the wall. In seven days, up to the 24th, five thousand seven hundred and fifty shot and shell were fired, of which nearly four thousand five hundred struck the fort, making it a shapeless ruin, with nearly all its guns dismounted.

UNION SHARP SHOOTERS IN FRONT OF FORT WAGNER.

"I consider it impossible either to mount or use guns on any part of the parapet, and I deem the fort in its present condition unserviceable for offensive purposes," was the report made by Colonel Rhett, the Confederate commander, to General Beauregard.

The call of the Governor of South Carolina and of the Mayor of Charleston for slaves to work on the fortifications had been responded to by the planters, and earthworks were being thrown up at every point. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, was of brick, but now great banks of sand, twenty feet thick, were heaped against its walls. Heavy cannon were mounted. Batteries were erected along the shore. At the extreme end of the island was Fort Marshall, mounted with sixty-seven cannon,



CAPTURE OF THE "ATLANTA."

some of them 8 and 10 inch, with mortars. In Fort Johnson were twelve heavy guns, and near by on a sand-spit were six more. Half a mile from this was Battery Wimpler, with two 10-inch columbiads, and just beyond it Battery Glover, with three 8-inch rifles. Opposite these, on the other side of the channel, were Fort Ripley, a crib-work on a shoal, and Castle Pinckney, with three 10-inch guns and one 7-inch rifle. On a point of land stood an English-made cannon throwing a shot weighing seven hundred pounds, and four other 8 and 10 inch guns. Along the shaded promenade in Charleston, in front of the costliest mansions, were works built with cotton sacks filled with sand, where heavy guns were mounted. In the harbor were the iron-clad rams, mounting fourteen rifled cannon. The guns in the various batteries were so arranged that if the monitors were to pass Sumter they would come under a concentrated fire in the inner harbor.

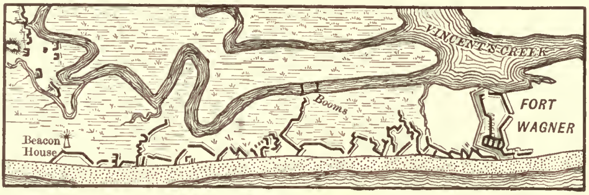
"The farther the enemy got in, the worse off they would be. If they passed the outer batteries, they would have come within another circle of fire; had they succeeded in passing that, they would have been in the centre of still another circular fire. Some of the heaviest guns were on these interior batteries," said the Confederate General Ripley.

Admiral Dahlgren, commanding the Union fleet, had no intention of attempting to run past Sumter, but General Gillmore determined to gain possession of Morris Island. The people of the North demanded that the city of Charleston, which they regarded as having been the hotbed of secession, where the conspiracy, like a hot-house plant, had been nourished, should pay the penalty for its crime.

West of Morris Island were marshes threaded with inlets, where waterfowl built their nests, and where the reed-birds gathered in flocks. Colonel Serrell, of the Volunteer Engineers, planned the construction of a battery amid the tall grasses, from which shells might be fired into Charleston, a distance of nearly five miles. The mud was twenty feet deep. The location was under the fire of the Confederate batteries on James Island, and the work of construction must all be done in the night. Timber was floated from Folly Island through the creeks; piles were driven into the mud; bags were filled with sand and taken to the spot. A long causeway was constructed over the marsh. In all, thirteen thousand bags were used; together with one hundred and twenty-three timbers eighteen inches in diameter and fifty-five feet long; besides fifteen thousand feet of plank and boards. A 200-pounder Parrott gun was mounted.

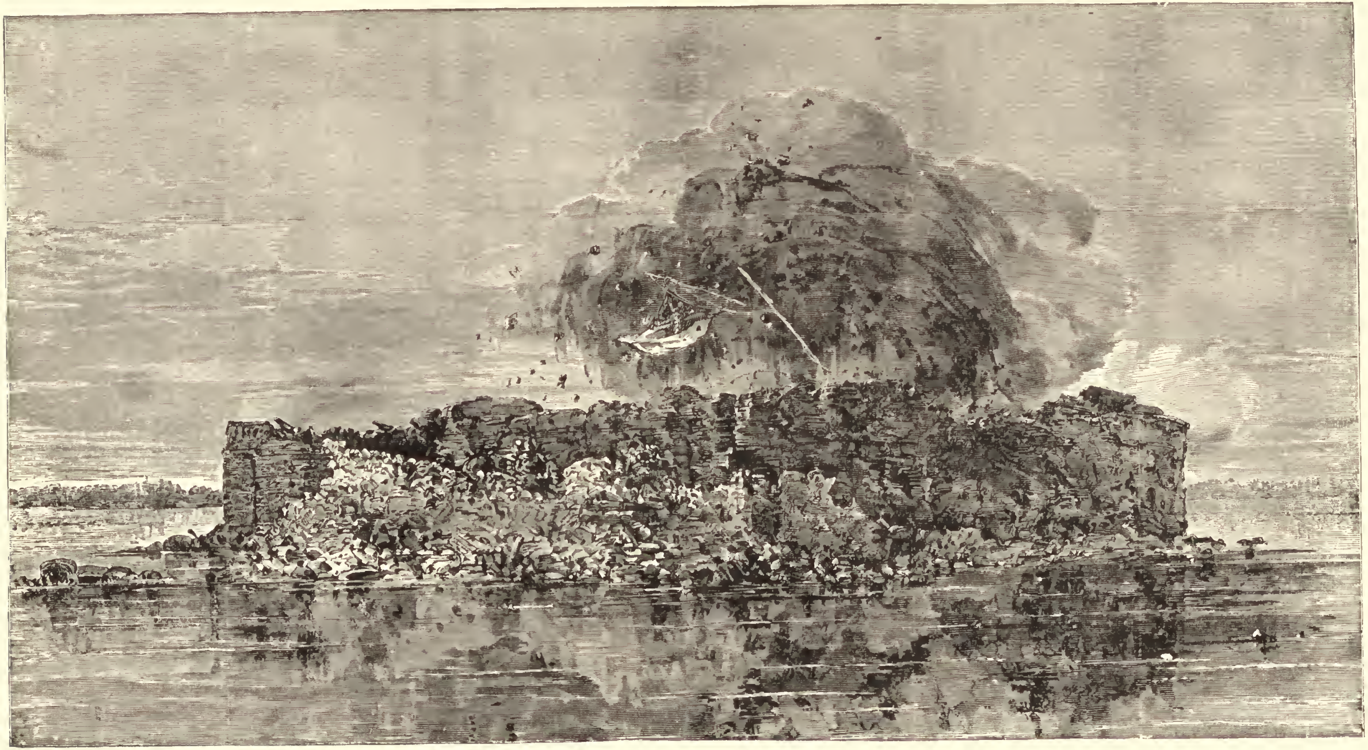
On August 21st General Gillmore informed General Beauregard by flag of truce that his batteries were in position to open fire upon Charleston, and demanded the evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter, which General Beauregard refused to do. The soldiers called the battery the "Swamp Angel," but upon firing the thirty-fifth shell the cannon burst.

The sappers and miners digging the trenches in front of Wagner were annoyed by the Confederate sharp-shooters lying behind a sand-ridge, and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment was selected to dislodge them. On the night of the 26th of August the mortars and batteries which had been firing through the day suddenly ceased, when up sprang the Massachusetts men, rushing across the sand, and capturing nearly all the Confederates. Following the soldiers came men with shovels, who in a few minutes, before the Confederates in the fort could open fire, had a bank of sand thrown up completely sheltering them, enabling General Gillmore to open the fifth parallel within three hundred feet of the fort. The next night the men in the trenches were only one hundred feet from the fort. At that point the sand-ridge between the sea and the marsh was only two feet high and twenty-five feet wide. The Confederate batteries on James Island were sending shells across the marshes with great accuracy, and the shovellers could not dig any farther unless so hot a fire was poured upon the fort that the Confederates would be compelled to keep inside the bomb-proof. General Gillmore brought forward all his light mortars, placed his guns nearer, and arranged a powerful calcium light, with which he could illuminate Wagner at night and enable the gunners to sight the cannon, and the sharp-shooters to pick off those attempting to work the guns. The light dazzled the Confederates while it increased the darkness of the Union trenches.



MAP OF APPROACHES TO WAGNER.

On September 5th the bombardment began from seventeen mortars, and thirteen Parrott rifled cannon; and from the frigate *New Ironsides* continued without cessation for forty-two hours a continuous stream of rifled shot and exploding shells, so terrible that the Confederates were



APPEARANCE OF SUMTER AFTER SIX DAYS' BOMBARDMENT.

From a sketch made at the time.

compelled to remain under the bomb-proof, where the heat was stifling, and greatly weakening and dispiriting them. While the shells were exploding the Union shovellers were at work, carrying their trench along the flank of the fortification. General Gillmore intended to storm the fort at ebb-tide on the morning of September 7th. He did not know that General Beauregard was reading all the signals that passed between the army and the fleet by the waving of flags; but he had discovered the key by capturing a Union signal-officer, who in some way, or by some inducement, gave away the secret. He read the signal waved from the shore to the *New Ironsides* that Wagner was to be assaulted, and as soon as it was dark the troops came out of the bomb-proof and made haste to Cumming's Point, and thence in boats to Charleston.

There was only one cannon remaining in Sumter, but a regiment of Confederate infantry was there to hold the fort. Admiral Dahlgren planned an expedition for the capture of Sumter by sailors in boats at night, but the Confederate officer watching the waving of the Union signal-flags read the message sent to Gillmore regarding the plan, and when the boats moved up in the darkness all the batteries on Sullivan's and James islands opened upon them, and they were quickly repulsed with a loss of more than one hundred men.

Admiral Dahlgren determined to bombard Fort Moultrie, and the monitors, on September 7th, steamed up the channel and opened fire. The *Weehawken* ran aground, and all the Confederate batteries opened upon her. The other monitors and the *New Ironsides* replied, continuing the fire several hours, when suddenly there came an explosion in Moultrie, lifting a great cloud of sand high in the air, together with planks and timbers and shells, which exploded about the garrison with a concussion that jarred all the windows of Charleston, and which was heard far away.

It was seen that though the magazine had been exploded, the fort was little damaged by the bombardment. The Navy Department at Washington did not wish Admiral Dahlgren to attempt to run into Charleston harbor, for the iron-clad ram which had been launched at Birkenhead, England, was nearly ready for sea, and the monitors alone could cope with so formidable a vessel.

Going over to London, we see Mr. Adams during those September days writing vigorous letters to Lord John Russell.

A second ram had been launched. It was well known that the vessels were being built for the Confederate Government, and although Mr. Adams had repeatedly called Lord John Russell's attention to them, the building and outfitting were allowed to go on.

"The Government cannot interfere in any way with these vessels," wrote Lord John Russell in reply to Mr. Adams.

"The ram is taking coal on board, and she may go to sea at any time," was the despatch from the United States Consul at Liverpool to Mr. Adams September 3d.

"In the name of my government I make this last solemn protest against the commission of such an act of hostility against a friendly nation," said Mr. Adams to Lord John Russell the next day. Two days later he wrote:

"At this moment, when one of the iron-clad vessels is on the point of departure from this kingdom on its hostile errand against the United States, it would be superfluous for me to point out to your lordship that this is war."

Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston began to see things in a new light. They sympathized with the Confederacy, but were not quite ready to go to war with the United States; for in that case British ships as well as American vessels might possibly be burned at sea, and orders were issued to prevent the sailing of the iron-clads. Several large war-ships took position off the ship-yard where the ram was lying.

To be prepared for them, the monitors waited in the outer harbor of Charleston; while General Gillmore planted his heavy long-range rifled cannon on Cumming's Point, and began the bombardment of the city, which was to go on, day after day, to the end of the war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EAST TENNESSEE.

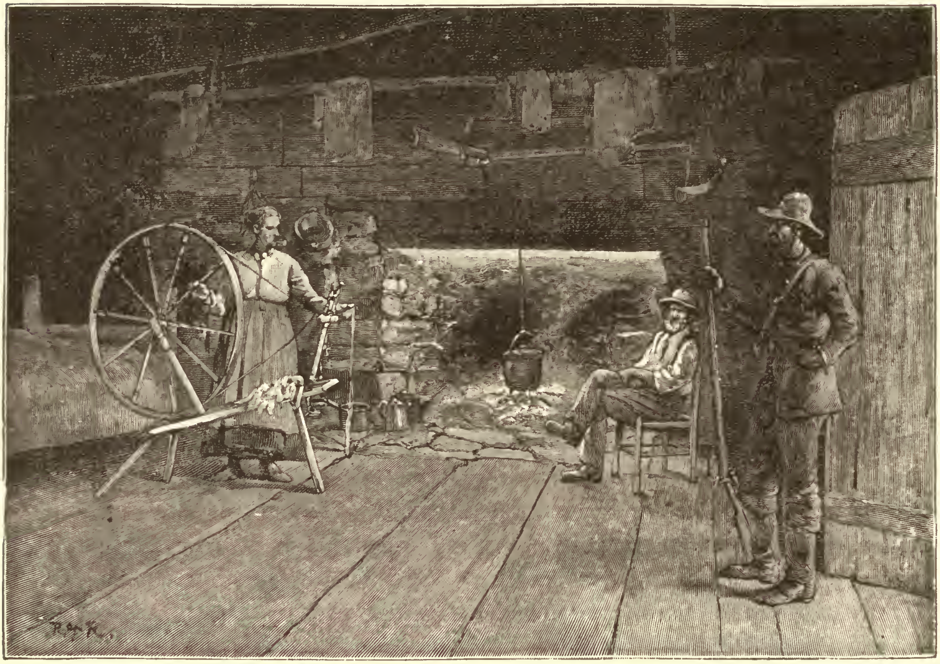
THE section of country called Eastern Tennessee includes thirty counties. From its many mountain ranges it has been called the Switzerland of America, but it has no gleaming ice-clad peaks, no lofty summits white with snow in midsummer, no rivers of ice grinding through deep gorges. Upon the north are the Cumberland Mountains, where the rivulets which course down the valleys form the Cumberland River, flowing westward through Kentucky to the Ohio River. On the south are the Alleghany Mountains, extending in a continuous chain into Georgia and Alabama. Between these two great ranges are others of less magnitude. Through the valleys flow the Holston River, the French Broad, Clinch, Hiawassee, and other streams, which, when united, form the Tennessee. It is a region of mountains, wooded hills, undulating plains. Along the Holston and Hiawassee, the lands are fertile, and in midsummer the air is fragrant with clover-blooms, and the landscape golden with ripening wheat. In the autumn the orchards are laden with apples, peaches, and plums. But in many places the soil is thin, and yields scanty harvests to the farmers. The mountains are clothed with dense forests, the haunts of deer. There are few roads for wagons, but many paths leading up the valleys, across streams, and over the mountain ranges.

The people were a hardy race of mountaineers. They lived plain, simple lives. Their homes were log-cabins, with a great fireplace at one end, a chimney of sticks and mud; the floors were of hewn timber. Their wants were few. The men planted a little patch with corn, another with potatoes. They raised pigs that they might have bacon. The women and girls spun yarn upon the old-fashioned wheel, and wove cloth in the household loom. Their gowns were of cotton and wool. The garments of the men were cotton jeans dyed brown with butternut bark.

These people had few of the comforts of civilization, and were content with their lot in life. The corn which they raised was ground to coarse meal in a hand-mill or in a rude water-mill upon a mountain brook.

They hunted deer and bear in the forests, or supplied themselves with fish from the streams.

There were few slaves in Eastern Tennessee. The climate was not suited to the profitable cultivation of cotton, and so they had no sympathy with the Confederacy, which was established on a slave-holding aristocracy of cotton-planters. They had ever been free and independent, and no argument, however persuasive, could turn them from their allegiance to the Union established by their fathers.



INTERIOR OF A MOUNTAINEER'S HOME IN TENNESSEE.

The legislature which had been elected in 1860 was in favor of seceding from the Union, and passed a vote submitting the question of holding a convention to the people. The people of the State, by a majority of more than twenty thousand, voted not to hold a convention. In the counties composing Eastern Tennessee, seven thousand five hundred voted for the convention, thirty-four thousand against it.

The governor of the State, Isham G. Harris, was a Secessionist, and, not to be thwarted in his plans, called the legislature together. It met on April 25, 1861, when the whole country was aroused over the firing on Fort Sumter. He said in his message that the time had come for immediate action; that they need not wait to submit the question to the people. A commissioner from the Confederate States, Henry W. Hilliard, addressed the members, setting forth the future greatness and glory of the Confederacy. The Secessionists, having a majority, authorized Governor Harris to enter into a military league with the Confederate States. The eighteen members from East Tennessee, being in a hopeless minority, did not vote. The governor was authorized to raise fifty thousand volunteers, and five million dollars was appropriated to enable him to do so. By this act the whole military force of the State was placed under the control of Jefferson Davis, in opposition to the expressed will of the people.

CORN-MILL IN EAST TENNESSEE.

Not only the troops but the treasury was given into the control of the President of the Confederacy—an act destined to drench the State with blood, ravage its fields, destroy its wealth, sweep into untimely graves thousands of brave men, array brother against brother, and engender feuds which would remain long after the closing of the war. The legislature voted, May 7th, to submit the question to the people, well knowing that before June 8th the State would be irrevocably attached to the Confederacy. The voting was a farce and fraud. Confederate soldiers from other States cast in their ballots. It is said that the returns were altered by the authorities to swell the majority in favor of secession. But the people of East Tennessee, despite all frauds, gave a majority of nineteen thousand against secession.

The entire mountain region of the Southern States was loyal to the Union—West Virginia, Kentucky, East Tennessee, North Carolina, and Northern Georgia. By the advance of troops from Ohio into West Virginia, at the beginning of the war, the Confederates had been expelled; nor is there much doubt that if a Union army could have reached Knoxville in the fall of 1861, the people of East Tennessee, West North Carolina, and Northern Georgia would have risen *en masse* against the Confederacy.

Brave men whose homes were upon the mountain-sides were not intimidated by the persecutions they were called upon to suffer. Prominent among them were Rev. Mr. Brownlow, a Methodist minister, who published the *Knoxville Whig;* Andrew Johnson, who began life as a tailor, who had been governor of the State, and was then Senator in Congress; and Horace Maynard, Representative in Congress, who encouraged the people to resist the Secessionists. The feeling became very bitter. Families were divided. Instead of brotherly love there was hatred. Ministers of the Gospel who had preached charity, who had sat at the same communion, became estranged. Society was broken up The Union men formed loyal leagues, meeting at night in secret. "Parson" Brownlow, as the people familiarly called him, hoisted the Stars and Stripes above his house, and kept it flying there until his arrest by the Confederate Government, and his paper, the *Knoxville Whig*, was suppressed.

Altercations took place in midsummer, 1861, between the Confederate soldiers and the Union men, one of whom was shot in the street. Charles S. Douglas hoisted the Stars and Stripes over his house, and said that he should protect it, whereupon a Confederate secreted himself in a hotel chamber opposite, and when Mr. Douglas appeared at his window sent a bullet through his heart. The court was in session, but the judge and the State's attorney being Secessionists, would not issue a warrant for the arrest of the murderer. So bitter were the Confederates, that the minister of the Episcopal Church who read the burial service at his funeral was denounced and ostracized by his fellow-Secessionists.(¹)

Opprobrious terms were applied to the Union men, who were called "Lincolnites," "Tories," "Hessians," "Black Republicans," "Rebels."

The Union men, feeling that the State had been forced into the Confederacy by fraud, determined to defend themselves, and do what damage they could to the Confederate Government. Troops guarded the bridges on the railroads. On November 8, 1861, the Union men overpowered the guards, and burned six bridges—four on the East Tennessee Railroad, and two on the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

"The Union party are organizing, and preparing to destroy or take possession of the whole line from Bristol and Chattanooga," wrote the president of the railroad the next morning.(²)

"There is a concerted movement to destroy the bridges, and cut off communication from one portion of the Southern Confederacy with the other. A worse state of feeling never prevailed in East Tennessee than at the present moment,"(3) wrote the Confederate commissary the same day.

Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, sent Colonel Leadbeater, with a battalion of troops and Stovall's battery, from Richmond, and Colonel William B. Wood, who had been a Methodist minister before the war, with the Sixteenth Georgia. General Carroll, who had been commissioned by Governor Harris, was in command, and the movement was begun to put down the rebellion.

A Confederate gives this picture of the state of affairs in Washington County, almost at the eastern end of the State:

"Civil war has broken out. In this county the Secession strength is about equal to the Union force, but we are weakened by five volunteer companies now in the service. In Carter and Johnson counties, north-east of this, the Union strength is not only as formidable, but is as violent as that of the north-western Virginia counties. They look confidently for the re-establishment of the Federal authority in the South with as much confidence as the Jews look for the coming of the Messiah, and no event or circumstance will change their hopes. . . . There are now encamped in and about Elizabethtown, in Carter County, some twelve or fifteen hundred men, with a motley assortment of guns, in open defiance of the Confederate States. These men are gathered up from three or five counties, and comprise the hostile Union element, which never will be appeased, conciliated, or quieted in a Southern Confederacy."(4)

"The burning of the bridges," wrote Governor Harris to Jefferson Davis, "shows a deep-seated spirit of rebellion. Union men are organizing. The rebellion must be crushed instantly, the leaders arrested and summarily punished. I shall send ten thousand men to that section."(5)

"The Lincolnites have from six hundred to a thousand men near Strawberry Plains Bridge, the most important and expensive on our road, and still collecting in great numbers, and threaten to take possession of our road," wrote the president of the railroad, November 13th.(6)

General Bragg, who was at Pensacola, sent the Seventh Georgia Regiment to help crush the rebellion. Together with the other troops they attempted to surprise the Union men, who had gathered at a camp-meeting ground, between Knoxville and Chattanooga; but having notice of their coming, and being too few to resist them, the Union men dispersed—some secreting themselves in caves in the mountains, others making their way into Kentucky. The colonel commanding the Seventh Georgia reported that he had arrested "twelve traitors, the most miserable, ignorant, poor, ragged creatures he ever saw."(7)

If the mountaineers were poor creatures, so was the Confederate brigadier-general, who had been appointed by Governor Harris, in the estimation of the colonel of the Seventh Georgia, who wrote these words to his superior in command: "General Carroll has just been appointed. He has been drunk not less than five years. He is stupid, but easily controlled. He knows nothing, and I believe I can do with him pretty much as I please."

W. G. BROWNLOW.

Those loyal to the Union, seeing that they could not successfully resist, were making their way over the mountains and through the valleys to Kentucky. It is estimated that more than twenty thousand thus left their homes, rather than remain to be compelled to take the oath of allegiance and be conscripted into the Confederate army. Other thousands were arrested and imprisoned. Every jail was full. Some were sent to Nashville, and several hundred to the Confederate prison at Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

"Parson" Brownlow had been outspoken in his paper, and the Confederates thirsted for his blood. Colonel Wood proclaimed martial law in Knoxville, which made him superior to civil law, and gave him all authority. He, too, was a preacher, but he set men to hunting for Mr. Brownlow, and all other Union ministers. Members of the legislature who opposed secession fled to the Smoky Mountains in North Carolina. Up amid the cliffs, in a deep gorge easily guarded, they established their camp; but the Confederate spies discovered them, and they were compelled to disperse.

Mr. Brownlow, upon the promise of General Crittenden, commanding the Military Department, that he should receive a pass into Kentucky and be protected by a military force to that State, returned to Knoxville, but was arrested on charge of treason, was refused bail, and sent to jail. His treason was the publication of articles in his paper several months before his arrest.

"I was thrown into jail," he wrote, "where I found about one hundred and fifty Union men, old and young, representing all professions. The jail was so crowded that on the lower floor we had not room to lie down all at once. The prisoners took rest by turns, a portion standing while others slept. There was not a chair, bench, stool, block, table, or any other article of furniture, save a wooden bucket and a tin cup used for watering the occupants. . . . The food was not fit for a dog. It was composed of scraps and leavings of a dirty hotel kept by the jailer and the deputy-marshal of the Confederacy. I never tasted it, but was allowed the privilege of having my meals sent from home three times a day. This vile treatment and loathsome food produced disease. We were cursed and denounced both day and night by the brutes who guarded us."(9)

From Mr. Brownlow's diary we obtain a picture of the state of affairs:

"*Saturday, Dec. 7th.*—This morning forty of our number, under a heavy military escort, were sent to Tuscaloosa. Thirty-one others arrived to take their places. They bring tales of woe as to the treatment of Union men and Union families by the drunken and debauched cavalry in this rebellion. They are taking all the fine horses, appropriating them to their own use; are entering houses, seizing money, blankets, and whatever they can use.

"*Sunday, Dec. 8th.*—Three others arrived, telling us tales of horror as

UNION REFUGEES.

to the treatment of Union men. Self-styled vigilance committees are prowling over the country like wolves, arresting men upon suspicion of hostility to their new government, and shooting others. They speak of the case of poor Pearce, a quiet man, a Methodist class-leader, shot down in the field, not for any offence, but simply for being a Union man.

"*Monday, Dec. 9th.*—More prisoners in this evening. Twenty-eight are in from Jefferson County. Some of the prisoners have given the particulars of the hanging of Hensie and Fry upon the same limb of a tree close to the railroad track.

"*Dec. 11th.*—C. A. Hann was taken out to-day and hung on charge of bridge-burning. He had but short notice of his sentence, having been condemned without any defence allowed him by a drum-head and whiskey-drinking court-martial. I think that he was notified of his coming death about one hour in advance. He desired a Methodist preacher to pray with him, and this was refused. . . . Fifteen more prisoners came to-day from Greene and Hancock counties, charged with having been armed as Union men and accustomed to drill, which I have no doubt is true.

HANGING UNION MEN IN TENNESSEE.

"*Dec. 15th.*—Started thirty-five of our lot to Tuscaloosa, to be held during the war. Levi Teewhitt, an able lawyer, but an old man, will never get back. His sons came to see him, but were refused the privilege. Dr. Hunt, from the same county of Bradley, has also gone. His wife came sixty miles to see him, to the jail door, but was refused admittance.

"*Dec. 17th.*—Brought in a Union man from Campbell County to-day, leaving behind six small children, and their mother dead. The man's offence is holding out for the Union. Two more carts draw up with coffins in them and a military guard. They marched out Jacob Harmon and his son Henry, and hung them upon the same gallows. The old man was a man of property, quite old and infirm, and they compelled him to sit on the scaffold and see his son hang first; then he was ordered up and hung by his side. They were charged with bridge-burning, but protested to the last that they were not guilty.

"*Dec.* 18*th.*—Discharged sixty prisoners to-day, who had been in prison from three to five weeks—taken through mistake, as was said, there being nothing against them.

"*Dec.* 20*th.*—This is a terrible night! The sentinels are all drunk, howling like wolves, rushing to our windows, daring prisoners to show their heads, firing off their guns into the jail, and pretending it was accidental.

"*Dec.* 21*st.*—Took out five of the prisoners, upon their agreeing to go into the rebel army. Their dread of Tuscaloosa induced them to go into the service. They have offered this choice to all, and only sent off those who stubbornly refused.

"*Dec.* 25*th.*—The Union ladies in and around Knoxville applied to General Carroll for leave to send in a Christmas dinner. He granted leave. It affords me pleasure to know that I have been able, out of my basket of provisions and coffee-pot, to furnish several old men and very sick, who could not eat what comes from the greasy inn. Two of them are Baptist ministers—Pope and Colt—each more than seventy years of age. The first named was sent here for praying in his pulpit for the President of the United States. The latter is here for cheering the Stars and Stripes.

"*Dec.* 27*th.*—Harrison Self, an honest, industrious, and peaceable man, citizen of Greene County, was notified this morning that he was to be hanged at four o'clock, P.M. His daughter, a noble girl, modest, and neatly attired, came this morning to see him. Heart-broken and bowed under a fearful weight of sorrow, she entered his iron cage, and they embraced each other most affectionately. My God, what a sight!—what an affecting scene! May these eyes of mine, bathed in tears, never look upon the like again! She came out weeping bitterly and shedding burning tears. Requesting me to write a despatch for her and sign her name to it, I took out my pencil and slip of paper and wrote the following:

"'KNOXVILLE, *December* 27, 1861.

"'*Hon. Jefferson Davis:*

"'My father, Harrison Self, is sentenced to hang at four o'clock this evening, on a charge of bridge-burning. As he remains my earthly all, and all my hopes of happiness centre in him, I implore you to pardon him. ELIZABETH SELF.'

"With this despatch the poor girl hurried off to the office, and about two o'clock the answer came to General Carroll, telling him not to allow Self to be hung.

"Upon the jail floor, in one corner, lies Madison Cote, low with fever, and upon a bit of old carpeting. I feel confident that he will die. He has a little farm in Sevier County, a wife, and six small children, and is here for being a Union man and mustering a company of Union Guards. . . . The wife of poor Cote came and presented herself in front of the jail with an infant at her breast five or six weeks old—born, I think, since her husband was put in jail. She asked leave to see her dying husband, but was refused at the door. I put my head out of the window, telling them that it was a sin and a shame to refuse this poor woman, after coming so far, the liberty of seeing her husband for the last time. They allowed her to enter, but limited her stay to twenty minutes. Oh, my soul, what a scene! Seeing the form of her husband on the floor, she sank upon his breast. In that condition, without a word, they remained until her twenty minutes expired, of which being notified she retired. Oh, what oppression! This is the spirit of secession."

The men who were accused of burning the bridges were hung in accordance with the following order of Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of War:

"All such as can be identified as having been engaged in bridge-burning are to be tried summarily by drum-head court-martial, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot by hanging. It would be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burned bridges."(10)

In regard to the Union men in general, Mr. Benjamin issued this order:

"All such as have not been so engaged are to be treated as prisoners of war, and sent with an armed guard to Tuscaloosa, Alabama. . . . They are all to be held as prisoners of war, and held in jail till the end of the war. Such as come in voluntarily and take the oath of allegiance and surrender their arms, are alone to be treated with leniency."

A Confederate officer has thus pictured the course pursued by the Confederate Government in crushing out the Union men, and the results of their actions: "Scouting parties were sent in every direction, who arrested hundreds suspected of disloyalty, and incarcerated them in prison, until almost every jail in the eastern end of the State was filled with poor, ignorant, and, for the most part, harmless men, who had been guilty of no crime. . . . The rigorous measures adopted by the military commander struck still greater terror into those who had before been Union men, and, to avoid arrest and, as they thought, subsequent punishment, concealed themselves, thus giving a semblance of guilt to action innocent in fact and entirely natural. The greatest distress prevails throughout the country in consequence of the various arrests, together with the fact that the horses and other property have been seized and appropriated by the soldiers or wantonly destroyed. Old political animosities and private grudges have been revived, and bad men among our friends are availing themselves of the opportunities afforded them by bringing Southern men to hunt down with the ferocity of blood-hounds all those against whom they entertain any feeling of dislike."(11)

So bitter the hatred of Secessionists towards Union men that it was proposed to hunt down the Union men with blood-hounds.(12)

East Tennessee was a desolation in 1862–63. Only old men, women, and little children were to be seen; the Union men were in prison, or fugitives secreted amid the mountains, or refugees in Kentucky, or else were swept by the remorseless conscription of the Confederacy into the army to fight against the flag they loved. Several thousand made their way to Kentucky, and enlisted in the Union army. Like the patriots of the Revolution, they endured indescribable suffering and hardship. In no other section of the country was the course pursued by the Confederate Government so relentless as in this mountain region.

The sufferings of the people, their tales of woe, their allegiance to the Union, deeply affected President Lincoln, who urged the military authorities to organize a movement for their relief.

Not till after Vicksburg had been taken by General Grant could troops be spared for such a movement. General Buckner, with several thousand Confederates, was at Knoxville. The troops of the Ninth and Twenty-third corps, under General Burnside, were to drive him out and seize the railroad leading from Virginia, over which the Confederate troops could pass from west to east, or east to west, as needed. If he could hold that railroad the Confederate armies would be greatly embarrassed. If East Tennessee could be gained, it would be a great advantage. General Rosecrans was to advance towards Chattanooga at the same time that Burnside was to move for Knoxville.

On August 21, 1863, we see Burnside's army advancing in two columns —one under General Hartsuff, moving through Somerset, in Kentucky, near the battle-ground of Mill Springs, the other through Jacksboro, under General Foster.

There was a body of Confederates at Cumberland Gap, and Burnside, to conceal his real movement, sent Colonel De Courcey in that direction, as if he were about to move his whole force to gain that mountain gate-way.

The army left all heavy baggage behind. The troops took, not the

BURNSIDE'S RECEPTION AT KNOXVILLE.

great travelled roads, but those little used, while the wagon-trains followed on the great roads.

For fourteen days the troops marched, starting early in the morning and keeping on till the stars appeared at night. The men were stronger than the mules, for hundreds of animals dropped by the road-side, while the men moved on, climbing the rugged hill-sides, dragging the cannon when the horses gave out.

It was a surprise to the Confederate army under Buckner at Knoxville, who hastily left, retreating to Chattanooga to join General Bragg. In fourteen days the troops marched two hundred and fifty miles.

How the people welcomed them! Wherever they appeared, the old flag, which had been concealed under carpets, or sewed up in feather-beds, or buried in the ground, was once more flung out to the winds. Tears of joy streamed down the cheeks of old men, while the young men were ready to enlist in the service, to fight those who had made life so bitter. The housewives kept their ovens glowing day and night to bake bread for the soldiers. Nothing was too good to give them. At one place between Kingston and Knoxville stood seventy women and girls with bread and fried chicken, waving the Stars and Stripes and shouting "Hurrah for the Union!"

BURNSIDE'S ARMY OCCUPYING CUMBERLAND GAP

From a sketch made in 1863.

The advance of the Union troops was so rapid that General Buckner did not have time to destroy the Confederate arsenal, machine shops, locomotives, and railway material, all of which fell into Burnside's hands. On

September 3d the army entered Knoxville amid the shouts of the people, and took possession of the line of railroad leading to Virginia. From that day on the old flag was to wave in triumph above the town.

It is sixty miles from Knoxville to Cumberland Gap, and the route is across mountain ranges. On the morning of September 4th a body of Union troops under General Shackelford was sent towards the Gap. General Burnside followed, and two days later the troops were closing in upon the Confederates in the fort, who could not escape, and on the ninth General Fraser, having no hope of relief, surrendered his two thousand five hundred troops, eleven cannon, and a large quantity of ammunition. By rapid marching, quick action, and admirable strategy East Tennessee was recovered to the Union without a battle.

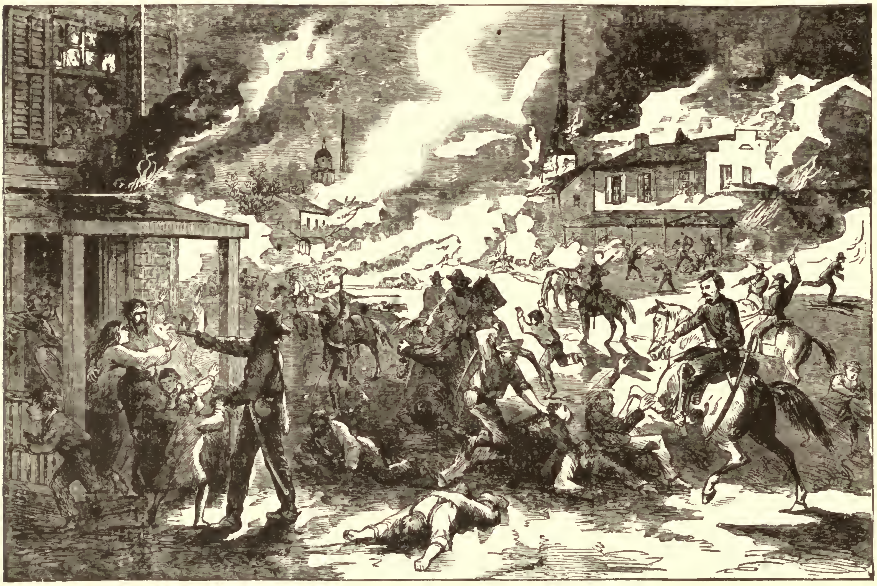
Let us now leave the mountains of Eastern Tennessee, and travel westward to the beautiful plains of Kansas, where the prairie flowers are in bloom—not to behold the beauty of the landscape, nor to inhale the fragrance of the wild roses or jasmine along the tangled thickets of its streams, but to read the record of a bloody tragedy — an exhibition of hate and vengeance, prompted by the spirit of slavery.

In 1854, when Kansas was made a territory and its lands thrown open to settlement, and when the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which prohibited slavery north of the northern boundary of Missouri, was repealed, there was a struggle between freedom and slavery for the possession of the country ("Building the Nation," p. 407). A company of free-State emigrants from Massachusetts laid out the town of Lawrence—in honor of Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, who had contributed money to aid them. Through the struggle for the possession of the territory during the administration of President Buchanan, Lawrence had been the town hated above all others by the slaveholding Missourians, who had been defeated in all their schemes to make Kansas a slave State. With its free schools, its attractions for settlers, the town had prospered, and in 1863 was one of the most beautiful in the State.

There was no Confederate army in Missouri, but in the western counties, bordering on Kansas, were many lawless desperadoes, who delighted to make midnight incursions into Kansas to steal horses, drive off cattle, robbing, plundering, and shooting the settlers. One of the leaders of the gang went by the name of W. C. Quantrell. It is said that it was not his true name; that he had left home and friends in Maryland to become a ruffian in the far West.

Early in the summer of 1863 he organized a band of guerillas, who robbed and plundered the hamlet of Olathe, killing seven of the citizens.

A few nights after, he plundered and burned the town of Shawnee, and killed several of the inhabitants. Word came to the people of Lawrence that he intended to burn that town, whereupon the citizens formed a military company, and a company of soldiers was sent by General Ewing to protect the town. Weeks went by, and as Quantrell did not come, the soldiers were withdrawn, and the people forgot to be vigilant. Their arms were deposited in a building for safe keeping. Quantrell was biding his time. His followers were at work on their farms—peaceable citizens, seemingly—or else were hiding in out-of-the-way places, waiting for his signal.



MASSACRE OF THE CITIZENS OF LAWRENCE.

On the night of August 20th he gathered his band — ruffians with long hair, full beards, wearing greasy shirts and broad-brimmed hats, armed with revolving pistols and rifles—all on horseback. The sun had gone down, but the moon was shining when they started. It was a march of forty miles to Lawrence. Quantrell did not wish to reach it before daybreak, and they moved at a slow trot across the prairie. No one saw them. No sentinel was on watch in the streets of the doomed town. Day was dawning when, with a yell, a whoop as wild and barbaric as that of a tribe of Indians, the desperadoes dashed through the streets. Men who sprang from their beds and rushed to window or door to see what was going on, the next moment were shot down. There was only one brick building in town—the Eldridge House. Quantrell was quick to secure it; and the guests—men, women, and children—were told to dress quickly, and were then marched to the Whitney House, where the murderers established their headquarters. Some of the citizens, including Senator James H. Lane, knowing that no mercy would be shown them, escaped into a cornfield. The mayor of the city secreted himself in a well.

Quantrell, after establishing a line of skirmishers around the town to prevent the escape of the inhabitants, issued this order: "Kill every man; burn every house." From sunrise till past ten o'clock the massacre went on. The sounds which broke the stillness of the morning were the cracking of the pistol, the pleading of wives that their husbands might be spared—of children that their fathers might not be murdered—of defenceless men that they might not be shot. The pleadings and prayers fell upon hearts of stone. When all the men they could find had been murdered—when there was no more opportunity to exercise fiendish hate and malignity — when they had ransacked all the dwellings, and taken whatever pleased their fancy—money, watches, jewellery, clothing—the houses were set on fire.

A set of ruffians, crazy with whiskey and rum, came to the Whitney House, with oaths demanding that the guests of the Eldridge House, strangers in the town, be brought out. "I am going to kill somebody," said one, flourishing his pistol. "Then kill me," said a woman, stepping before him, who had seen her husband shot. The ruffian, abashed by her action, could not fire at her, and departed. Quantrell had eaten a good breakfast, which he had compelled the landlord of the Whitney House to give him. It was past ten o'clock. He knew that the settlers would soon be gathering to cut off his retreat to Missouri.

"I bid you good-morning, ladies. I hope when we meet again it will be under more favorable circumstances," he said, as he leaped into his saddle and rode away, leaving one hundred and eighty-three corpses in the streets — peaceful citizens, massacred from hate and thirst for vengeance. One hundred and eighty-five buildings were in flames.(13) None of the murderers were arrested, or made to suffer for their crimes. They were not even declared to be outlaws. On May 11, 1888, sixteen of them assembled at Blue Springs, Missouri, to celebrate the massacre by recounting their deeds of blood. Quantrell died a peaceful death in the Sisters Hospital, Louisville, Kentucky, June 5, 1865; but the mother of the dead chief murderer, Caroline Quantrell, journeyed from Ohio to Missouri to be present at the gathering. This the report published in the newspapers of the day: "The men spoke of their bloody murders and fiendish crimes without the slightest hesitation."

Kind, lenient, forbearing, great in its benevolence, unparalleled in its charity, that government of a people which could overlook such a crime as the massacre of Lawrence, brought about by the secession of the cotton-growing States and the establishment of the Confederacy.

So, on this far-distant frontier, the spirit which brought about the conspiracy against the Government and inaugurated the war—which attempted to establish a government based on human slavery—massacred in cold blood peaceful citizens who were taking no part in the war.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVIII.

(1) Brownlow's Book, p. 279.
(2) John R. Branner, Records of the War Department, Series I., vol. iv., p. 231.
(3) R. G. Fain, idem, p. 231.
(4) A. G. Graham, idem, p. 239.
(5) Governor Harris, idem, p. 240.
(6) John R. Branner, idem, p. 243.
(7) S. A. M. Wood, idem, 248.
(8) Idem, p. 299.
(9) Brownlow's Book, pp. 305–329.
(10) Benjamin to Wood, Records of the War Department, Series I., vol. vii., p. 701.
(11) H. C. Young to D. M. Currin, idem, p. 777.
(12) *Memphis Appeal*, Advertisement quoted in Brownlow's Book, p. 349.
(13) Annals of Kansas.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM MURFREESBORO TO CHICKAMAUGA.

THE year 1863 opened with the Union army under General Rosecrans victorious on the battle-field of Stone River ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. xvii.).

The Confederates under General Bragg had attacked, and after a two days' struggle had been defeated. Had we been in the camps of the Confederate army at midnight, after the second day's engagement, we should have seen Major-generals Cheatham and Withers writing this letter to General Bragg:

"We deem it our duty to say to you frankly that in our judgment this army should be promptly put in retreat. You have but three brigades that are at all reliable, and even some of these that are more or less demoralized. . . . We fear great disaster from the condition of things now existing, and think it should be averted if possible." Lieutenant-general Polk wrote: "I greatly fear the consequences of another engagement at this place on the ensuing day. We could now perhaps get off with some safety and with some credit if the affair was well managed."(¹)

Acting upon the advice of his subordinate officers, General Bragg retreated in the night from Murfreesboro southward to Shelbyville and Tullahoma, both strong, defensive positions.

Through the winter and spring and into the summer the Army of the Cumberland remained at Murfreesboro. There could be no marching in midwinter or spring, for there were frequent rains, the streams were all swollen, and the mud deep on all the roads. General Rosecrans was studying the country, obtaining information, and waiting for the organization of the army which was to move from Kentucky into Eastern Tennessee, under General Burnside (chapter xviii.).

The Confederate army was behind Elk River, a stream which rises in the Cumberland Mountains, flows west to Duck River, and empties into the Tennessee. The railroad from Murfreesboro to Stevenson and Chattanooga crosses it at Wartrace, where General Bragg established his headquarters. Shelbyville is ten miles south-west of Wartrace, where

General Polk's corps was stationed. Tullahoma is on the railroad eighteen miles south of Wartrace. It is the region of the Cumberland Mountains —a country broken and rugged—hills, valleys, mountains, streams, ravines, gorges—a section called the "barrens" by the country people.

There are two turnpikes between Murfreesboro and Shelbyville—the Murfreesboro and the Eaglesville — fifteen miles apart, both excellent roads, surfaced with pounded stone. The other roads were muddy in the rainy season. Through the weeks of June General Rosecrans was accumulating supplies. His cavalry had been increased during the spring, and the regiments were drilling every day. Up to this time the Confederate cavalry had been much more effective than that of the Union army.

General Rosecrans had no intention of advancing to Shelbyville to send his troops against the strong intrenchments constructed by General Bragg. By a well-planned and admirably executed movement he turned the right flank of Bragg's army, and compelled the Confederates to abandon the position which they had fortified and retreat across the Tennessee River to Chattanooga, from which Bragg had advanced eleven months before to invade Kentucky ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. xiv.)

By his strategy Rosecrans had forced Bragg to abandon the State of Tennessee, but it carried the Confederates nearer their supplies, while the Union troops, in following, were increasing the distance between themselves and their base of supplies at Nashville, compelling Rosecrans to detail a large number of troops to guard the railroad. General Halleck in Washington gave peremptory orders for Rosecrans to push on; but the railroad had to be repaired, and food brought from Nashville, before the army could advance. The country was poor and the Confederates had exhausted its resources. Rosecrans moved on to the Tennessee River, and planned a new campaign—the most difficult of all—to cross that stream and compel the Confederate army to abandon Chattanooga.

The Tennessee River, flowing from the east for a long distance, has a general south-western course. The village of Chattanooga, on its southern bank, in 1863 contained about one thousand five hundred inhabitants. It is situated in a mountain gate-way. Lookout Mountain is a long, high ridge lying in part parallel to the river, rising two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and presents on its northern face an almost perpendicular bluff; but its eastern and western sides are more sloping and partially wooded.

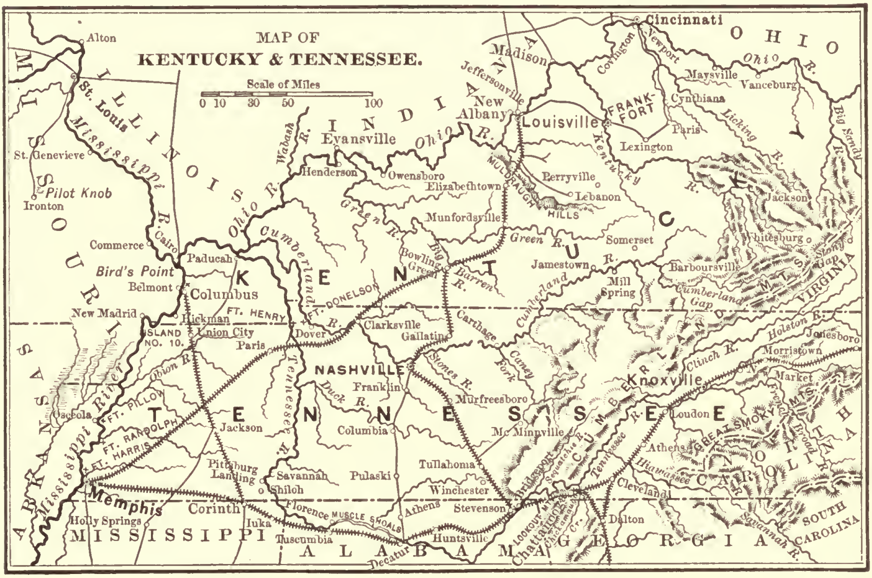
Between Lookout and the Tennessee is a lower ridge, portions of which are called the Raccoon Mountains, and other portions Sand Mountains. Eastward of Lookout is Missionary Ridge, twenty-five miles long. West

DRAWING ARTILLERY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

Chickamauga Creek flows along its eastern base and empties into the Tennessee at Chattanooga. East of the creek is still another ridge, called Pigeon Mountain.

The whole country is one of long mountain ranges lying parallel to each other, with streams flowing northward to the Tennessee and southward to the Coosa, whose waters flow into the Gulf of Mexico.

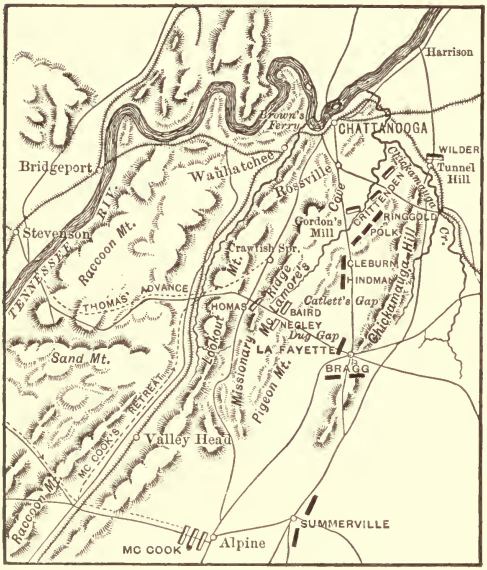
The railroad to Atlanta runs due east from Chattanooga five miles, bends south-west, crosses the Georgia line just above the town of Ringgold, and then runs on to Dalton, where it forms a junction with the railroad coming down from Knoxville, Eastern Tennessee.



While General Rosecrans was preparing to move against Bragg, a Union army under General Burnside was marching from Louisville through Kentucky south-east to gain possession of East Tennessee.

General Bragg at Chattanooga was in a much stronger position than at Tullahoma. The Tennessee River, wide and deep, protected his front. To turn his right flank Rosecrans would be compelled to make a long march across several mountain ranges, along poor roads, and then would be obliged to cross the Tennessee. He would be far from his base of supplies. If he attempted to turn his left flank he must first cross the Tennessee, then ascend and descend two or three mountain ranges through gaps wide apart.

The problem before Rosecrans was a movement which would compel Bragg to retire from Chattanooga. How could that be done? Certainly not by attempting to bridge the Tennessee, where all of Bragg's cannon would hurl shot, shell, and canister upon the Engineer Corps while placing their pontoons. He did not wish to fight a battle except upon ground of his own choosing. He determined to cross the Tennessee River and the mountain ranges, and then threaten Bragg's communications with Atlanta—the railroad over which he received his supplies. The army was to move from different points below Chattanooga. Crittenden's corps, after crossing, was to advance up the southern bank of the river upon Chattanooga, while Thomas and McCook were to climb Raccoon and Sand ridges by different routes, descend into Lookout Valley, ascend Lookout Ridge, pass through gaps, and descend the other side—Thomas upon the little town of Lafayette and McCook upon Summerville, twenty miles farther south.



ROSECRANS'S MOVEMENT TO CHICKAMAUGA.

It was believed that Bragg would retreat from Chattanooga, and that Crittenden's corps could take possession of it and move down the Chickamauga Valley and join the other two corps.

The gap through which Thomas would cross Lookout Ridge was twenty-six miles south of Chattanooga, while the gap which McCook would utilize was twenty miles south of Thomas, thus making it forty-six miles from Crittenden to McCook.

The first thing to be done was to deceive Bragg as to the real intentions. To accomplish this General Hazen, of Crittenden's corps, with his own brigade and Wagner's and Wilder's brigades of mounted infantry and Minty's brigade of cavalry, crossed Walden's Ridge in Tennessee and marched eastward to Poe's Tavern. The cavalry galloped along the river, made their appearance at all the fords as if to cross. General Wilder placed his artillery in position and opened fire upon the town, whereupon

Bragg removed his supplies, and ordered Anderson's brigade, which was guarding the river at Bridgeport, to leave that point and hasten up the river. For more than one hundred miles eastward of Chattanooga Union troops appeared upon the bank of the river, which led Bragg to conclude that the crossing of the Union army would be somewhere above the town.

While the cavalry and Hazen's command were thus making feints, General Burnside, after a long and toilsome march across the Cumberland Mountains, reached Knoxville, as we shall see in another chapter, compelling General Buckner, who was there commanding a Confederate force of nearly twenty thousand, to evacuate the place.

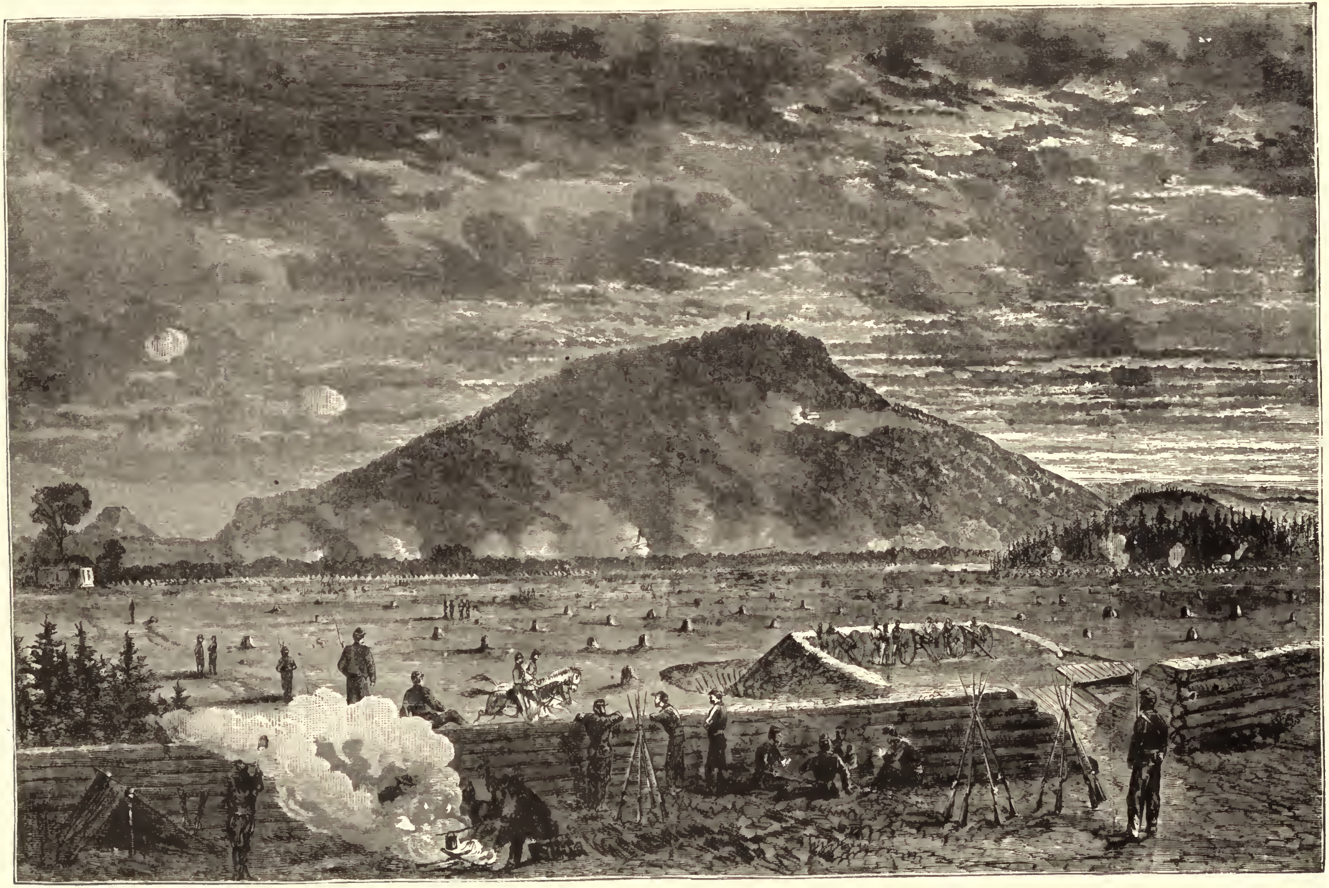
Reinforcements were hastening to Bragg — Buckner from East Tennessee; troops came from Johnston's army in Mississippi; Confederate soldiers who had been paroled by Grant at Vicksburg, in violation of the agreement at the time of their surrender, were ordered to hold positions in Mississippi, relieving brigades which were sent to Bragg. Hood's and McLaws's divisions of Longstreet's corps, from Lee's army in Virginia, numbering fifteen thousand, were on their way, but had not arrived.

On August 21st Rosecrans's army, after marching across the Cumberland Mountains, was on the banks of the Tennessee, stretched out nearly one hundred and fifty miles. A portion of the pontoons had arrived, but not enough to build all the bridges needed. At one of the crossings the river was two thousand seven hundred feet wide, at the narrowest place it was one thousand six hundred feet. General Brannan's division constructed rafts, and the soldiers piled their clothes and guns, knapsacks and cartridge-boxes on them, and by wading and swimming reached the other shore. One division crossed in small boats. The crossings were at Shell Mound, twenty-five miles below Chattanooga, at Bridgeport, ten miles farther down, and Caperton's Ferry, ten miles below Bridgeport, opposite Stevenson's. A trestle-bridge was constructed, involving great labor.

General Bragg was informed by a citizen on the 30th that the Union army had crossed the Tennessee, and was moving south.(2) He saw that it was an attempt to get between his army and Atlanta, his base of supplies, and began to withdraw his troops from Chattanooga towards Lafayette, east of the Pigeon Range.

The Union troops moved on to Sand and Raccoon mountains, over which there were only narrow roads. Each regiment was provided with shovels and axes. The soldiers marched up the mountain-side, stacked their arms, and went to work improving the roads. Then the wagons and cannon, with horses doubled, began to wind up the zigzag way. Details of men were stationed at the steepest places to assist the struggling horses by lifting at the wheels or pushing behind. A soldier with a block of wood followed each wagon to trig the wheels. Day and night they toiled. When they reached the top of the mountain they had to construct a road down the other side. It was a difficult descent for the heavy teams. The wheels were chained, but the hills were steep and there were sharp turns. Some of the wagons were upset, and so badly broken that they were abandoned. It took three days to cross the mountains and descend into Lookout Valley, where Crittenden's corps turned north-east and marched towards Chattanooga, while Thomas and McCook began the ascent of the Lookout Range by different roads.

On the 9th of September, Crittenden, passing round the northern end of Lookout, entered Chattanooga, the last of the Confederates leaving as he advanced. A brigade was detailed to hold it, while the others marched towards Chickamauga. At that hour McCook was on the summit of Lookout Range, forty-six miles south of Chattanooga, and Thomas was also on the same range, more than twenty miles distant. Rosecrans had accomplished what he set out to do. He had gained Chattanooga without a battle. He might at that moment have withdrawn Thomas and McCook by ordering them to retrace their steps into Lookout Valley, follow Crittenden into Chattanooga, and out to Missionary Ridge, and thus have concentrated his army. He could then have built his bridges, brought up supplies, and been in position for a new movement, or waited for Bragg to attack him. Rosecrans believed that Bragg was retreating to Atlanta. He did not know that Longstreet's corps was on its way from Virginia. The despatches which came from General Halleck in Washington were misleading. This came August 20th: "It has been reported for some days that some portion of Bragg's army has been sent to Richmond to reinforce Lee." This, September 6th: "There is no reason to suppose that any of Lee's troops have been detached except a small force at Charleston." On September 11th Halleck telegraphed, "It is reported here by deserters that a part of Bragg's army is reinforcing Lee." General Halleck and General Rosecrans both believed that the Confederates were retreating. Bragg was sending men into Rosecrans's lines who pretended to be deserters, who said that he was retreating. This is what he says of his movements: "On the 9th of September it was ascertained that a column, estimated at from four to eight thousand, had crossed Lookout Mountain by way of Stevens's and Cooper's gaps. Thrown off his guard by our rapid movements—*apparently* in retreat,



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

From a sketch made at the time.

when in reality we had concentrated opposite his centre, and deceived by the information from deserters and others sent into his lines — the enemy pressed on his columns to intercept us, and thus exposed himself in detail."(3)

On the evening of the ninth General Crittenden's division took possession of Rossville, where the main road from Chattanooga southward crosses Missionary Ridge. At that hour Negley's division of Thomas's corps was moving down the eastern face of Lookout Mountain into a valley called McLemore's Cove, between Lookout and Pigeon mountains. It is formed by a spur which runs out from Lookout, and curves round to the east and north. Negley's skirmishers came upon a body of Confederates, who retreated several miles. The next morning Negley moved on towards Dug Gap, in the Pigeon Range. As the soldiers came to the base of the mountain they looked up and saw a very steep ascent, and the mountain-side covered with a dense forest growth, and a ledge of limestone rock crowning the summit like the white crest of an ocean billow. Soon they came upon trees which had been felled across the road, and upon Confederate pickets, who fired upon them. General Negley knew that there was another road across the mountain north, through Catlett's Gap, and possibly that, while he was climbing the side towards Dug Gap, Bragg might be sending a force through Catlett's to fall upon his rear. The scouts came in with information that there was a large force of Confederates on the mountain at Dug Gap, and another large body at Catlett's. General Baird's division of Thomas's corps had descended Lookout Mountain through Stevens's Gap, and was in the valley not far away. General Thomas had advanced cautiously — not so fast as Rosecrans wished; but in the end, as we shall see, it was well for the army that he did not hasten.

While Thomas was thus slowly advancing towards Dug Gap and the town of Dalton, east of it, McCook was far away to the south, marching towards the town of Alpine. Two of his divisions were across the range, and one west of it; the cavalry was scouting the country towards Rome, when he discovered that Bragg was not retreating, but concentrating his army, intending to attack Rosecrans and destroy the widely separated corps one after the other. On the 10th of September the Union army was in a perilous position. From Rossville General Wood, with two brigades, advanced south to Lee & Gordon's mill. A negro told him that the whole Confederate army was on the other side of Chickamauga Creek, in the vicinity of Lafayette. General Wood drove the Confederate skirmishers before him, and at night, when he went into bivouac at the mill, he could see the whole country towards the town of Lafayette aglow with the Confederate camp-fires. From Rossville Crittenden had marched, with Van Cleve's and Palmer's divisions, eastward to Ringgold, where they joined the brigades of cavalry under Wilder and Minty. The divisions of Crittenden's corps were widely separated—the two divisions being twenty-four miles south-east from Chattanooga, and eight miles east of Wood's two brigades at the mill. They were, by the nearest possible line of communication, seventy miles distant from McCook, and fifty miles from Thomas. Crittenden continued to advance from Ringgold southward—the Confederates falling back towards Tunnel Hill, where the railroad passes through a tunnel towards Dalton. Rosecrans did not know that by ordering Crittenden to make such a movement he was sending him to the rear of Bragg's whole army, reinforced by Breckinridge, and by fifteen thousand from Johnston. Going now south along Chickamauga Valley, we see Thomas on the east side of Lookout, and marching towards Pigeon Mountain, with Negley in advance, and Baird's division near enough to support him; but he is isolated from Crittenden and from McCook.

General Bragg, instead of permitting Rosecrans to still further separate his corps, instead of keeping up the delusion that he was retreating, determined to attack Thomas by falling on Negley; but that officer discovering what he was intending to do, joined Baird, and both fell back towards Stevens's Gap, thus concentrating Thomas's corps. Bragg had ordered General Hindman to advance from Catlett's Gap and attack Negley's left flank; and when the cannonade echoed along the valley, Cleburne was to advance from Dug Gap. The morning came; none of Hindman's cannon were heard. The forenoon passed; still no artillery. Courier after courier was sent to know the reason of the silence.

It is not known why Hindman was not ready—Bragg does not inform us in his report; but he had said to Hindman, "If you find the enemy in such great force that it is not prudent to attack, then fall back through Catlett's Gap to Lafayette." At three o'clock Hindman's guns began to play, and Cleburne advanced.

Two companies of the Nineteenth Illinois, of Negley's division, were behind a wall. When Cleburne's line came on suddenly the wall was all aflame, and thirty of Cleburne's men went down. The next moment two of Negley's guns on a hill in the rear began to hurl shells into the advancing column, which came to a stand-still. Cleburne saw that Negley and Baird could not be successfully assailed, and withdrew his troops.(4)

General Bragg planned another movement. He saw that Crittenden's corps was divided; that General Wood, with two Union brigades, was at Lee & Gordon's mill, while Palmer's and Van Cleve's divisions were eight miles east, advancing from Ringgold. It would be easy to annihilate Wood, and then turn round and crush Crittenden's two divisions at Ringgold. Having done this, he could then wheel in the other direction and strike Thomas. General Polk's corps was only three miles from Lee & Gordon's mill. He sent this message to Polk: "You have a fine opportunity of crushing Crittenden in detail, and I hope that you will avail yourself of it to-morrow morning." It was issued at six o'clock on the evening of September 12th. Bragg became very earnest, and sent two other messages in the evening, ordering Polk to attack at daylight. He was surprised to receive this message from Polk just before midnight: "I have taken up a strong position for defence, but need reinforcements." Bragg wrote in reply, "Do not defer your attack. Success depends upon the promptness of your movement. Buckner's corps will be in supporting distance."

The Confederate commander-in-chief was ten miles distant from Polk, and did not know that while he was writing these despatches Crittenden was turning back from Ringgold, and marching west to join Wood at the mill. Polk had discovered it, and so had called for reinforcements, doubtless expecting that Crittenden was about to attack him. Daylight appeared in the east September 13th; Bragg heard no cannon. The sun came up; still no sound of battle. He was impatient, called for his horse, rode to Polk's headquarters, and found that officer quietly eating his breakfast, his troops in bivouac, and no arrangements made for bringing on the battle. General Bragg gave utterance to very bitter words. In his report he charged Polk with having overturned all his plans.

But the question arises why Bragg, now that he was himself on the ground, did not attack. He had half of his army there. He greatly outnumbered Crittenden, but he issued no orders—did nothing for four days. Probably it will never be known just why he waited. Not till the 17th did he make any movement, during which time a great change was taking place in the position of the Union troops.

On the 12th Rosecrans had discovered that, instead of retreating, the Confederates were concentrating. He saw that the pleasant stories told by pretended deserters were lies; that Bragg was intending to cut him up piecemeal; that there must be rapid marching to join Crittenden and secure his connection with Chattanooga. Couriers rode with orders to McCook, who was at Alpine, to make all haste northward. McCook had already sent his trains back to the top of Lookout Range. The order reached him at midnight of the 13th. He could not march by the shortest road, for it was held by the Confederates, but must recross Lookout Mountain into Lookout Valley, and then reclimb the mountain to Stevens's Gap before he could join Thomas. Not till McCook was well on his way did Rosecrans dare to give orders for Thomas's corps to move towards Crittenden.

It seems very strange that Bragg, with his army concentrated at Lafayette, should have waited so long, with Crittenden isolated and alone so near him. Possibly it was for the arrival of Longstreet's corps, which was on its roundabout way through Georgia, but which was belated because the railroads were so badly worn. Possibly there was another reason why he waited. He not only had a violent temper, but was very firmly set in his opinions. Lieutenant Baylor reported on the evening of the 12th to General Hill that McCook's corps was at Alpine. Hill, the next day, repeated it to Bragg. "Lieutenant Baylor lies; there is not a Union infantry soldier south of us," said the Confederate commander.([6]) But he changed his mind the next morning, and said that the Union troops were there, when at that moment McCook was marching as hard as he could to join Thomas. It is plain that Bragg did not comprehend Rosecrans's movements.

On the morning of the 13th Thomas was in McLemore's Cove, thirteen miles from the three divisions of Crittenden. On the 12th, in the evening, McCook had received Rosecrans's order recalling him from his perilous position, but it took him till the 17th to reach McLemore's Cove. All the while Bragg was concentrating his troops to move north, cross the Chickamauga, and gain the Rossville road.

They were anxious hours to Rosecrans, but a timely reinforcement arrived at Chattanooga — the troops of General Gordon Granger, which had been guarding the railroad to Nashville. New regiments had been sent from the North to do that work, relieving Granger, who came out from Chattanooga on the evening of the 13th, and encamped at Rossville.

On the same evening Hood's Confederate division of Longstreet's corps arrived from Virginia, followed by Gregg's and McNair's brigades from Atlanta, and which were united to Johnson's brigade, forming a division; and yet with these fresh troops, with the several corps of the Union army still widely separated, Bragg did not make any movement. What he was waiting for, what his plans were, whether he had any definite plan, does not appear in his report. Had he fallen upon Crittenden as he might have done on the 14th, Rosecrans would have been in danger of being cut up in detail. Not till the evening of the 17th did he issue orders for the flanking movement which he hoped would cut off Rosecrans from Chattanooga by crossing the Chickamauga below Lee & Gordon's mill. The stream at that season of the year, with the earth dry and parched, could be forded almost anywhere.

The army of Bragg, on the 18th of September, comprised, as nearly as can be ascertained, fifty-eight thousand infantry and artillery, eight thousand four hundred cavalry, and about two hundred cannon—a total of nearly sixty-seven thousand troops.

The Union army comprised fifty-seven thousand infantry and artillery, seven thousand five hundred mounted troops, and one hundred and seventy pieces of artillery—in all, sixty-four thousand five hundred men.

On the morning of the 18th the Confederate movement began, the brigades marching north and reaching Chickamauga Creek to find Union cavalry, supported by detachments of infantry, ready to dispute their crossing. There was skirmishing through the day, but the battle which Bragg intended should begin on the 18th was contests between the skirmishers or advanced brigades, and the sun went down with only six Confederate brigades across the Chickamauga. Not till in the evening when General Steedman, of Granger's corps, and Minty and Wilder of the cavalry, and Wood at Gordon's mill, informed Rosecrans of the appearance of Confederate troops at all the fords, did the Union commander comprehend just what Bragg was intending to do. It was eleven o'clock at night when Thomas, with three divisions, began his march northward from Crawfish Spring. He passed in rear of Crittenden to gain the roads leading from Rossville southward to the Chickamauga, reaching a position in the morning on the farm of Mr. Kelley, east of the road leading from Rossville to Lee & Gordon's mill. Orders were sent at midnight to McCook to hasten northward, but the trains of Thomas's corps blocked the way. The road cleared at last, McCook hastened on, closing upon Crittenden. So on the morning of September 19th McCook was on the right, Crittenden in the centre, Thomas on the left, forming a line of battle upon ground which Rosecrans had never seen till that morning, of which he knew nothing except that he could see there were farm clearings, patches of woodland, creeks whose beds were dry, knolls covered with scrubby oaks, ravines bordered by tangled thickets, with a few main travelled roads, but many narrow paths leading from farm to farm. Upon such ground he must accept battle from a foe outnumbering him by several thousand; troops which have made no long marches, but which have been resting, while his have toiled over mountain ranges, and have been marching for life to gain the position which Thomas has at last secured.

The Union trains had turned north, crossed Missionary Ridge, and were safe in Chattanooga Valley.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIX.

(1) *Southern Bivouac* magazine, quoted in *National Tribune.*

(2) General Rosecrans, in *National Tribune.*

(3) Bragg's Report.

(4) Idem.

(5) General D. H. Hill, *Century Magazine,* April, 1887, p. 946.

CHAPTER XX.

CHICKAMAUGA.

THERE are two roads leading from Chattanooga Valley across Missionary Ridge towards Chickamauga—the Lafayette road through Rossville Gap, and the Dry Valley road through McFarland's Gap, two and one-half miles farther south. Several roads lead eastward from the Lafayette road along the east side of Missionary Ridge to fords and bridges across Chickamauga Creek. The first ford north of Lee's mill, a mile distant, is Dalton's; Smith's is a half mile farther; a half mile beyond that is Alexander's Bridge; a little farther is another ford; beyond that are Reed's and Dyer's Bridges. The distance in a straight line from the mill to Dyer's Bridge is about five miles. On the Dry Valley road, about a mile and a half from the mill, is the house of Widow Glen, where Rosecrans established his headquarters.

At sunrise, then, on the morning of the 19th, the Union infantry extended from Crawfish Spring on the right to Kelley's farm on the left. The cavalry held the road leading from Dyer's Bridge to Rossville,(¹) and had been doing great service during the night. At every bridge and ford across the Chickamauga they had confronted Bragg's divisions, holding them in check. "The resistance," says Bragg in his report, "offered by the enemy's cavalry, and the difficulties arising from the bad and narrow country roads, caused unexpected delays."

When General Walker's division of Bragg's army reached Alexander's Bridge, they found Wilder's mounted infantry on the opposite bank with light artillery, which fired so effectively that Walker could not cross, and, under cover of the fire, Wilder's troops rushed down to the bridge and set it on fire.

From daylight till nine o'clock Thomas's wearied men had a chance to rest, but at that hour the Confederates began to advance.

General Bragg had five corps—Longstreet's, Walker's, Buckner's, Polk's, and Hill's. On the morning of the 19th only Hood's division of Longstreet's corps had joined the army; but at two o'clock in the afternoon a long train of cars arrived bringing the brigades of McLaws's division and General Longstreet. The newly arrived troops, before leaving the cars, could hear the rolls of musketry and the roar of the artillery, and could see the battle-clouds rising over the forest along the valley of the Chickamauga.

General Polk was to begin the attack on Thomas's left. Nearly the whole of his corps was across the creek. The Confederate cavalry was advancing on the right, with Walker's troops following.

General Thomas sent Croxton's brigade of Brannan's division against Forrest, who was driven, but Ector's brigade was sent in by Walker, whereupon Thomas ordered up the whole of Baird's division, driving the Confederates.

This was not heavy fighting, but, on the part of Bragg, a movement to discover what there was between his right wing and Rossville. He had hoped to find only a small force blocking the road, which he would sweep away as if it were but a cobweb. If he had been three hours earlier he would have had little opposition, but he was too late. He set himself for serious work on his right. He must obtain possession of the Lafayette road, and ordered up Cheatham's division to aid Walker's, which advanced on Baird, striking his left flank, and threw two of the Union brigades into confusion and driving them towards Kelley's house, and capturing artillery.

Thomas calmly beheld the discomfiture. A messenger rode with orders to Reynolds and Johnson, who were south of Kelley's house, and where Cheatham's men, in their exultation, with wild yells were proclaiming their success; but they soon found themselves hurled back in confusion and forced to leave behind the cannon which they had captured from Baird.(2)

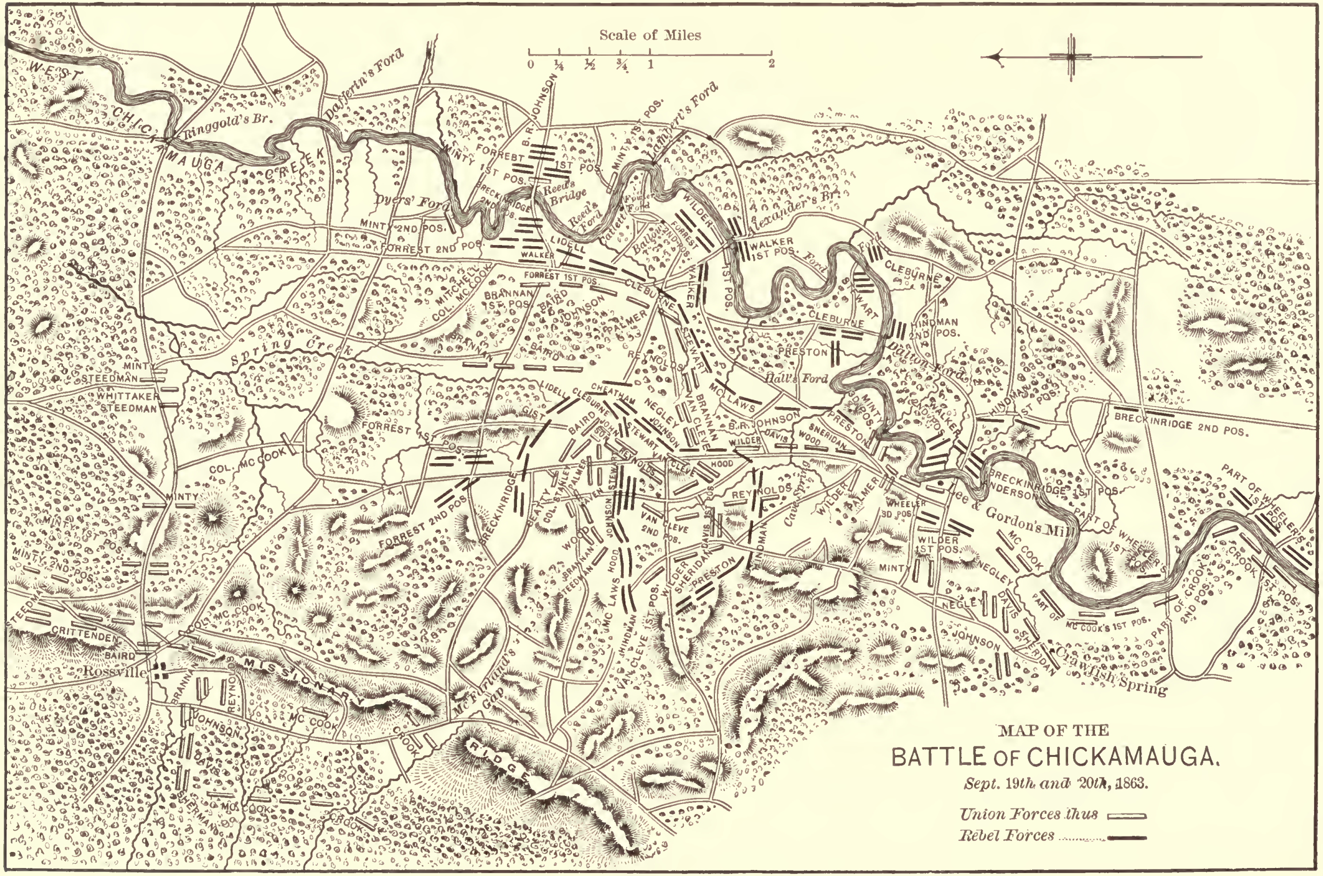
Stewart's division of Bragg's army hastened to take part in the mêlée —Clayton's, Brown's, and Bates's brigades; but one after the other were repulsed by the fire of Reynolds, Palmer, and Johnson.

In a few minutes four hundred of Clayton's men fell; Brown and Bates advanced close upon Thomas's lines, but were turned back with great loss.

The battle began to roll up the creek. Hood and Johnson advanced against Van Cleve and Davis, and Bragg sent in part of Preston's division against Wood.

From two till four the contest was sharp. Van Cleve was driven, and Negley was brought down from the right to take his place.

Hood, Johnson, and Preston were driving on with so much vigor that Rosecrans's line was pushed back nearly to Rosecrans's headquarters, around which the shells were constantly exploding; but Sheridan came



MAP OF THE
BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.
Sept. 19th and 20th, 1863.

down from the extreme right and stopped the onward movement of the Confederates.

In the centre Van Cleve had been driven, and Palmer's left flank exposed; but Hazen moved in and made the line good once more. He planted twenty cannon on a knoll, which poured a destructive fire upon Cheatham, who was moving up to fall upon Reynolds.

The Union troops supposed that the conflict for the day was over, when Cleburne and Preston made a sudden attack upon Johnson's and Baird's divisions, but were repulsed, and night closed in, both armies lying down upon the field to renew the struggle in the morning.

Bragg had not accomplished what he had set out to do—to crush Rosecrans's left and gain the Lafayette road. The battle began on Kelley's farm, and there the last shots were fired as night came on, with the rain falling upon the wearied armies. The contest had been severe, but it was only the prelude to one of the great battles of the war.

Through the night Rosecrans withdrew McCook to the foot-hills in front of McFarland's Gap, and made his line of battle shorter and much stronger. The soldiers of Thomas's corps cut down trees, and with fence-rails constructed a line of breastworks.

It is easy to see, after a battle has been fought, what might have been done, but a commander must decide upon the instant what to do. General Rosecrans, when the battle closed at eight o'clock in the evening of the 19th, might have sent his trains and the wounded through McFarland's and Rossville gaps, then leaving a strong skirmish line have fallen back to Missionary Ridge, and taken a position which would have enabled him to repel an assault from any quarter. Such a position would have given his artillery great advantage. The western slope of Missionary Ridge is sharp, the eastern not so abrupt. The movement could have been made, and there would have been time for the erection of breastworks, for Bragg would have been compelled to make new dispositions of his troops before attacking. He chose instead to meet the shock on the field where the battle had begun.

For the renewal of the conflict Bragg divided his army into two wings, the right under Polk, composed of Walker's, Hill's, Breckinridge's, Cheatham's, and Cleburne's troops. The left wing was under Longstreet—composed of his own, Buckner's, and Hindman's troops. His plan was to have Polk turn Thomas's left flank, and when Breckinridge gained possession of the road leading to Rossville, Longstreet was to fall upon McCook and Crittenden; Polk was to attack at daylight. As the morning dawned Bragg and his staff-officers were in their saddles, expecting every moment to hear the rattle of musketry from Polk's troops; but no sound broke the stillness of the morning save the rumbling of army-wagons and the hum that rose from the bivouac of the two armies. A half hour passed; Bragg was impatient; an hour went by and still no sound.

"Ride to General Polk," he said to Major Lee, "and ascertain the reason of his delay, and urge him to attack at once." It took Major Lee half an hour to find Lieutenant-general Polk, who was eating his breakfast, and reading a newspaper. He and his staff-officers were in full uniform. The officer delivered his message. Polite and courtly the reply: "Please inform the general commanding that I have already ordered General Hill into action; that I am waiting for him to begin; and do please say to General Bragg that my heart is overflowing with anxiety for the attack—with anxiety, sir." Major Lee returned and reported.(3)

The historian who has written an account of the war from the Confederate side has not recorded the exact words spoken by General Bragg, but says that he was very angry, and used many very bitter expressions, some of which were not in accordance with the commandments of the Bible.

It was eight o'clock when General Bragg came to General Hill, whose troops were getting their rations for the day. "Why did not you begin the attack at daylight?" he asked, very much out of temper. "This is the first that I have heard of any such order,"(4) Hill replied. "I found Polk reading a newspaper down by Alexander's Bridge, two miles from the line of battle, when he ought to have been fighting," said Bragg. Possibly he did not know that through negligence on the part of some one his orders had not been delivered. He was not liked by his troops, neither by his officers. No one cheered when he passed by.

Are events happenings only? or is there a hand divine and unseen controlling human affairs? How happened it that the easy-going Polk was placed in command of the Confederate right wing, where the utmost energy was needed to carry out the plan? and why was the resolute, energetic Longstreet, the hammerer, placed in command of the left? It was Bragg's mistake, and an exhibition of his want of judgment. The right of his flank was the place where he wanted the thunder-bolts hurled upon Rosecrans. How happened it that Rosecrans, not knowing just what his opponent was intending to do, but only forecasting his probable movement, should select Thomas to hold the left of his line—the commander who, before sundown, was to acquire renown and a name which is to go down the ages—the "Rock of Chickamauga?" Whether it was a happening, or the evolution of law, or the ordering of a divine Providence, the assignment of Thomas to hold the left of the Union army had much to do with the final issue of the conflict, as we shall see.

It was between seven and eight o'clock when the Confederate skirmishers in front of Thomas's left began to advance. After a little firing Breckinridge's and Cleburne's divisions assailed Baird's and Beatty's brigades with such force that they were driven, and the Confederates were in possession of the road to Rossville, but only for a few moments, for Thomas ordered up two brigades — one of Brannan's and one of Wood's — and Breckinridge's troops were driven in confusion.

While thus trying to gain the rear of Thomas, Bragg hurled Stewart, Johnson, and Walker upon Palmer's and Reynolds's Union divisions in the centre. "The first attempt," says Thomas, "was continued at least two hours, making assault after assault with fresh troops, which were met by my troops with a most determined coolness and deliberation. Having exhausted his utmost energies to dislodge us, he apparently fell back entirely from our front, and we were not disturbed again till towards night."

The Confederate troops were in a semicircle around Thomas, Breckinridge and Cleburne on the right, facing nearly south, Walker south-west, and Cheatham nearly west; but not an inch could they move his lines. The stubbornness of Thomas's men was upsetting all of Bragg's calculations. Polk was to have been the moving column and Longstreet the pivot; in other words, the Confederate lines were to swing like a door, Longstreet being the hinge. The door would not swing because Thomas could not be driven. Nothing had been accomplished, and the Confederate divisions were being cut to pieces. The Confederate general, D. H. Hill, says: "While Breckinridge was thus alarming Thomas for his left, Cleburne was having a bloody fight with the forces behind the breastworks, L. E. Polk's brigade was driven back, and Wood's Confederate brigade, on the left, had almost reached Poe's house on the Chattanooga road, when he was subjected to a heavy enfilading fire, and driven back with great loss."

General Thomas, seeing what Bragg was attempting to do, called upon Rosecrans for reinforcements, who withdrew Lytle's and Walworth's brigades from McCook over on the extreme right, and sent them on the run to assist the left. This weakened the line in front of Longstreet, who up to that moment had not made any determined effort.

Bragg, seeing that he could not push Thomas from his position, decided to assault all along the line. This the order: "Let every officer advance his command at once."(5) Longstreet, beginning on his right, had Stewart, B. R. Johnson, Hood, Kershaw, and Preston. Stewart was the first to become engaged, but was repulsed with great loss. General Thomas sent an aide to Rosecrans, to tell him of the great pressure upon him, and asking for support. The officer, as he rode towards Rosecrans's headquarters, saw what he thought was a gap between Wood's and Reynolds's divisions. He did not see that Brannan had formed his brigades in the rear in echelon—that is, one brigade behind and partly overlapping the one in front. They were really in line and just where they ought to be, and the aide had arrived at a wrong conclusion. He informed Rosecrans that there was an open space between Reynolds's and Wood's divisions. What little things are the turning-points of great events!

We come to the decisive moment of the battle of Chickamauga. General Rosecrans, acting on the information, directed one of his staff-officers to write this despatch to General Wood: "The general commanding directs that you *close up* on Reynolds as far as possible, and *support* him." General McCook was with Wood, and they discussed the meaning of the order. Brannan was between Wood and Reynolds, but a little back from the main line. How could Wood *close up* on Reynolds when Brannan was between? How could he *support* Reynolds? To support him he must be behind him. Only by marching in rear of Brannan could he be in position to support Reynolds. To make such a movement would leave a wide opening between Brannan and Davis, the next division in line towards the left. But there was the order, and Wood gave what he thought was the correct interpretation. It was blind and contradictory, because Rosecrans had not been rightly informed of the position of the divisions. Wood's men filed out in rear of Brannan, moved upon the double-quick to the left in rear of Reynolds, leaving a wide gap in the line at the most critical moment of the battle—just when Longstreet was ordering forward his divisions. In front of the open space was Hood's division, which came so near to gaining Little Round Top at Gettysburg. Hood beheld the withdrawal of Wood with glee. Now was his time. Up through the forest swept the troops who had fought on the Peninsula, at Manassas, which hurled Sedgwick's brigade back from the Dunker church at Antietam—veterans who were led by a brave commander, and who went with a rush towards the door which had so unexpectedly been opened for them. If there had been a consultation and agreement between the Confederate and Union commanders, the withdrawal of Wood could not have been more opportune for Bragg. There were only two divisions of Union troops to the right of the gap—Davis's and Sheridan's; all the others had been sent to reinforce Thomas. Longstreet outnumbered them two to one. Hood assailed Brannan on his right, and Davis on his left. It was not merely the entering of a wedge: it was more like the pouring of a flood through a break in the levees of the Mississippi. There was nothing in front of Hood to oppose his onward rush; and not only his, but the whole of Longstreet's troops — Stewart's, Kershaw's, Johnson's, Hindman's, and Preston's—cutting off the five Union brigades of McCook from the rest of the army, which compelled that commander to retreat to save his troops from being captured.

And now came the effort to fill the crevasse so suddenly and unexpectedly made. Walworth's and Lytle's brigades of Sheridan's division, which had been sent to Thomas, went upon the run back from the right. As they came through the woods, the soldiers beheld the wagons, artillery, and infantry retreating in confusion, followed by the exultant Confederates; but resolutely they wheeled into line. "If we are to die, we will die here," were the words of Lytle. A bullet struck him, but he still sat in his saddle. "Charge!" he shouted, and his men rushed on; but though bravely done, they were so few that it was as a handful of straw thrown against a swirling flood. There was terrific fighting. Lytle's men had a deep and tender love for him. At Murfreesboro they presented him with a Maltese cross studded with diamonds and emeralds. They would die for him if need be. Three more bullets struck him. His officers saw him reeling, and caught him in their arms. Two who were laying him down were killed, and one wounded, but they placed him beneath a tree. He handed them his sword; he would not have it fall into the hands of the enemy. Years before, he wrote of death, as in prophecy of his own end:

"On some lone spot, where, far from home and friends,
The way-worn pilgrim on the turf reclining,
This life and much of grief together ends."

A great heart had ceased to beat. The Confederates came upon his lifeless body, and beheld him lying there in the beauty and glory of a vigorous manhood, with a smile upon his face. He had given his life to his country. He was one of Nature's poets, and has left behind him one poem, which will ever charm by its beauty and pathos—"The Death of Rome's great Triumvir, Mark Antony:"

"I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.

"Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me;
Hush thy sobs and bend thine ear;
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

"Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore—

"Though no glittering guards surround me,
Brought to do thy master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still."

Nobler the ending of his life on the field of Chickamauga than that of the Triumvir of the Seven-hilled City—that, the snuffing out of ambition and intrigue; this, death that his country might be united evermore.

Very pathetic this story told by a Union officer, who on Saturday night saw a soldier sitting on a log, with tears rolling down his cheeks.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

The soldier held up a photograph. "That is my wife and my children," he said.

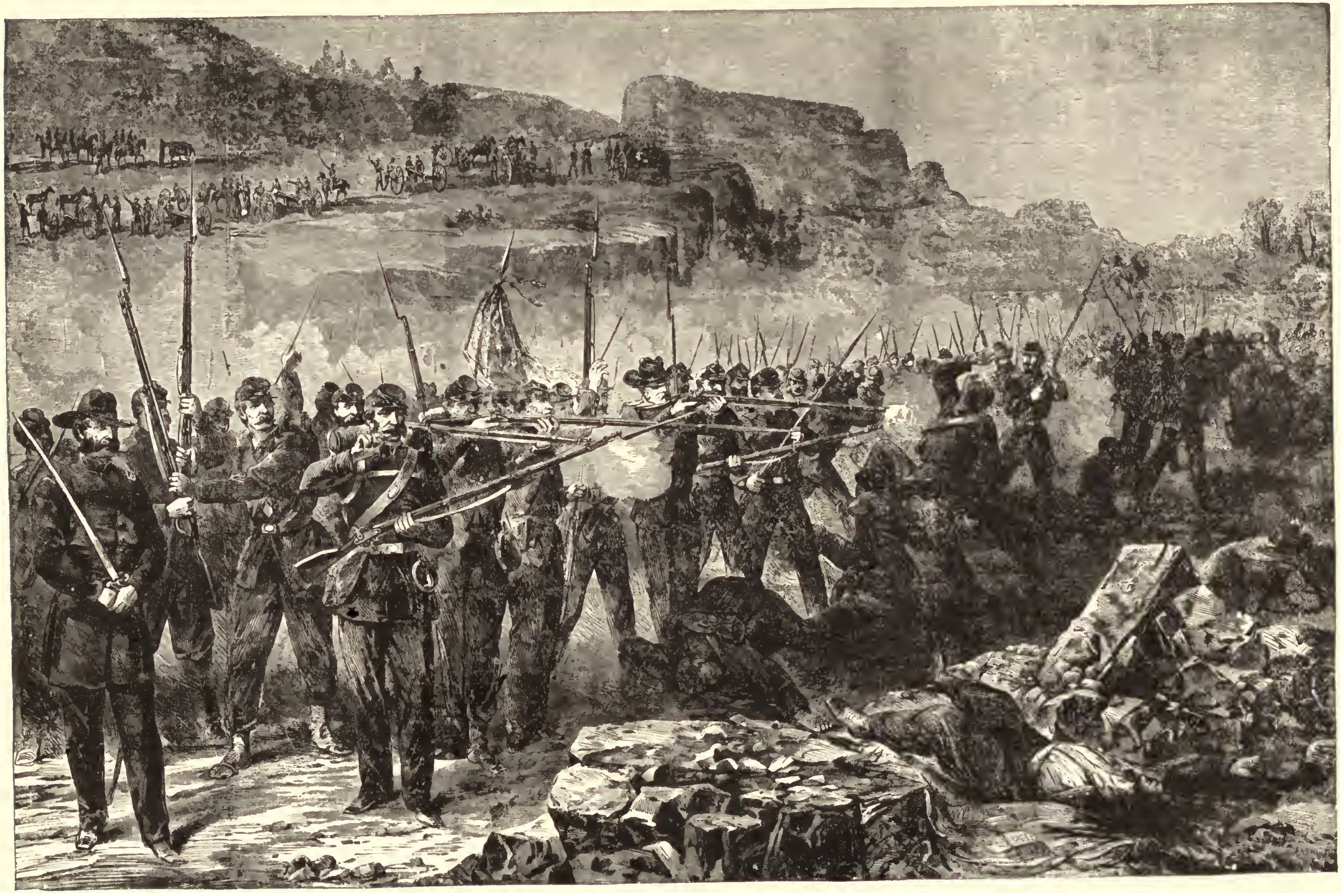
"Yes, and I too have a wife and the same number of children."

"But, general, you are an officer, getting heavy pay; you could resign if you wished to; or if you were to be killed, there would be something left for them. I am a soldier; I cannot resign. If I am killed, who will look after Maggie and the children?"

"Cheer up, comrade. I am not going to resign. I shall stay with you and the rest. We'll fight it out to the end, and go home together. Cheer up; we shall both see our loved ones again."(6)

Twenty-four hours had passed. The officer and the soldier had been in the thick of the fight. The officer was falling back before the advancing Confederates when he came upon a prostrate form, and looked down into a face from which life had passed away—upon the form of a man whose heart had ceased its beating—the heart which had yearned to behold once more the dear ones far away. The fateful bullet had pierced not only the heart of the soldier but the photograph, which, morning, noon, and night, by the bivouac fire, upon the weary march, and in the tempest of battle, had been his solace. He too had given his life for his country.

General Longstreet had formed his troops in columns of brigades, just as Napoleon arranged his at the battle of Marengo when he broke the line of the Austrian army. With Rosecrans's line weakened by the with-



THOMAS'S CORPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

From a sketch made at the time.

drawal from McCook and Crittenden of so many brigades to support Thomas, with Wood's division taken from the line by the great mistake, Longstreet found it an easy matter to sweep all before him. At the moment of his advance Wood was moving north-east, and his rear brigade was thrown into confusion. Negley's division was struck so suddenly that all semblance of order was lost. Not only the troops, but Rosecrans, together with Crittenden and McCook, with their staffs, were forced to flee before the onset of the Confederates. It was so unexpected and unaccountable—like the rush of a whirlwind—that the artillery had no time to limber up their pieces before their horses were going down in heaps, and the Confederates leaping upon the cannon with shouts and yells.

It was a disaster so appalling that men who at other times were cool and brave lost their heads.(7) General Negley, who had shown his bravery at Stone River, unfortunately ordered several batteries and regiments to the rear. Some officers who retained their self-possession refused to go, and tried to gather up their scattered commands, but several thousand troops straggled towards Rossville. Not so Brannan and Wood, who, though struck by the Confederates, brought their brigades into line. A moment before, they were marching towards the east, but now they faced west—Wood, Reynolds, and Brannan together poured their volleys into the Confederate ranks, which, instead of pressing on after the retreating fugitives in the direction of Rossville, were obliged to wheel towards the east to meet their fire. The brigades of McCook, cut off from the rest of the army, were retreating towards McFarland's Gap.

While Longstreet was thus driving on his troops, Walker's and Johnson's Confederate divisions were attacking Palmer, but were repulsed with great loss. The new line formed by Wood and Brannan compelled Longstreet to come to a halt, and reform his troops for an assault upon them. The brigades of Bushrod Johnson and Patton Anderson advanced, but were cut to pieces. Longstreet followed up the attack with the divisions of Hindman and Kershaw, and at the moment when these troops were gaining a position by which they almost had Brannan and Wood at their mercy, let us go back to Rossville, six miles, and from two o'clock in the afternoon to eleven in the forenoon.

General Gordon Granger commanded the reserve corps of Rosecrans's army, and had been ordered to hold Rossville. His headquarters were by the road-side on the summit of Missionary Ridge, a short distance from the old house in which the Indian chief John Ross once lived. General Granger, when the haze lifted at ten o'clock and the sun burned away the fog, could see dust-clouds rising along the valley, marking the advance of the Confederates under Breckinridge and Hill to attack Thomas's left. "They are concentrating over there, and there is where we ought to be," he said to one of his officers. The roar of battle came up from the valley, and the white clouds sailed away over the fields and forest. He walked to and fro, nervously pulling his beard. "Why does Rosecrans keep us here? There is nothing in front of us now. There is the battle." He pointed to the rising and increasing cloud. With Colonel Fullerton he climbed to the top of a hay-rick. The whole valley lay before them. The uproar was increasing. It was hard for Granger to see the signs of the conflict, to hear the thunder of the cannon, the rolls of musketry, and not be in the mêlée. He thrust his field-glass into its case.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

"I am going over to Thomas, orders or no orders," he said.(8)

"And if you go, it may bring disaster to the army, and you to a court-martial," said Colonel Fullerton.

"There is nothing in front of us but rag, tag, and bobtail cavalry. Don't you see that Bragg is piling up his whole army on Thomas? I am going to his assistance."

He jumped from the hay-rick. He had three brigades—Dan McCook's, Steedman's, and Whitaker's. Leaving the first to hold the position where they were, he moved with the others towards the battle.

While Granger was thus marching without orders, let us enter the Confederate lines and survey the state of affairs on that side. It was afternoon; Longstreet was taking a lunch of baked sweet-potatoes. He was well satisfied with what his troops had accomplished, but he wanted to do more. They had captured twenty-seven pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners, swept over Rosecrans's headquarters, sent his right wing flying along the road towards McFarland's Gap; but that body of Union troops—Reynolds's, Brannan's, and Wood's—which were blocking his way on the hill by Mr. Snodgrass's house, must be swept aside, and to do it he must have reinforcements. He called upon Bragg for more troops.(9)

"General Bragg wishes to see you," said a messenger, and Longstreet rode to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief.

"I cannot give you any more troops," said Bragg, "for there is no fight in the troops of Polk's wing. No troops except your own have any fight in them."

General Longstreet says, "It is my opinion that Bragg thought at 3 P.M. that the battle was lost, though he did not say so positively."

What a scene it was at that moment! On the Confederate side, Bragg thought he had been defeated; Polk's corps was dispirited; Longstreet's divisions had swept all before them, but were resolutely confronted and brought to a stand-still.

On the Union side the woods, fields, roads, and pastures were filled with the soldiers which had been routed by Longstreet's assault; not only the troops, but the commander-in-chief, together with McCook and Crittenden—artillery, ammunition, and baggage trains—all were hastening towards McFarland's Gap and Rossville. Officers who had not lost their self-possession were trying to rally panic-stricken soldiers, who only laughed in their faces. Authority was gone, discipline lost.

We are not to think that all the troops on the right had been demoralized. On the contrary, Sheridan and Davis were on the Dry Valley road, their regiments in line. Negley had turned about, so that there were ten thousand men on that road who could have been counted upon for effective work.

General Rosecrans and his chief of staff, General Garfield, together with McCook and Crittenden, were on the Lafayette road, riding towards Rossville. Rosecrans, who had never before travelled the road, saw that it was a strong position. He determined to place Thomas in command, and have him withdraw to that point, while he himself would go to Chattanooga to make preparations for the final withdrawal to that place. It is plain that if Bragg, according to Longstreet, thought the battle lost, so did Rosecrans. He did not comprehend that at that moment he might turn defeat into victory; that instead of issuing an order for Thomas to withdraw to Missionary Ridge, and himself riding in haste to Chattanooga, the time had come for him to hurl Sheridan, Davis, and Negley upon Longstreet. The pluck which he had manifested at Stone River seemed to be wanting at the moment. Had those ten thousand men in the Dry Valley road resolutely confronted Longstreet when that officer was calling for help, and when Bragg thought the battle lost, there can be little doubt of the result—that Longstreet taken in flank would have been driven over upon Polk, whose troops had become dispirited by their inability to make any impression on Thomas. Instead of seizing the opportune moment of striking a last blow, Rosecrans rode to Chattanooga.

We have seen General Granger jumping down from the hay-rick and marching with Steedman's and Whitaker's brigades towards the pillar of cloud rising from the semicircle of fire where Thomas and his men were standing. It was a hearty shake of the hand given by Thomas to Granger when he rode up, coming without orders to his assistance. At that moment Longstreet was getting ready to renew the assault upon Wood and Brannan. Thomas pointed to the Confederates.

"Those men must be driven back," he said; "can you do it?"(10)

"Yes; my men are fresh, and they are just the fellows for that work. They are raw troops, and they don't know any better than to charge up there."

Granger gave Steedman the command of the two brigades. In two lines, with a cheer, they went upon the run through an old field, through weeds waist-high, across a narrow valley, and up the opposite ridge. The Confederate cannon opened upon them, and then the musketry. They dropped upon the ground, and the volleys went over them. With breath revived, they sprang to their feet. Louder than the din of battle came the command from Steedman, "Forward!" With a flag in his hand, he led them on. Right into the faces of the Confederates they poured their volleys, so deadly that the ranks of the men in gray wavered, broke, and disappeared down the slope and over another knoll. It was the work of but a few minutes, but during the time a fragment of a shell had carried away Granger's hat; Steedman had been wounded; Whitaker, commanding Mitchell's brigade, had also been wounded, and four staff-officers killed or wounded, and fearful havoc had been made in the lines, but it was a blow so powerful that it disarranged all of Longstreet's plans. A moment before, he had completed his arrangements for driving Wood and Brannan from their positions, but now his own troops were falling back. He reformed them, and once more they advanced only to be repulsed by this new fresh force that had risen, as it were, from the ground in front of him.

A Confederate general says: "Hindman and Johnson organized a column of attack upon the front and rear of the stronghold of Thomas. It consisted of the brigades of Deas, Manigault, Gregg, Anderson, and McNair. Three of the brigades had each five hundred men, and the other two were not so strong."(11)

Another Confederate gives an account of the assault: "In a few minutes a terrific contest ensued, which continued at close quarters. . . . Our troops attacked again and again with a courage worthy of their past achievements. The enemy fought with determined obstinacy, and repeatedly repulsed us, but only to be again assailed. As showing the fierceness of the fight, I mention that on our extreme left the bayonet was used, and men also killed and wounded with clubbed muskets. A little after four the enemy was reinforced, and advanced with loud shouts, but was repulsed by Anderson and Kershaw."(12)

It was half-past three when General Garfield, sent by Rosecrans, reached Thomas with the order placing him in command of the army, and naming Rossville as the point where the troops could be rallied.

"It would be the ruin of the army to attempt to withdraw it now; we must hold this position till night," was the reply. Fifteen minutes later a courier was riding towards Chattanooga, with this despatch from Garfield:

"Thomas has Brannan's, Reynolds's, Wood's, Palmer's, and Johnson's divisions here, still intact after terrible fighting. Granger is here, closed up with Thomas, and both are fighting terribly on the right. Sheridan is in, with the bulk of his division in ragged shape, though plucky for fight. General Thomas holds his old ground of the morning. . . . The hardest fighting of the day is now going on. I hope General Thomas will be able to hold on here till night, and will not have to fall back farther than Rossville, perhaps not any. All fighting men should be stopped there. I think we may retrieve the disaster of the morning.

"I never saw better fighting than our men are now doing. The rebel ammunition must be nearly exhausted, ours fast failing. If we can hold out an hour more it will be all right. Granger thinks we can defeat them badly to-morrow, if our forces all come in. I think that you had better come to Rossville to-night and bring ammunition."(13)

Not till Garfield arrived did Thomas know what had happened on the right; that Rosecrans had gone to Chattanooga. Undisturbed by the intelligence, and being now commander on the field, he quickly decided what to do: to stay where he was—to fight on till night, and then under cover of darkness retire to Rossville. The uproar was then beginning to die away. Hazen's and Grose's brigades of Palmer's division were, with Steedman, Brannan, Wood, and the troops which Sheridan had brought, repulsing every assault of Longstreet.

The sun went down behind Missionary Ridge, throwing the shadows of the long, level outline of its summit over the valley. With its departing rays the cannons' brazen lips were cooling, the rolls of musketry becoming less frequent, though the cheers of the Confederates were ringing upon the evening air over the achievements of the day. As the darkness deepened, Thomas ordered his divisions one by one to retire, but to come into position at Rossville, along the eastern slope of Missionary Ridge; and there at midnight the stout-hearted commander, who had stood immovable amid the storm, who had saved the army and rendered immortal service to his country, laid himself down calmly to sleep. So at midnight the army was upon the spot which, if it had been selected the night before, would in all probability have resulted in victory.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Rosecrans reached Chattanooga. He had been in the saddle from five in the morning. Not a mouthful of food had passed his lips. For two weeks his active brain had been under the utmost tension. He had seen his right wing crushed under the impetuous advance of Longstreet. He was thinking how to secure the bridges across the Tennessee, and of rallying his scattered divisions behind breastworks around Chattanooga. The battle was lost. All the consequences of defeat rolled in upon him as he rode along the dusty road, reaching the town at last so exhausted that he could not dismount without assistance. He sent a despatch to Washington that his right wing had been crushed. President Lincoln read it with a heavy heart. Thousands of lives sacrificed; the army in retreat, when victory was confidently expected!

An officer dashed into Chattanooga as the sun was disappearing, with the message from Garfield. Rosecrans read it, swung his hat, and shouted, "Thank God! The day is ours yet! Go to your commands, gentlemen."

General Wagner, who with a brigade of cavalry had been holding Chattanooga, moved out towards Rossville, stopping all stragglers; but the passes across Missionary Ridge south of Rossville were open to Bragg, and Thomas advised the withdrawal of the army to the town. The Confederates were in possession of the field where the battle had been fought—to that extent Bragg was victor; but Rosecrans was holding Chattanooga, to gain which he made the strategic movement, and the victory to Bragg was barren of results. The Confederate commander had lost nearly one-third of his army, and one more victory like it would have been his ruin. The loss of the Union army was one thousand six hundred and fifty killed, nine thousand five hundred wounded, and four thousand and five taken prisoners—nearly sixteen thousand. Rosecrans lost fifty-one cannon and more than fifteen thousand muskets.

No complete return of the Confederate loss has ever been given; but being the attacking party, Bragg's loss must have been much greater than Rosecrans's, and, from the partial returns, is supposed to have been nearly or quite twenty thousand, and fifteen pieces of artillery.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XX.

(1) Rosecrans's Report.
(2) Thomas's Report.
(3) Pollard, "The Lost Cause," p. 450.
(4) D. H. Hill, *Century Magazine*, April, 1887.
(5) Pollard, "The Lost Cause," p. 450.
(6) Col. Morton C. Hunter, quoted in the *National Tribune*.
(7) Gen. H. V. Boynton, *National Tribune*.
(8) Col. J. S. Fullerton, Granger's chief of staff, *Century Magazine*, April, 1887
(9) Longstreet, letter to D. H. Hill, *Century Magazine*, April, 1887.
(10) Col. J. S. Fullerton, *Century Magazine*, April, 1887.
(11) D. H. Hill, *Century Magazine*, April, 1887.
(12) General Hindman's Report.
(13) General Garfield's Report.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOLDING CHATTANOOGA.

GENERAL BRAGG, after the battle of Chickamauga, was very angry with some of his officers. He arrested Lieutenant-general Polk and General Hindman for not executing their orders promptly. He was displeased with General Breckinridge and with General Forrest, and so disliked Gen. D. H. Hill, who had been sent to him from the east by Jefferson Davis, that he directed him to return to Richmond. The Confederate newspapers criticised Bragg for his mismanagement of the battle, and for not following up the victory, and said that unless Rosecrans was driven out of Chattanooga nothing would have been gained. General Bragg was holding Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and could send shot and shell into Rosecrans's lines. He held the railroad which runs along the southern side of the river from Chattanooga to Bridgeport, compelling Rosecrans to bring all his supplies by a long, circuitous route over Walden's Ridge by narrow roads, a distance of sixty miles.

With great satisfaction General Bragg could look down from his headquarters on Missionary Ridge upon the white tents of the Union army, with the confident expectation that in a short time Rosecrans would be starved out, and compelled to retreat to Murfreesboro. He said: "Possessed of the shortest route to his depot, and the one by which reinforcements must reach him, we held him at our mercy, and his destruction was only a question of time."

Bragg could afford to wait and let starvation do its work; so the Confederate soldiers, outnumbering the Union, rested. The soldiers of both armies drew water from Chattanooga Creek, held conversations, exchanged newspapers, and chaffed one another good-naturedly — the Confederates looking for starvation to the Union army; the Union, for they knew not what.

There was energetic action in the War Department at Washington when the news of the disaster at Chickamauga and the retreat of Rosecrans to Chattanooga came flashing over the wires. It was seen that the transfer of Longstreet's corps from Lee's army to Bragg's had enabled the Confederates to strike a crushing blow. It was plain that to give up Chattanooga would be a worse disaster. It must be held. The Army of the Cumberland must be reinforced. The Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, was a man of great energy, and so was his Assistant Secretary, Thomas A. Scott, who, before the war, had been manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and who knew how many cars would be required to transport one thousand men; how many for a battery of artillery, with its horses. The Eleventh Corps, under General Howard, and the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum, were with the Army of the Potomac on the Upper Rapidan at Raccoon Ford. The order for the movement of both corps was issued on September 23d, three days after the battle of Chickamauga, and on the 24th the cars were ready. The infantry and artillery, cannon, horses, equipments, tents—everything belonging to the two corps—were taken on board the trains and transported through Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, to the banks of the Tennessee—train following train without accident—men and horses receiving regular rations, arriving October 4th at Stevenson, Alabama. It was the foreknowledge, method, and energy of Thomas A. Scott which accomplished this. The two corps were placed under the command of General Hooker. They were halted at Stevenson and Bridgeport; for had they been taken to Chattanooga they would have been a hinderance rather than a help to the Army of the Cumberland, with so little to eat, and the difficulties of obtaining supplies constantly increasing.

General Grant was at Vicksburg. While Rosecrans was making his movement to Chickamauga, General Halleck sent a message to General Grant asking him to send troops to aid the Army of the Cumberland.

Three divisions of Sherman's corps were encamped on the bank of Big Black River, twenty miles from Vicksburg, but in forty-eight hours Osterhaus's division was on board steamboats moving up the Mississippi to Memphis, followed, as soon as steamboats could be obtained, by the other divisions.

There was no telegraph between Vicksburg and Cairo, and all despatches had to be carried by steamboat. On October 10th General Grant received this despatch: "It is the wish of the Secretary of War that as soon as General Grant is able to take the field he will come to Cairo and report by telegraph." It was nearly noon when the message was placed in his hands, but before night he was on his way up the Mississippi with the members of his staff. He reached Cairo October 17th, where he received a despatch instructing him to proceed at once to the Galt House, Louisville. There was no railroad leading from Cairo directly to that city; the quickest route was by rail north through Illinois to Mattoon, thence east to Indianapolis, then south to Louisville. At Indianapolis a very able and energetic man stepped on board the train—Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, who had arrived from Washington by a special train, and who rode with General Grant the remainder of the journey. They never had met before. "Here are two orders," said Mr. Stanton; "you may take your choice of them."(²) The orders made the whole of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River into one military department under his command. One order left General Rosecrans in command of the Army of the Cumberland; the other relieved him, and conferred the command of that army upon General Thomas. General Grant chose the second.

On the evening after their arrival at Louisville a despatch was sent by the Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, who was with the army at Chattanooga, to Mr. Stanton informing him that General Rosecrans was just ready to abandon the place and retreat, and advising that peremptory orders be issued for holding it. General Grant sent a message informing Thomas that he had been appointed to command, and that Rosecrans had been relieved; that Chattanooga must be held at all hazards; and the answer came, "We will hold the town till we starve."

To have retreated would have been a great disaster; the cannon and the wagon-trains could not have been taken over the mountains for want of horses. These the words of General Grant: "It would not only have been the loss of the most important strategic position to us, but it would have been attended with the loss of all the artillery still left with the Army of the Cumberland, and the loss of that army itself, either by capture or annihilation."(³)

The supplies for the army were all brought from Nashville by railroad to Bridgeport. The distance between Bridgeport and Chattanooga was twenty-six miles, but when General Rosecrans gave up Lookout Mountain he lost control of the railroad which winds along its base. The wagon-road on the north bank was commanded by Bragg's artillery and his sharpshooters, who, with their long-range Whitworth rifles, made in England, secreting themselves amid the rocks, suddenly opened fire upon a wagon-train, killing the mules, and putting a stop to the further use of the road. The shutting up of the route compelled the wagon-trains to pass over Walden's Ridge. It took a week for a wagon to go to Bridgeport and return to Chattanooga. The fall rains were setting in, and the roads were deep with mud, the wheels sinking to the axles. One day a teamster saw

CONFEDERATE RIFLEMEN FIRING UPON A UNION WAGON-TRAIN.

From a sketch by an English artist, taken at the time.

his wagon go down till its bed rested on the mud; instead of whipping his mules and swearing, he sat down on a rock and cried.(4) When the teams were doubled, and eight mules were harnessed to one wagon, they could draw only half a load. The quartermasters at Nashville and Murfreesboro could not, for want of railroad facilities, supply animals to take the places of those that died from overwork and scanty feed. Ten thousand animals died, and their carcasses lined the way and tainted the air over Walden's Ridge and down the Sequatchie Valley. The soldiers were living on half rations, and guards had to be stationed at the troughs to prevent the hungry soldiers from robbing the horses and mules of their scanty allowance of corn. They picked up scattered kernels and bits of bread to satisfy their hunger.(5) Cattle driven from Nashville were so thin and poor, for want of grazing, that the soldiers said they were eating beef dried on the hoof.(6) There were so few horses and mules left that food only could be taken from Bridgeport. The soldiers were greatly in need of blankets, clothes, and shoes; many were barefoot. All the forests around Chattanooga had been cut down to build breastworks and fortifications; and to obtain fuel, the soldiers went up the north bank of the river, felled trees, rafted them down to Chattanooga, and carried the logs on their shoulders to their camp. The army had hardly ammunition enough to fight a battle, for the Confederate cavalry had crossed the Tennessee and destroyed an ammunition-train. Such the situation of affairs in the Union army.

There was disaffection in Bragg's army, and Jefferson Davis hastened west to bring about harmony. A correspondent wrote of his arrival:

"The President has come, and all men believe, to turn things inside out—to renovate the army, to settle household quarrels, and set the troops moving on their way. . . . The suspension of Polk, the arrest of Hindman, the flare-up with Forrest, and the disaffection of several others, all recurring on the heels of victory, are enough to excite anxiety."(7)

The Confederate President went to the top of Lookout Mountain and beheld the vast panorama—the winding Tennessee, the mountain ranges, the forests clothed in autumnal beauty, the encampments of the two armies.

At Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge he examined the maps of the country. He had served in the Mexican War, commanded a regiment at the battle of Buena Vista. He was commander-in-chief of all the Confederate forces. Not content to leave the planning of military movements to General Bragg, he devised a movement of Longstreet's corps to Eastern Tennessee, to drive out Burnside, regain that section of country to the Confederacy, and reopen the railroad to Virginia.(8) A Confederate writer says: "He was in furious love with the extraordinary expedition, and in a public address to the army he could not resist the temptation of announcing that the green fields of Tennessee would shortly again be theirs."(9)

The Confederate army was sadly in need of supplies; the soldiers were on half rations. A Confederate soldier gives this account of their supply of food: "Our rations were cooked up by a special detail ten miles in the rear, and were sent to us every three days; and then those three days' rations were generally eaten at one meal, and the soldiers had to starve the other two days and a half. The soldiers were starved and almost naked, and covered all over with vermin and camp-itch and filth and dirt. The men looked sick, hollow-eyed, and heart-broken—living principally upon parched corn which had been picked out of the mud and dirt under the feet of the officers' horses. We thought of nothing but starvation. . . . In the very acme of our privations and hunger, when the army was most dissatisfied and unhappy, we were ordered into line of battle, to be reviewed by Honorable Jefferson Davis. When he passed us with his great retinue of staff-officers and play-outs at full gallop, cheers greeted him with the words, 'Send us something to eat, Massa Jeff. I'm hungry! I'm hungry!'"(10)

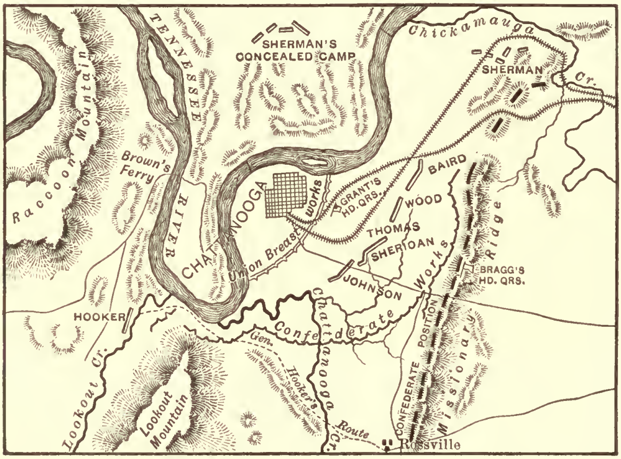
He said to the soldiers, in an address published October 14th, "Behind you is a people providing for your support, and depending upon your protection. Before you is a country devastated by ruthless invaders, where gentle woman, feeble age, and helpless infancy have been subject to outrages without a parallel in the warfare of civilized nations. With eager eye they watch for your coming, for their deliverance; and homeless refugees pine for the hour when your victorious arms shall restore their family shelters, from which they have been driven and forced to take up arms to vindicate their political rights, freedom, equality, and State sovereignty, which were a heritage purchased by the blood of your Revolutionary sires. You have but the alternative of being slaves of submission to a despotic usurpation, or of independence, which a vigorous, united, and persistent effort will secure."

The address of President Davis reads curiously when contrasted with what had been done in Eastern Tennessee by the Confederates, in the hanging of Union men, hunting them with hounds, and sending thousands to prisons in Georgia and Alabama.

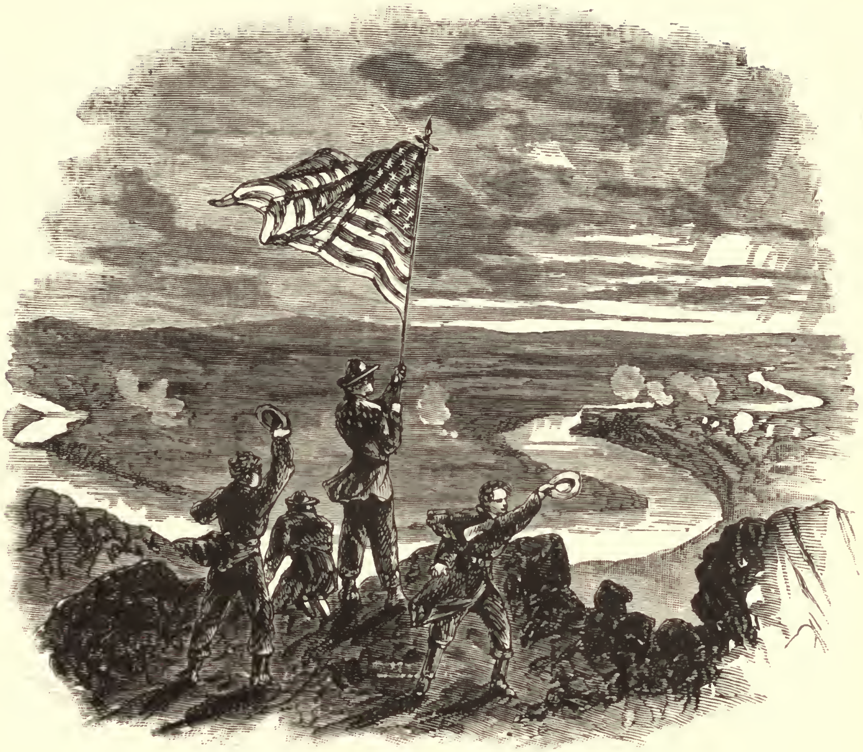
While General Grant was making his way to Chattanooga, Gen. William F. Smith, chief engineer, was setting those soldiers who before the war had been carpenters and blacksmiths, to work building a saw-mill. When it was completed they sawed planks and began the construction of large flat-bottomed boats. We shall soon see how the boats were used. He found a steam-engine in a mill, which he put into a large ferry-boat, built a paddle-wheel, and soon had a stern-wheel steamboat, which was named the *Chattanooga.*

On the evening of October 23d General Grant reached General Thomas's headquarters. He had met Rosecrans at Stevenson, on his way North, who explained the situation of affairs. General Grant had been injured by the stumbling of his horse and was obliged to use crutches, but was able to ride horseback, and the next morning he rode along the lines. He saw that the first thing to be done was the opening of a shorter road to Bridgeport to obtain supplies. The railroad from Chattanooga to Stevenson, after winding along the northern base of Lookout Mountain, passes up Lookout Valley to Wauhatchie Station, then turns west through a gap in Raccoon Mountain, and comes once more to the bank of the Tennessee at Shell Mound, twenty-two miles from Chattanooga, but more than forty miles to the same point by the river, which has many turns and windings amid the mountains. From Shell Mound the railroad goes on to Bridgeport, where it crosses the Tennessee.

General Longstreet had extended the Confederate line westward into Lookout Valley, and to the Tennessee at the base of Raccoon Mountain, whence his riflemen fired upon the Union wagon-trains. There were not many Confederate troops in Lookout Valley, and they were so far away from the main body of Bragg's army, east of Lookout, that General Grant determined to carry out what Rosecrans had already planned—gain possession of Lookout Valley, which would enable him to send down the steamboat *Chattanooga* to bring supplies from Bridgeport up to Kelley's Ferry, only eight miles from the army by the road through Lookout Valley. If the Confederates could be driven from the valley, the army would soon have abundant supplies. General Smith had initiated the plan which General Rosecrans had accepted. General Thomas, before Grant's arrival, had continued the preparations, and the plan was so wise and judicious that on the evening after his arrival he issued the order for carrying it out.



POSITION OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS, NOVEMBER 22, 1863.



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

From a sketch made November 26, 1863.

General Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, was on the north bank of the river at Bridgeport, and the plan was for him to cross and march rapidly along the railroad to Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley. In connection with this movement, the boats which the carpenters had been secretly building up the river, on the banks of North Chickamauga Creek, were to come into use. They were to be launched in the creek at night. General Hazen's brigade was to step on board, and then in the darkness the boats were to glide noiselessly down-stream, hugging the northern shore, past the Confederate sentinels at the base of Lookout Mountain. When near Brown's Ferry they were to push swiftly across the river, leap up the bank, capture the pickets, and hold the ground.

While the boats were gliding down-stream General Palmer's division of the Fourteenth Corps was to be on the march towards Brown's Ferry, ready to cross as soon as the boats had landed Hazen's troops.

As General Smith had planned the movement, General Grant intrusted its execution to him. He had thought out all the details. Standing on the northern bank, opposite Brown's Ferry, he pointed out to General Hazen and the officers who were to be in the boats a gap in the hills. Just before reaching it they were to steer across the river, and the current, with a little use of the oars, would swing them to the right position. A fire was to be lighted on the northern shore at the spot where the oars were to dip the water. There were fifty-two boats, each intrusted to the command of a well-known and trustworthy leader, sufficient to transport thirteen hundred and fifty picked men. If a man knew how to manage a boat, even though only a sergeant, he was placed in command.(11) As soon as the men were on shore, the oarsmen were to pull across the river and take over the other troops in waiting. As soon as the landing-party reached the crest of the hills, axes were to be used in cutting down trees for an abatis. A strong party of skirmishers was to cover those at work with the axes.

It was a little past midnight when the boats pushed out from the creek and moved down to Chattanooga. At three o'clock all were ready. General Hazen wished to reach the landing just before daybreak. One thousand three hundred and fifty men stepped into the boats. A fog hung over the river. No word was spoken. They floated past the Confederate pickets, rounding the bend opposite Lookout. Just above Brown's Ferry they saw a fire burning on the northern bank. Instantly the oars dipped the water, and they shot across the river. A few strokes, and they were at the southern shore. The few Confederate pickets fired, but no one was harmed. The skirmishers pushed forward, followed by the men with axes. A position was selected, and the axe-men were quickly at work. Back to the northern shore went the boats, returning with reinforcements. The engineers quickly constructed a pontoon-bridge, opening communication with the northern shore.

While this was going on, Hooker, who had crossed at Bridgeport, was on the march, reaching Lookout Valley on the 28th, the Eleventh Corps in advance. Suddenly a volley was fired upon them, whereupon two brigades deployed, which drove the Confederates, who retreated across Lookout Creek, burning the railroad bridge behind them. The Union troops captured two thousand bushels of corn and twenty cattle. The corn was unshelled. The soldiers were so hungry that they punched holes in their canteens with nails, transforming them into graters, grated the corn into coarse meal, which they made into dough, and baked it by their bivouac fires.

HAZEN'S BRIGADE LANDING.

The Confederate commander was surprised when he heard that a strong division of the Union army was on the southern bank, and that a bridge of boats was being laid. The cannon on the summit of Lookout hurled shells down upon the bridge-builders and into the woods occupied by the Union troops, but they did little harm. When the Confederates saw from the top of the mountain the dark column of troops under Hooker winding along the road from the west, General Bragg knew that the movement was to gain possession of the railroad, and that if it was accomplished the Union troops would soon have abundant supplies, and he therefore directed Longstreet to attack the advancing column. The Confederate troops were on the mountain. Longstreet saw that Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps went into bivouac at Wauhatchie, three miles from Howard, who, with the Eleventh Corps, had joined Hazen. Hooker had placed Geary at Wauhatchie to hold a road, and to cut off some Confederates who were posted along the river. Longstreet determined to send a large detachment to crush Geary, and another force to take a position which would prevent Hooker from sending any of the Eleventh Corps to his aid.

Stevenson's Confederate division came down the mountain-side. It was a moonlight night, and the troops picked their way cautiously through the woods. Their guides knew every path. The Union troops were sleeping after their long march—all but the pickets, who could hear a tramping of feet, and who caught sight of the Confederates as they formed in line of battle to attack on three sides at the same moment.

It was past midnight when the pickets fired. The alarm ran along the lines, and in an instant the men were on their feet. Geary had selected a line for defence, and was prepared for the onslaught. The Confederates fired a volley, and received one in return. The Confederate artillery on the mountain sent its shells down into the woods, and the reverberations rolled along the valley, echoing from the mountain, arousing from sleep Howard's and Hazen's troops.

"Geary is attacked. Hurry to his aid!" was the order from Hooker to Howard, who sent Schurz's division. There came a rattling fire from the hills in front of Schurz, whose troops fixed their bayonets, charged up the hill, breaking the Confederate lines and driving all before them.

Howard and two companies of cavalry came out into a field, and saw by the moonlight a body of troops.

"Who goes there?" shouted Howard.(12)

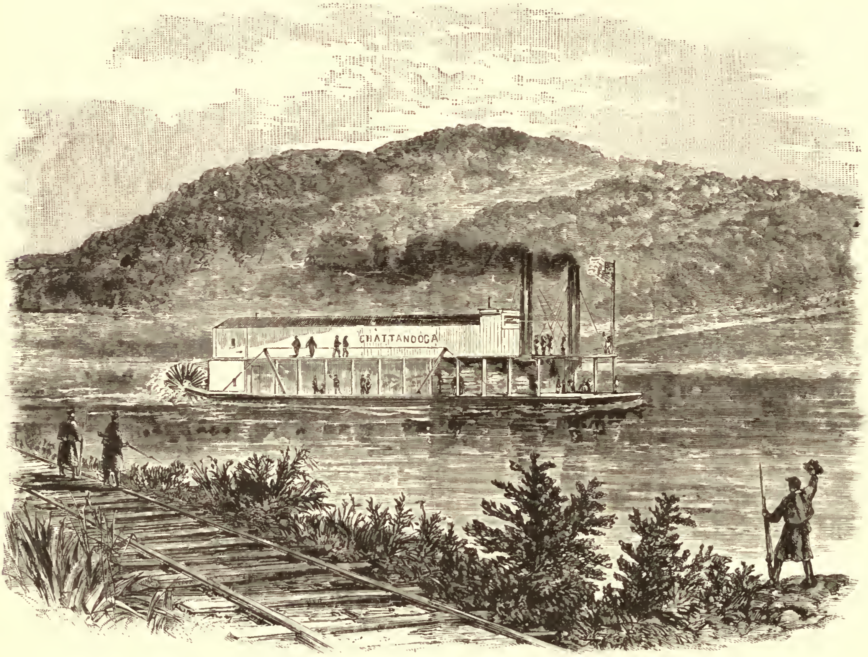
"We are Stevenson's men."

"Have you whipped the Yankees?"

"We have tried. We got upon their flank, but were driven, and have lost our way."

"You are our prisoners." With the word the cavalry closed around them.

For more than two hours the battle had raged, Geary resisting every attempt to break his lines. When the Eleventh Corps came up, Stevenson, repulsed at every point, gave up the struggle. He had lost several hundred in killed and wounded, and had gained nothing.



STEAMER "CHATTANOOGA," BUILT BY THE SOLDIERS.

From a sketch made at the time.

Behind Hooker was a long line of wagons loaded with food; and when morning dawned the steamer *Chattanooga*, which the carpenters and blacksmiths had built, loaded with supplies, came puffing round the bend of the river to the landing at Brown's Ferry, and then there went up from the fifty thousand soldiers of the Union army a hurrah heard by the Confederates from the summit of Lookout Mountain to Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge. No more half rations. No longer looking starvation in the face. In the wagons were boots, shoes, blankets, clothing, and medicines for the sick. The army took a long breath.

While these events were taking place General Sherman was making his way eastward from Memphis. His troops were repairing the railroad as they advanced. They reached Tuscumbia, in Alabama, when a man came to him with a note from General Grant: "Drop all work on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and hurry eastward with all possible despatch towards Bridgeport, till you meet further orders from me."

The man who brought it had floated down the river in a canoe, over Muscle Shoals, and had been fired at by the Confederate scouts.

By the aid of the gunboats and steamers the troops were ferried across the river. The country was infested with guerillas, who seized two of General Sherman's clerks, stripped off their coats, tied them to the tail of a wagon, and drove rapidly away. General Sherman had no cavalry to send in pursuit. He knew that the guerillas were sons or neighbors of the citizens of the town. He therefore seized three of the prominent men of Florence, and told them how his clerks had been captured.

"These guerillas are your own sons or your neighbors; you know their haunts," he said, "and unless the two men are returned within twenty-four hours, I'll have you tied up and treated as they have been."(13)

The frightened citizens saw that General Sherman was not a man to be trifled with, and messengers rode in hot haste in search of the guerillas, bringing back the two men whom they had seized.

On the night of November 14th General Sherman reached Chattanooga in advance of his troops, who were making long marches in their eagerness to help the Army of the Cumberland.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXI.

(1) Bragg's Report.
(2) Grant, "Personal Memoirs," p. 18.
(3) Idem, p. 24.
(4) J. S. Fullerton, *Century Magazine*, April, 1887, p. 137.
(5) Idem.
(6) Grant, "Personal Memoirs," p. 25.
(7) Hazen, "A Narrative of Military Service," p. 155.
(8) General Howard, *National Tribune*.
(9) Pollard, "The Lost Cause," p. 436.
(10) Watkins, "History of the First Tennessee Regiment," p. 100.
(11) "Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman," vol. i., p. 338.
(12) General Howard, *National Tribune*.
(13) "Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman," vol. i., p. 388.

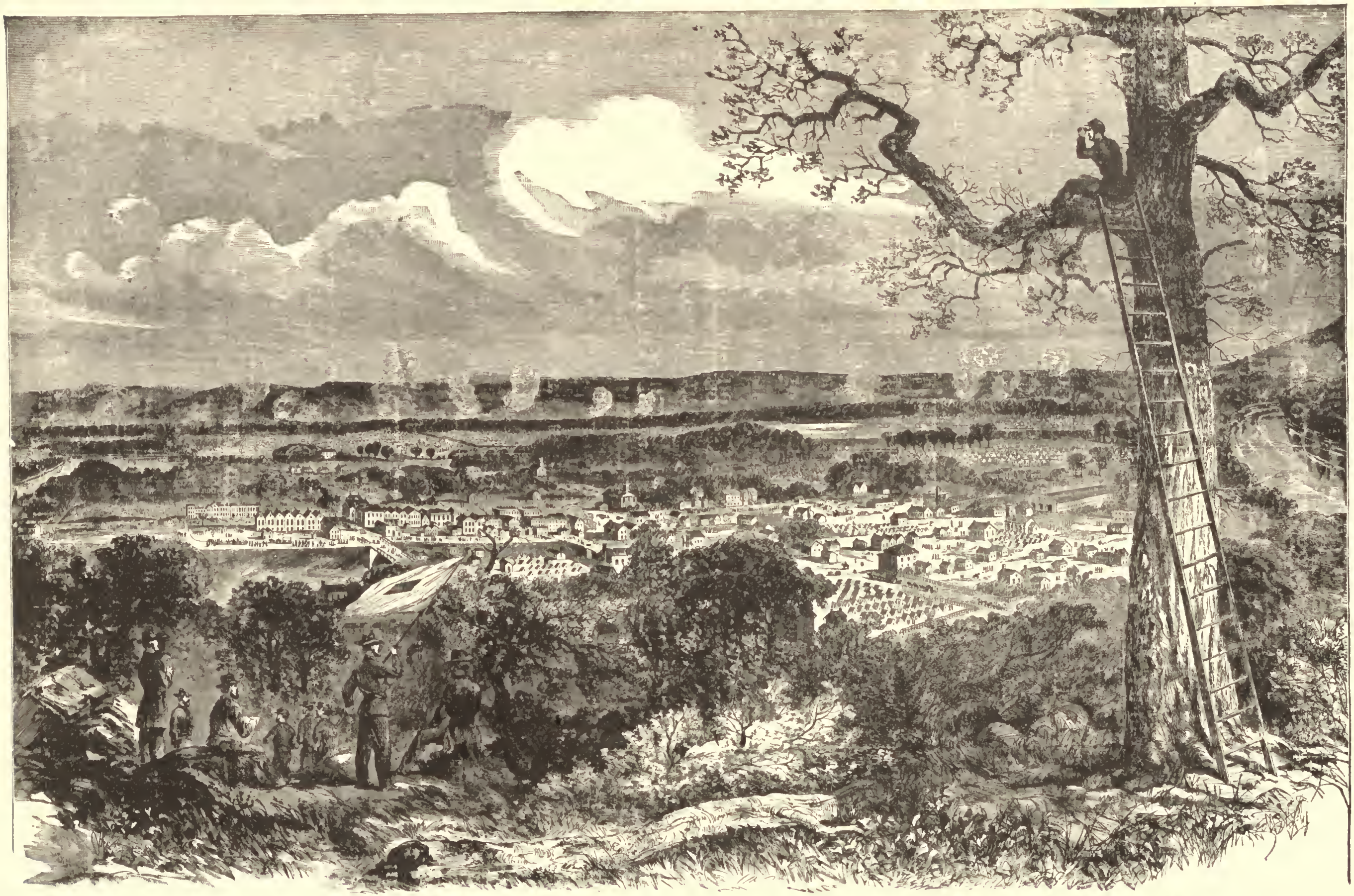
CHAPTER XXII.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

AT General Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, on the evening of November 3d, Jefferson Davis's plan for Longstreet's movement to drive Burnside out of Eastern Tennessee was unfolded by General Bragg to his officers. Burnside had about twenty thousand men. Longstreet would have about fifteen thousand infantry and artillery, and five thousand cavalry. General Jones, who was at Abingdon, in Virginia, was to move west, and between them Burnside would be ground as fine as meal between two millstones. It was a fascinating plan. It was more than one hundred miles from Chattanooga to Knoxville, but Longstreet could move his troops rapidly a portion of the way by rail. Jones could advance from Abingdon by rail, and they would make quick work of it. Bragg would keep the Army of the Cumberland besieged in Chattanooga the while, and when Burnside was crushed would reunite his forces and close around Grant.

"The success of the plan depends on rapid movements and sudden blows," were the words of Bragg to Longstreet. "The country will subsist your command. You are to drive Burnside out of East Tennessee; or, better, capture and destroy him."(1)

General Bragg left out an important factor in his calculations—the locomotives and cars. He had not looked ahead to ascertain how many locomotives and cars he would need, or where he could obtain them. The single line of railroad leading to Atlanta was taxed to its utmost in bringing supplies. The engines and cars were wearing out, and so was the road. The Confederacy could conscript men into military service, but it could not find men to build locomotives. As the war went on, it became more and more manifest that it was a struggle between two systems of labor, between ignorance and knowledge, between weakness and power. The soldiers of the Confederacy might be just as virtuous personally, as brave, as able to stand hardship, as soldiers of the Union; but the people beneath the Stars and Stripes could file iron to a hair's-breadth; could build machines



CHATTANOOGA AND THE ENCAMPMENTS OF THE TWO ARMIES.

From a sketch made November, 1863.

The view is from the Union signal-station, looking towards Missionary Ridge. The Confederate camps are beyond the belt of timber. Sherman crossed the Tennessee in the bend of the river at the left. The eastern slope of Lookout Mountain is seen at the right.

to do the work of human hands, which the men beneath the flag of the Confederacy could not do. Slavery degraded labor; freedom ennobled it. The men who brought about the conspiracy against the Union to overthrow the Government despised mechanics. The laboring men of the North had been called "greasy mechanics" and "mud-sills" on the floor of Congress. But the men who shovelled coal into flaming forges, who tended tilt-hammers, who filed iron, were turning out locomotives by the hundred and cars by the thousand. They had made it possible for General Hooker and the Eleventh and Twelfth corps to be transported from the Rapidan to the Tennessee, with all their baggage, artillery, and horses, in seven days—beginning the journey of one thousand miles in twenty-four hours after the issuing of the order.

On the morning of November 4th Longstreet withdrew his corps from Lookout Mountain, and marched to the railroad behind Missionary Ridge, where he waited till the 11th before a locomotive and a train of cars could be procured to transport his supplies.

General Grant learned from his scouts on the fifth that Longstreet was moving towards East Tennessee.

"I will endeavor to bring him back," was his message to Burnside.

He proposed to attack Bragg, which he believed would compel him to order Longstreet to return.

"Attack the northern end of Missionary Ridge with all the force you can bring to bear," was his order to Thomas. "If you have not artillery horses, mules must be taken from the teams and horses from the ambulances; or, if necessary, officers must be dismounted and their horses taken."

"I am absolutely unable to move," said Thomas.(2)

How hard it is to be helpless! General Grant could not advance against Bragg for want of horses, nor could he render assistance to Burnside, who must be left to confront the forces gathering to overwhelm him. He must wait for more horses and for Sherman's arrival before he could take the aggressive.

It was the energy of Napoleon—his quick movements, his forethought about provisions and supplies, his far-seeing, and his ability to infuse his own indomitable energy into his men—which gave him so many victories. The Northern States were feeling General Grant's energy. Carpenters in Ohio were building bridges. Locomotive-builders in Philadelphia were hurrying to complete locomotives. Steamboat captains from New Orleans to St. Louis and Pittsburg were under his orders. Two hundred thousand soldiers were obeying his commands—not all at Chattanooga, but all over the West—guarding railroads, chasing guerillas, forwarding supplies, getting ready to strike a blow.

Day and night the cars were running on the railroad. Steamboats towing barges were ascending the Cumberland. Everybody felt that tireless energy. When Sherman reached the Tennessee and wanted boats to cross, he found them waiting, provided by General Grant in advance.

November 14th Sherman was at Bridgeport. On the night of the 15th he was talking with Grant at Chattanooga. The next morning Grant and Sherman and Thomas were in the saddle looking at the northern end of Missionary Ridge. On the 18th Sherman's soldiers were marching past the troops of Hooker and Thomas, and taking position behind the hills on the north bank of the Tennessee, opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge. We find no parallel to this in military campaigns—two corps brought from the Army of the Potomac, one thousand miles; the Fifteenth Corps from Vicksburg, a march of four hundred miles; a lifting of the army out of despondency to exultation, and confident expectation of victory. Bragg had made a mistake by dividing his army and sending off Longstreet at the moment when he most needed him. He had not been far-seeing enough to forecast Grant's plan of concentration.

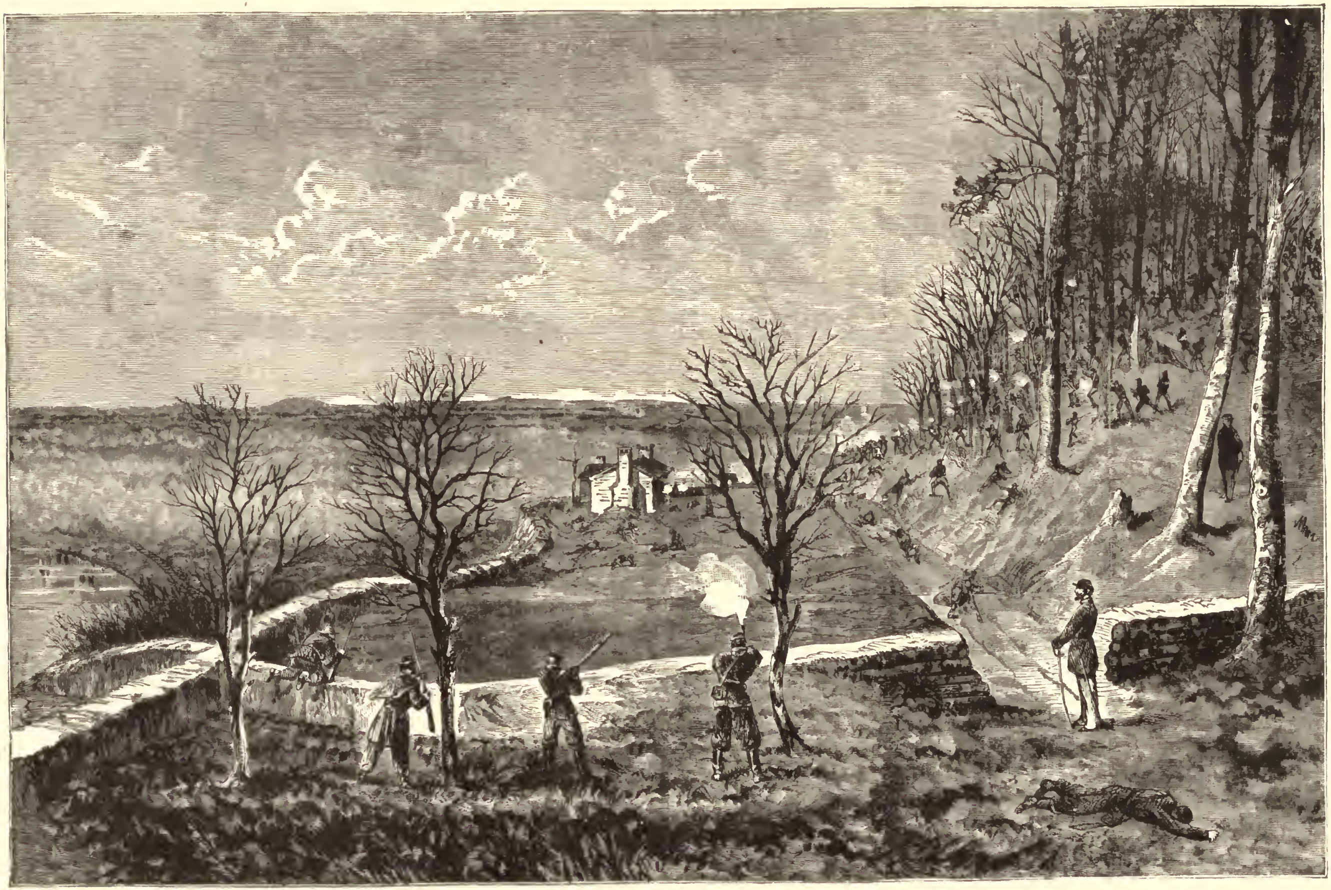
Bragg learned that Sherman had arrived, and sent a letter under a flag of truce to Grant November 20th.

"As there may still be some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal," read the letter.(3)

That was childish. General Grant knew that Bragg would not dare to attack him, but himself determined to strike a blow the next morning, but the rain poured during the night, and the river rose rapidly. Bragg set his soldiers to work building rafts, which came down upon the bridges of boats at Chattanooga and Brown's Ferry, and broke them asunder. The Union commander must wait another day.

South Chickamauga Creek bends round the northern end of Missionary Ridge, turns west, and runs for nearly a mile almost parallel with the Tennessee. Bragg had only a thin picket line along the creek. His cannon crowned the entire crest of Missionary Ridge. Half-way down the ridge, which is five hundred feet high, he had a strong line of earthworks. In front of the ridge was a round hill—Orchard Knob; at the base of which were other lines of works, and in front a line of formidable rifle-pits.

The Union earthworks were equally strong. On the highest and



CAPTURE OF CONFEDERATE WORKS BY CRAVEN'S HOUSE, ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, BY HOOKER'S CORPS.

From a sketch of the time.

most advanced hillock of the line stood Fort Wood, with twenty heavy cannon.

General Grant rode alone along the lines, inspecting every point.(4) The pickets of both armies drew water from Chattanooga Creek. There was a mutual understanding that they would not fire upon one another except in battle. When he came to the camp of the picket guard he heard the sentinel shout, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general." "Never mind the guard," he said. Upon the opposite side of the creek was the Confederate guard, and General Grant heard the sentinel say, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general, Grant;" and the next moment the guard stood in line facing him and gave the salute, which he returned and rode away. They might have fired a volley, but they would have scorned such an act. In battle they would doubtless have done so, but they had too high a sense of honor to fire upon him then and there He rode on, and came to a log which had been felled across the stream A soldier in blue stood upon the farther end. "I commenced conversing with him," said General Grant, "and asked whose corps he belonged to. He was very polite, and touching his hat to me, said he belonged to General Longstreet's corps. I asked him a few questions, but not with a view of gaining any particular information, all of which he answered, and I rode off."

We are not to think that the soldiers of the two armies bore any hatred to each other individually, but that they were under different flags, representative of antagonistic ideas and principles. The fighting was to be in the shock of battle, not on the picket line.

The pontoon-bridges were made whole once more. Behind the hills opposite the mouth of Chickamauga Creek General Smith, Chief of Engineers, was waiting with boats for another bridge. A line of cannon, under General Brannan, had been planted on the hill, pointing across the river. Sherman's troops, with the exception of Osterhaus's division, were also behind the hills. Osterhaus had been ordered to report to Hooker, who was in Lookout Valley, where he had been since the battle of Wauhatchie.

We come to the night of the 23d. The boats are launched in North Chickamauga Creek, and the troops under Gen. Giles A. Smith step in. A few strokes of the oars and they are across the river, capturing Bragg's pickets. Before daylight Sherman, with eight thousand men, is opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge, with strong intrenchments thrown up, and the engineers are building a bridge, completed before night, one thousand three hundred and fifty feet in length.

"Bragg is sending many troops against Burnside," was the information from Grant's spies. General Grant could not believe it, but it was true, nevertheless. Longstreet had called for more men, and he had sent General Buckner's two divisions, but soon recalled one of them.

To deceive Bragg as to what he intends to do, Grant moves the Eleventh Corps, under Howard, into the town. Bragg sees them taking position immediately in front of him, towards the northern end of Missionary Ridge, as if to make an attack at that point.

Let us see the position of the Union troops. Sherman is opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge; next in line is the Fourth Corps, under Gen. Gordon Granger, with Sheridan's division on the right and Wood's on the left; the Fourteenth Corps comes next, under General Palmer, with Baird's division in position to support Granger's right wing. Johnson's division is in reserve. The Eleventh Corps, under Howard, is on Granger's left, to be ready to move wherever it may be needed.

Going now down the river and out on the road from the pontoons at Brown's Ferry, we come to Hooker, who has the Twelfth Corps, under Geary, Osterhaus's division of Sherman's corps, and Cruft's division of the Fourth Corps.

Lookout Mountain separates Hooker from the main body of the army, but he is to sweep up the slope of the mountain, strike the left wing of the Confederates, get in their rear, and drive them, if possible, from the summit.

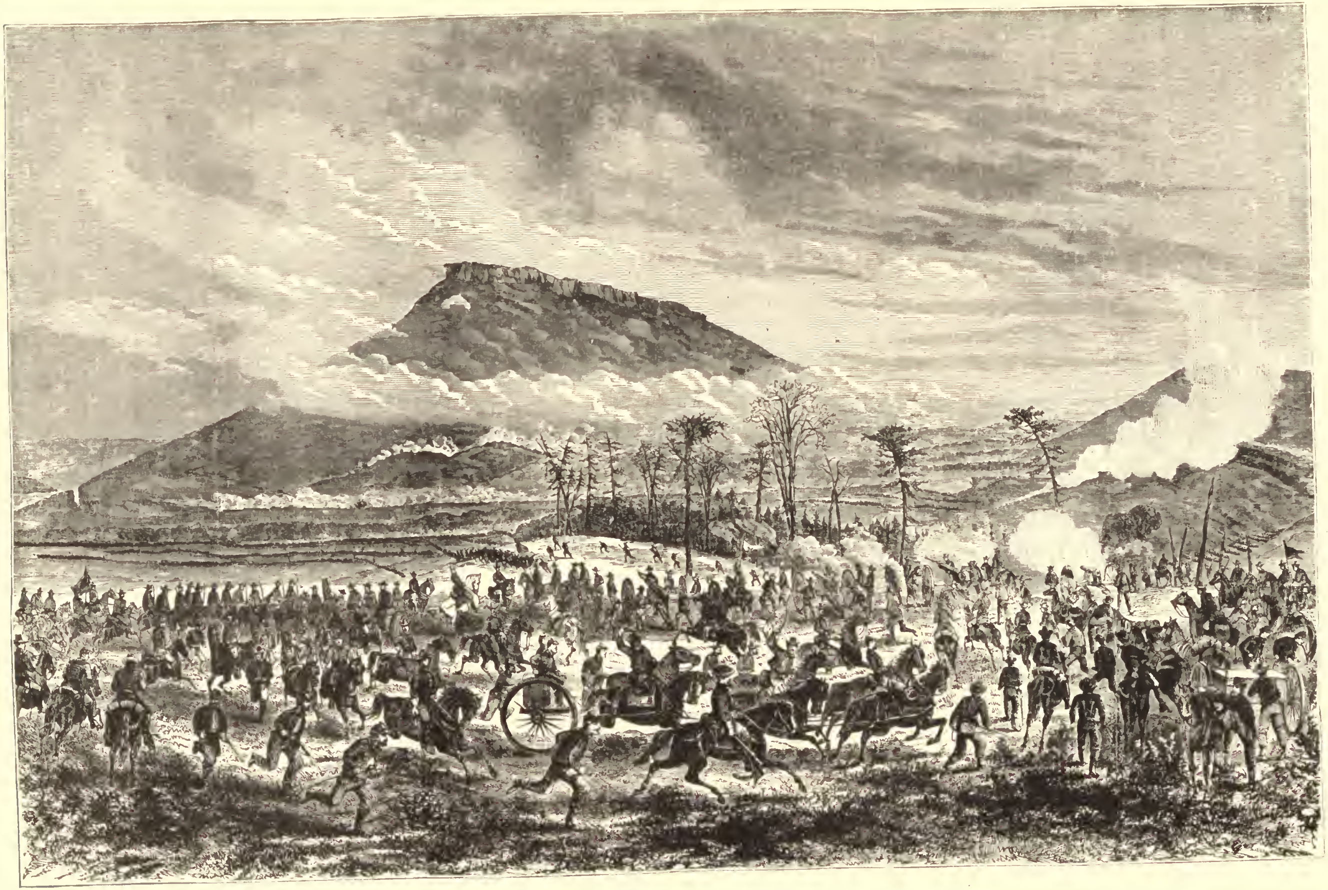
General Stevenson, with six Confederate brigades, with strong breastworks and redoubts for artillery, holds the mountain-side. Hooker must climb the steep ascent in the face of a deadly fire.

General Sherman moved out from his position of the morning, drove in the Confederate skirmishers, advanced over some low hills, scaled a hill beyond, which he had supposed was the main ridge, but discovered instead a deep ravine, with Missionary Ridge, bristling with Bragg's cannon, looming above it. His artillery wheeled into position, and the uproar began; but he was not ready to attack. The sun went down, and the troops wrapped themselves in their blankets, knowing that in the morning the great struggle would begin.

"Attack at daylight," was the order from Grant at midnight sent to the commanders.

"I am ready," was the response from Hooker at four o'clock in the morning.

Had we been there we should have found General Stevenson, with a strong picket line, along the east bank of Lookout Creek. The Confed-



BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

From a picture painted under the direction of General Hooker.

erate soldiers were crouching beneath the oak-trees, wide-awake and ready for battle. The ground was favorable for them. There were gullies and deep ravines, bowlders and ledges, and they had also breastworks and rifle-pits.

The Twelfth Corps, under Geary, was to move up the creek and find a place where the soldiers could ford it. Cruft's brigade was to cross near the railroad. The clouds hung low, and there was a heavy mist. The morning had not dawned when the troops began to move. We see them picking their way over the uneven ground, Cruft advancing to the creek. Muskets flash upon the opposite bank. A volley rings out upon the morning air, rolling up the mountain. Stevenson's men are on their feet, but before any reinforcements can reach the soldiers guarding the bridge the Union troops are in possession of it. The mist is so thick that the Confederates do not see Geary, who is making his way up the creek. Stevenson concentrates his troops to resist Cruft's, Wood's, and Grose's brigades, who have captured nearly all the forty men guarding the bridge.

Geary finds a crossing-place, moves over, and the men begin to ascend the mountain, marching north-east, while Cruft, Grose, and Osterhaus are moving east.

The men with axes are hard at work slashing down the oaks and rebuilding the bridge. It is past ten o'clock, however, before they complete it so that Osterhaus can cross. The battle is growing warm, with flashes from the Confederate breastworks, and wreaths of blue smoke curling above Geary's advancing lines. The Confederates in front of Cruft and Grose give way and flee up the mountain to the higher breastworks, while the Union troops send out a lusty cheer.

Hooker's cannon come into position, and the thunder rolls along the valley, echoing from mountain to mountain.

The day was dark. At noon the clouds were thick and heavy, enveloping the mountain. The Union troops in Chattanooga could hear the rattling of musketry high above them, and, mingled with the fusillade, the cheers of Hooker's troops as the Confederates gave way, fleeing up the mountain, throwing aside arms, cartridge-boxes, and blankets.

Bragg had sent reinforcements, but they were too late to retrieve the ground lost by the giving way of Stevenson's troops, which were rallied behind the breastworks on the farm of Mr. Craven, whose whitewashed cottage, high up on the mountain-side, on bright days stood out clear and distinct amid the green fields and patches of woodland.

The blood of Hooker's men was up, for they had driven the Confederates from a chosen position. It was exhilarating to climb the mountain-side in pursuit, to enter the clouds, pressing the fugitives in front and on the flank, closing around and capturing eight hundred of them. At four o'clock Hooker was in possession of the whole western slope of the mountain. Carlin's brigade came up, and the line was extended around the northern end, connecting with Thomas's troops in Chattanooga.

Night set in dark and rainy. The Union troops, weary with fighting and climbing, well satisfied with what they had accomplished, kindled great fires, cooked their coffee, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and made themselves as comfortable as they could through the night.

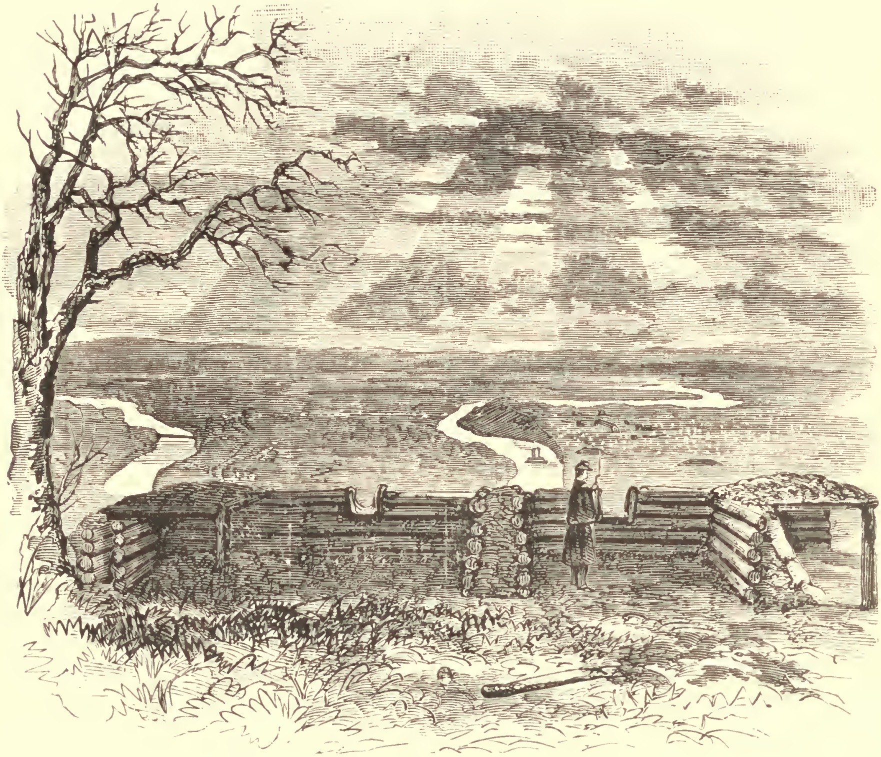
Bragg saw that he could not hold Lookout Mountain, and so during the night the Confederates destroyed their provisions, descended the eastern slope, crossed Chattanooga Creek, and joined the main body of Bragg's army on Missionary Ridge.

General Grant issued his orders for the next day's operations. At daylight General Sherman was to attack the right flank of the Confederates at the northern end of Missionary Ridge. Hooker at the same moment was to descend the eastern side of Lookout Mountain, cross Chattanooga Creek, push on towards Rossville, and strike the left flank of Bragg. Howard was to join Sherman, while the Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, was to be ready to move at the right moment, wherever the troops might be needed.

The drizzling rain ceases, the clouds roll away. The morning sun throws its beams upon Lookout Mountain, and the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, gazing upon it, behold the Stars and Stripes waving upon the topmost cliff—the spot where, a few days before, Jefferson Davis had looked down upon the beleaguered Army of the Cumberland, and prophesied its discomfiture and retreat to Kentucky. Loyal soldiers from Kentucky were waving the flag. Captain Wilson, Sergeants Wagner, Davis, and Woods, and Privates Hill and Bradley, of the Eighth Kentucky Regiment, had climbed over the rocks to find the Confederates gone. The soldiers in the valley beheld them, swung their hats, and the cheers of fifty thousand men rent the air.

The Confederate troops at sunrise on the morning of November 25th were all on Missionary Ridge — Hardee's corps holding the northern end, with Cleburne's division in front of Sherman. Walker's division, commanded by Gist, was near the railroad tunnel; Stevenson's and Cheatham's divisions, which had been on Lookout Mountain, and on the march through the night, were at sunrise coming into position to the left of Cleburne. General Bate's division was in the centre, in front of Bragg's headquarters. Paton Anderson's division held the ground between

Bate and Cheatham; Stewart's division extended from Bate to Rossville. In all, Bragg had forty-one thousand men, and one hundred and twelve cannon, holding a line between seven and eight miles in length. By the loss of Lookout Mountain, by sending Longstreet to East Tennessee, he suddenly found himself in a position where he must either retreat or accept battle. It is said that some of the Confederate generals had advised him to give up Missionary Ridge and fall back to the stronghold of Buzzard's Roost and Tunnel Hill; for Hooker, descending Lookout, crossing Chattanooga Creek, and moving on Rossville, would turn his left flank and cut him off from the railroad. General Bragg did not like to be advised as to what he should do, and determined to accept battle, confident that he could hold Missionary Ridge and defeat Grant. During the night the troops of Hardee were building new breastworks of trees and stones and earth, extending down the north-eastern slope of the ridge to Chickamauga Creek.



REBEL BATTERY ON THE TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Sherman was not ready at daybreak. With much difficulty he brought twelve cannon into position, and it took time to reconnoitre the ground and bring his troops into line; but at nine o'clock Corse's brigade advanced over a knoll thickly set with scrubby oaks and bushes. Corse was wounded early in the action, but his men held firmly to the ground they had taken. Gen. Morgan L. Smith's division moved south along the base of the ridge, while Corse's troops advanced directly against it. Loomis's brigade moved south-east of the north-western slope, with two brigades of John E. Smith's division in reserve.

Morgan L. Smith advanced through thick woods, driving the Confederate skirmishers, swinging the left of his division till it reached the railroad.

General Bragg, fearing that Smith's movement would cut him off from his supplies at Chickamauga Station, concentrated his troops in front of Sherman; for from his position on the ridge he could see in the clear bright sunshine every movement of the Union troops.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when General Sherman ordered Matthias's and Raum's brigades of John E. Smith's division to advance against Cleburne's division, which, up to this hour, had held Sherman in check. They were met by Gist's Confederate division, which fell upon their left flank and repulsed them, capturing a number of the Union troops.

Neither General Grant nor General Sherman had comprehended the strength of the Confederate position at the northern end of the ridge; that Bragg with a small number of troops could easily hold the Union troops at bay, for the nature of the ground would not permit Sherman to employ more than half of the twelve brigades in his command. The day was waning—the sun rapidly sinking towards the western mountain ranges, and nothing had been accomplished. The order for Hooker to move on Rossville was not received by that commander till past ten o'clock, and when he reached Chattanooga Creek he found that the Confederates had destroyed the bridge, and that the creek, swollen by rains, could not be forded. Osterhaus's division was in advance, but was obliged to wait till trees could be felled and a rude bridge constructed. It was nearly three o'clock before any of the troops crossed the stream; but once on the other side, Osterhaus pushed on to Rossville, to seize the gap and gain the left flank of Bragg, who weakened his centre by sending Stewart's division to meet the movement.

It was four o'clock—the sun almost down. Grant, at Fort Wood, on a hill east of Chattanooga, and directly in front of Bragg's headquarters, had been impatiently waiting to hear the thunder of Hooker's cannon.

Through the day the Army of the Cumberland had been idle. Grant had seen the sunlight gleaming from the bayonets of the Confederate troops as they moved north to confront Sherman, and south to meet Hooker. It would not do to have the day end with nothing accomplished, to have night come, under cover of which Bragg could quietly withdraw from Missionary Ridge. He did not want Bragg to slip away; he wanted to deal him a staggering blow where he was.

Had we been with General Grant in Fort Wood on that day we should have seen, east of it, the divisions of Baird, Sheridan, Wood, and Johnson, all facing towards Missionary Ridge—twenty-five thousand men—a line two miles long. Between them and the base of the ridge is a strip of woods, where white jets spurt from the rifles of the Confederate skirmishers. Beyond the woods is a plain reaching to the base of the ridge, where the Confederates are lying behind their first line of breastworks. The ridge rises sharp and steep. The forest-trees which a few months before covered its side have been felled for fuel and for the construction of breastworks. The stumps remain, and there are many bowlders and brush-heaps, together with zigzag paths from the base to the summit, where Bragg has his strong line of works, with sixty cannon, which during the day at times have been hurling shells towards Chattanooga.

From Fort Wood, Grant's heaviest guns have been firing over the heads of the men of the Army of the Cumberland, sending shells to the top of the ridge, three miles in an air-line from the muzzles of the guns to Bragg's headquarters.

General Grant determined to order the advance of the troops towards the Confederate breastworks at the base of the ridge, as a demonstration to relieve Sherman, and to aid Hooker.

It was a little past three o'clock when the order was issued. It was nearly four o'clock, and no movement. General Grant, upon turning round, saw General Wood almost by his side.

"Why have you not advanced?" he asked.

"I have received no orders to advance."

"I issued an order an hour ago."(5)

"This is the first I have heard of it."

"Charge at once."

What a magnificent spectacle it was a few moments later! First a strong line of skirmishers. Behind them, keeping step to the drum-beat, were the battalions in double columns, advancing with steady step, as if upon parade. Bragg beholds the movement. What is the meaning of it?

Five minutes settles the uncertainty, for the Union skirmishers are driving the Confederates from the belt of timber. Then the crest of Missionary Ridge becomes a line of light as sixty cannon send their missiles upon the Union troops, one shell killing or disabling thirteen men in the Fifth Kentucky Regiment.(6)

The soldiers fighting for the Union were, for the most part, men who could read and write—who had been educated in the public schools, who had been accustomed to think for themselves. It has been said that they carried "thinking bayonets." Some of the enlisted men were more competent to command than the officers whose orders they obeyed, who had secured their commissions by favor and influence.

Had we been in the division commanded by General Baird as it moved towards the Confederates, we should have seen one colonel moving to the assault with his men in "double column at half distance" (to use the proper military term), instead of deploying them in line of battle. The colonel was brave. He was riding in front of the centre division, paying no attention to the shells bursting around his line. But there were men in the ranks who knew that it was not a good formation, and a sergeant shouted, "Colonel, why don't you deploy the column?"(7) The officer saw his mistake; the column was deployed, and moved on in line of battle. We shall see this sergeant again.

The advancing lines pass through the belt of timber and emerge upon the plain beyond.

Suddenly the Union troops break into a run, rushing with a cheer towards the Confederates, who have time to give only one volley before the Union men are upon them—Willich's brigade, in the centre of Wood's division, being the first to swarm over the breastworks. Hazen's brigade on the right, and Beatty's on the left, are, a moment later, leaping the barrier. Sheridan has a little farther to go, but Wagner's and Harker's brigades the next minute are falling upon the astonished Confederates, some of whom throw down their guns and surrender while others flee.

We come to the most remarkable occurrence of the war—an affair in which each soldier for the time being was his own commander, acting on his own responsibility. General Grant had not ordered an assault upon the ridge, had not contemplated such a movement; but as he gazes upon the scene he sees Willich's men, not halting in the breastworks at the base of the ridge, but following the retreating Confederates up its side. Their enthusiasm has kindled with the success of the moment; besides, it will be safer higher up the mountain than where they are. The soldiers instantly comprehend that in following the retreating Confederates the sixty cannon cannot rain canister upon them without cutting down their own men. Not only Willich's, but Hazen's, Wagner's, Harker's, and Baird's troops rush up the steep ascent.

General Grant and General Thomas and the officers grouped around them behold it with astonishment. Will they break Bragg's line? or will they soon be fleeing down the slope, a disordered mass? It is too late to send orders recalling them. They can only abide the result—making the best of it if a failure, the most of it if they break the Confederate line at the centre.

The advancing troops do not stop to load and fire. Men drop from the ranks, cut down by bursting shells, but no one falls out through faint-heartedness. The Confederate cannon begin to belch canister upon them, but on they go—half-way—two-thirds the way. They cannot run; the ascent is too steep for running. They bring their bayonets to the charge, and rush with a hurrah upon the breastworks, Hazen breaking over Reynolds's Confederate brigade, Willich piercing Anderson's. Harker's brigade on the right, Turchin's on the left, a moment later are seizing the Confederate cannon, closing around the astonished Confederates. Five minutes, and the Confederates to the right and left of Bragg's headquarters are swept away as a sand-bank disappears before the sudden rush of swirling waters. The cannoneers fire their last charges into the faces of Baird's division; but the next moment the men in blue are wheeling the muzzles of the guns eastward towards the mass of Confederates fleeing down the eastern slope.

Corporal Kraemer, of the Forty-first Ohio Volunteers, rushing to one of the cannon, with his comrades wheeled it round with its muzzle pointed towards the fleeing Confederates, fired his musket over the vent, thus discharging the cannon, and sending its missiles upon Bragg's men.(8)

The centre of Sheridan's command was first over the breastworks a few rods south of Bragg's headquarters, but almost at the same instant the Confederate line was pierced in six places. Bragg tried to rally his panic-stricken troops, but was himself borne away, as was Rosecrans at Chickamauga.

Some of the Confederates retreated north along the ridge to join Hardee, who, hearing the uproar and learning of the disaster, formed Cheatham's division to meet the Union troops.

General Bragg says: "By a decided stand here the enemy was entirely checked, and that portion of our force to the right remained intact. All the left, however, except a portion of Bate's division, were entirely routed and in rapid flight, nearly all the artillery having been shamefully abandoned by its infantry support. Every effort which could be made by myself and staff and by many other mounted officers availed but little. A panic which I never before have witnessed seemed to have seized officers and men, and each seemed to be struggling for his personal safety, regardless of his duty or his character. . . .

"Having secured much of our artillery, they soon availed themselves of our panic, and turning our guns upon us, enfiladed our lines both right and left, and rendered them untenable."(9)

A Union soldier in Baird's division thus pictures the scene:

"We made our way across the works, and were sweeping the intrenchments, flanking, and passing prisoners to the rear. To witness the astonishment, chagrin, and disappointment of some of these men on their being invited to surrender from such an unexpected quarter would have been most amusing had it not been under such serious circumstances. . . . A piece of artillery, full mounted, some three hundred feet to the north-east, was making its best time down the eastern slope. 'Shoot the leaders!' yelled the same unmilitary sergeant that had ordered the colonel to deploy the column earlier in the action, and half a dozen loyal rifles brought down the leading team, which caused the whole to roll into a conglomerate mass of men and horses, topped out by a fine piece of artillery that had done its last service for the Confederacy."(10)

Stewart's division, confronting Hooker, pressed at this moment by Osterhaus, Geary, and Cruft, broke in disorder, the Confederates fleeing in every direction.

A Confederate soldier has given this account of what he saw: "The Yankees were cutting and slashing, and the cannoneers were running in every direction. I saw Deas's brigade throw down their guns and break like quarter-horses. Bragg was trying to rally them. I heard him say, 'Here is your commander!' and the soldiers hallooed back, 'Here is your mule!' The whole army was routed. I ran on down the ridge, and there was one regiment, the First Tennessee, with their guns stacked, and drawing rations as if nothing was going on. Says I, 'Colonel Field, the whole army is routed and running; hadn't you better be getting away from here? Turner's battery has surrendered, Deas's brigade has thrown down their arms, and look there!—that is the Stars and Stripes!' He remarked, very coolly, 'You seem to be demoralized. We've whipped them here. We've captured two thousand prisoners and five stands of colors.' Just at this time General Bragg and staff rode up. Bragg had joined the Church at Shelbyville, but he had backslid at Missionary Ridge. He was cursing like a sailor. Says he, 'What's this? Aha! have you stacked your

CAPTURE OF CONFEDERATE CANNON ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

arms for a surrender?' 'No, sir,' says Field. 'Take arms! shoulder arms! by the right flank, file right, march!' just as cool and deliberate as if on dress-parade. Bragg looked scared. He had put spurs to his horse, and was running like a scared dog before Colonel Field could answer him. Every word of this is fact. We at once became the rear-guard of the army. I felt sorry for Bragg. Poor fellow! he looked so whipped, mortified, and chagrined at defeat! And all along the line, when Bragg would pass, the soldiers would raise the yell, 'Here's your mule!' 'Bully for Bragg! he's great on retreat!'" (11)

Night has come. The sun has gone down behind Walden's Ridge, its departing rays falling upon the Stars and Stripes everywhere waving on Missionary Ridge, where an hour before the Confederates had stood, masters of the situation, as they believed themselves to be. Under cover of the gathering darkness Hardee withdraws from the northern edge of the ridge, retreating across the Chickamauga.

The battle was over. Bragg had met with a crushing defeat, losing forty cannon, seven thousand muskets, six thousand one hundred men as prisoners, besides the killed, wounded, and missing. His army was demoralized. Longstreet could not rejoin him, and he retreated to Dalton.

The troops of General Grant followed the retreating army to Tunnel Hill. There were sharp engagements between Cleburne's division—the rear-guard of Bragg's troops—and the pursuing Union brigades; but for want of horses and supplies, General Grant could not enter upon a new campaign; besides, General Burnside was besieged by Longstreet at Knoxville, with provisions for only a week; and unless relieved, East Tennessee would again fall into the hands of the Confederates. No time was to be lost. The troops were recalled from Tunnel Hill, and the corps commanded by General Granger, and that commanded by General Sherman, with the Eleventh Corps, under General Howard, were ordered to hasten to the relief of General Burnside.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXII.

(1) Bragg's Orders to Longstreet.
(2) Grant's Despatches.
(3) Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 61.
(4) Idem, p. 42.
(5) Idem, p. 79.
(6) W. B. Hazen, "Narrative of Military Service," p. 174.
(7) H. Allspaugh, Thirty-first Ohio Regiment, *National Tribune*, June 2, 1887.
(8) W. B. Hazen, "Narrative of Military Service," p. 177.
(9) General Bragg's Report.
(10) H. Allspaugh, *National Tribune*, June 2, 1887.
(11) Watkins's "History of First Tennessee Regiment," p. 104.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEFENCE OF KNOXVILLE.

WE have seen General Longstreet leaving Chattanooga to regain East Tennessee to the Confederacy, and reopen the railroad to Virginia. He had twenty-four thousand men and eighty cannon, but his supply of food was so scant that he was obliged to send out his wagons to gather grain from the farmers' wheat-stacks, which the soldiers threshed, and which was ground in the mills along the route—thus subsisting his army in part till his supply-trains arrived.

The Union troops under General Burnside, in East Tennessee, were encamped in several places, that forage and food might be obtained instead of transporting supplies over the mountains from Kentucky. The Ninth Corps was thirty miles west of Knoxville, at Lenoir's, where there were two grist-mills. Other troops were at Knoxville and Cumberland Gap.

General Longstreet laid his plan to strike a blow before Burnside could concentrate his scattered divisions. He reached the Holston River on November 14th, and began to construct his pontoon-bridge. Burnside had a pontoon across the river opposite the town of Loudon, but, seeing what Longstreet was intending to do, took it up and began to move his troops towards Knoxville. The Confederates were marching on a parallel road, hoping to reach Campbell's Station, where the two roads come together, in advance of the Union troops, and thus get between them and the other divisions.

Rain was falling, and the mud so deep that Burnside's artillerymen were obliged to double their teams to get the cannon over miry places. The Union wagons blocked the way of the troops, while there was nothing to obstruct Longstreet. Through the night the six thousand men of the Ninth Corps plodded through the mud, drenched with rain. Daylight was appearing when General Hartranft's division reached Campbell's Station, filing into a field, deploying in line of battle, to hold the road over which they knew the Confederates were marching. Scouts informed them that they were close at hand.

The wagon-train was hurried on towards Knoxville. White's and Ferrero's divisions, which were behind Hartranft's in the march, hastened towards the station. A few minutes later the muskets of the skirmishers were heard. Longstreet formed his lines and advanced, but his troops were held in check till the Union trains were well on their way towards Knoxville, when the Union troops also took up their line of march. Longstreet had been foiled in his plan. The Union trains were safe; the scattered divisions were rapidly concentrating; the pontoons were being laid at Knoxville, to enable Burnside to hold the hills on the south side of the river, and prevent the Confederates from planting their cannon there and bombarding the town. Soldiers, loyal citizens, negroes—all were at work with pickaxes and spades, constructing breastworks. The loyal women were baking bread, frying bacon, caring for the sick in the hospitals. The Union men had suffered so much from the Confederates they were determined that never again should the flag of the Confederacy wave in Knoxville.

The town is situated on a plateau, on the north side of the Holston River, which has high, steep banks. The hills around are green and beautiful. North-west of the town the plateau slopes down to a valley with a creek winding through it. General Burnside's engineers built a dam across the stream and so flooded the valley. An earthwork was constructed on the highest hill west of the town, which was named Fort Sanders, in honor of a clear-headed, energetic, resolute officer, General Sanders, only twenty-one years old, who had been directing affairs at Knoxville, who was imparting to the troops his own enthusiasm and energy, and who was placed in command of the defences on the hills on the south side of the river.

General McLaws was sent by Longstreet up the south side of the Holston, to capture the hills upon which General Sanders had posted his troops. If they could be carried, cannon could be planted there, and shells sent into the town, and along the line of defence which Burnside had chosen. McLaws attempted it, but was repulsed with great slaughter, whereupon Longstreet determined to begin a siege. He would sit down and wait till Burnside was starved out, or, watching his opportunity, would rush upon the works. He sent a party with axes up the river to fell trees, build a great raft, and send it down-stream to break the pontoon-bridge; but the Union troops picked up the logs, and used them for their bivouac fires.

The main body of the Confederates were on the north bank of the river, in front of Fort Sanders and the Union breastworks which had been erected on College Hill. On the night of November 23d they gained a favorable position, but just at daylight the Twenty-first Massachusetts and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiments charged upon them, and regained all that had been lost.

It was disheartening news that reached Longstreet three days later—that Hooker had swept over Lookout Mountain; that Sherman had been pounding at the northern end of Missionary Ridge; that Thomas had rushed up the slopes, carrying all before him; that eighty cannon had been lost; that the army was retreating into Georgia, and that communication with Bragg had been severed; that Sherman was marching to relieve Burnside; that he must take care of himself.

Longstreet saw that one of two things must be done, that he must act at once, or Sherman would be falling upon him: he must assault the Union fortifications — carry them at the point of the bayonet, or make his way eastward towards Virginia without a battle, which would be humiliating to his pride. If he could carry the intrenchments, gain Knoxville, defeat Burnside, before Sherman arrived, it would in some measure redeem what Bragg had lost. If he were to fail in the attempt, he could then make his way to Virginia. He determined to make the assault.

We come to November 29th. The key to Burnside's position was Fort Sanders. If that could be gained, the Union troops would be compelled to abandon Knoxville, and they would have no way of retreat except northward, over mountain roads, where they could obtain no subsistence. General Longstreet did not know just what his troops would encounter in the way of obstructions. He probably knew that there was an abatis of fallen trees, with their branches interlocked, in front of Fort Sanders, but did not know that lines of telegraph-wire had been stretched from stump to stump, to trip his men in their rush up the hill-side.

Daylight was the hour chosen for the assault, to be made by three brigades.

There are only two regiments in the fort — the Seventy-ninth New York and the Seventeenth Michigan. Up to the line of telegraph-wire, which trips them up, rush the Confederates; others go down before the fire from the fort; but the men pull the wires from the fastenings and rush on up to the abatis, the pioneers hewing their way with axes through the trees. They reach the ditch, with canister sweeping them down, and climb the parapet, only to be shot down upon the embankment.

Sergeant Frank Judge, of the Seventy-ninth New York, seizes the foremost Confederate by the collar and drags him into the fort a prisoner. Grenades have been piled along the parapet, which the soldiers touch off and toss into the ditch. Lieutenant Benjamin lights the fuses of the shells and rolls them down the parapet. Then come explosions and terrible slaughter. Two howitzers in the bastion at the angle of the fort sweep the ditch with canister.

The Confederates, reinforced by the troops of the second line, once more climb the parapet. A soldier waves his flag to cheer them on, but he goes down, his life-blood pouring from a ghastly wound. Men dash out one another's brains with the butts of their muskets. There are sabre-strokes, pistol-shots, bayonet-thrusts; but the Confederate column has lost its aggressive force, and the living quickly flee. The ditch is filled with dead and dying, ninety-six dead bodies lying there when the struggle is over. One company of the Twentieth Michigan on the right, another of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts on the left, leap over the parapet, and bring in more than two hundred prisoners and two flags.

ATTACK OF LONGSTREET ON FORT SANDERS.

From a sketch made at the time.

In a very few minutes one thousand one hundred Confederates have been killed or wounded, and three hundred captured. Burnside has lost only eight killed and a few wounded.

It is a pitiable sight—the ground strewn with men who have fought so bravely, and given their lives to establish a government founded on human slavery. General Burnside is a humane man. He cannot endure the spectacle, and sends out a flag of truce, offering to Longstreet the privilege of removing the wounded and burying the dead. The offer is courteously accepted, the Confederate hospital corps appears upon the scene, and before night the slopes of Fort Sanders bear little evidence of the bloody conflict of the morning.

The attacking force was McLaws's division. Burnside brought to the assistance of the troops in the fort five companies of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts and two of the Twentieth Michigan and a brigade of Hascall's division.

While Longstreet is being repulsed with such slaughter, let us go back to Chattanooga, or rather to Ringgold, where the troops under General Sherman have halted in their pursuit of Bragg. They were destroying the railroad, and marching to Cleveland. General Howard advanced so rapidly that he captured five car-loads of flour, the few Confederates there retreating north across the Hiawassee and hastening to join Longstreet. General Sherman did not receive orders to hasten to Burnside's relief till the evening of the 29th(¹), when a messenger came with a letter from General Grant, informing him that General Granger had left Chattanooga by the river road, but feared he would not be able to reach Knoxville in season to relieve Burnside, and ordering him to take command of all the troops and move as rapidly as possible.

The troops of General Sherman's corps had marched from Memphis to Chattanooga, and fought the battle of Missionary Ridge. They needed clothing, boots, blankets, and food. The nights were cold. They must ford streams and endure great hardships, but without a murmur they started. Through the night General Howard's troops were repairing the bridge which the Confederates had partially destroyed, and on the morning of the 30th the divisions began their march towards Knoxville, nearly ninety miles distant.

General Longstreet had left General Vaughn's brigade at Loudon to protect his pontoon-bridge across the Tennessee at that point. General Sherman's cavalry, on the evening of the 2d of December, came suddenly upon the Confederates, who destroyed the bridge, ran three locomotives and forty-three cars into the Tennessee River, abandoned all their provisions and four cannon, and fled in the night towards Knoxville. The Union troops helped themselves to the provisions. The cars and locomotives were a serious loss to the Confederates, for they could not readily be replaced. The loss of a locomotive to the Union army was of little account, for all over the North founderies and machine-shops were constructing engines to meet the demand.

General Sherman could not cross the Tennessee at Loudon, and pushed on to Morgantown to a ford; but the river was swollen, and the water too deep to be forded. Houses were torn down, trees felled, a bridge constructed, and at dark on the evening of the fourth the troops began to cross. Seven miles above Morgantown, General Howard, having captured a large number of wagons from the Confederates, ran them into the river in a line where the water was shoal, and the troops, by stepping from wagon to wagon, crossed the stream.(2)

General Longstreet knew that the Union troops had a scant supply of provisions. Although repulsed in the attack on Fort Sanders, he still remained, hoping that Burnside would be obliged to surrender before the arrival of Sherman; but he could linger no longer, and must begin his march towards Virginia. During the night of December 5th the Confederates disappeared, marching eastward, followed by Burnside and Granger. There was skirmishing between Longstreet's rear-guard and Burnside's advance; but the Confederates destroyed bridges and blocked the roads behind them. With their departure the Confederate flag disappeared forever from East Tennessee, which from the beginning of the war had been loyal to the Union.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIII.

(1) "Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman," vol. i., p. 407.

(2) Idem, p. 409.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EVENTS IN VIRGINIA.

THE two great armies of the east—the Union Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, and the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee—through August and September were on the banks of the Rapidan. We have seen Longstreet, with Hood's and McLaws's divisions of Lee's army, at Chickamauga and Knoxville, and we have also seen the Eleventh and Twelfth corps of Meade's army transported to the West, and winning victory at Wauhatchie and Lookout Mountain, and turning Bragg's flank on Missionary Ridge. Both armies had been made smaller by the sending of those troops to the West. The term of service of several thousand Union soldiers had expired. On the Confederate side the remorseless conscription had brought new recruits to General Lee. No Confederate soldier could claim that his term of service had expired. The autocratic Confederate Government did not recognize any limit of service. Death or maiming for life was the only discharge the Confederate soldier could hope for.

Had we been with the officers of the Signal Corps of the Army of the Potomac during September, we should have seen them looking steadily through their telescopes towards the Confederate signal-station on the top of Clark's Mountain, near General Lee's headquarters. By patient observation they discovered the key of the Confederate code of signals, and read the despatches waved to the different commanders. On the afternoon of October 7th they read a message from General Stuart to Fitz-Hugh Lee, commanding a division of Confederate cavalry, to draw three days' rations of hard-bread and bacon, which indicated a movement of some kind.(1) General Meade was on the alert, and learned that Confederate cavalry and infantry were crossing the Upper Rapidan on the afternoon of the next day. General Lee felt himself strong enough to attempt to march round the right flank of the Army of the Potomac, repeating the movement of 1862 against Pope. He would, if possible, get between Meade and Washington, cut him off from his supplies, defeat him, and then cross the Potomac and menace the capital.

The provisions and supplies of the Union army were sent to Alexandria. Tents were packed, and on the 10th the Union troops were marching towards the Rappahannock.

As the army left Brandy Station the Confederate cavalry made a sharp attack upon the Fifth Corps, which was guarding the rear. General Sykes and General Pleasonton saw a body of infantry, and came to the conclusion that the main part of Lee's army was still near Culpeper. General Meade thereupon ordered the army to turn about, and the troops accordingly recrossed the Rappahannock and marched back to Brandy Station.

On the evening of the 12th the startling news came from General Gregg, who was on the Upper Rappahannock with a division of cavalry, that the whole of Lee's army was moving rapidly towards Warrenton, just as Stonewall Jackson had advanced twelve months before. At midnight the Union troops began the weary tramp back again across the Rappahannock. The Second Corps, temporarily commanded by General Warren, who had seen the value of Little Round Top at Gettysburg, was the last to leave.

At daybreak on the morning of the 14th, while the soldiers of Caldwell's division were cooking their coffee on a hill near the little hamlet of Auburn, north of Catlett's Station, a shower of shells came screaming through the dense fog and exploded among them. They could see nothing, and the shells had come from where they supposed the Union pickets to be.

General Stuart, with the cavalry, during the night, while pressing eagerly upon the rear of the retreating army, suddenly discovered that he was between two columns of Union troops. The fog screened him. He allowed no talking, stationed men to keep the mules from braying, and waited for the Union troops to move on. Through the night he could hear the wagons and cannon rumbling past him.(2) General Meade's headquarters were not far away, and had Stuart known it quite likely he would have hazarded a rush for the capture of the Union commander; but he waited in silence till he saw the kindling fires of Caldwell's division, and then ordered his artillery to send its volley of shells.

There was consternation in the ranks of Caldwell's men, but they were veterans who had been in many conflicts, and quickly formed in line of battle. Rickett's battery wheeled into position, and the skirmishers of Hays's brigade advanced against Stuart, and the cavalry were driven. Colonel Ruffin, of the North Carolina cavalry, fell mortally wounded. Stuart, seeing that a brigade would soon be sweeping towards him, limbered up his cannon and disappeared in the fog. Other Confederate and Union batteries opened, and there was sharp cannonading; but General Ewell, commanding the Confederates, did not wish to bring on a battle, and withdrew his troops in order to carry out the movement planned by General Lee, while the Second Corps moved on towards Bristoe Station, which is between two streams—Kettle Run, one and a half miles south, and Broad Run, a short distance north of the station.

The head of Webb's division, with two batteries, in the afternoon was marching along the north-west side of the railroad. General Hays's division was on the south-east side, followed by Gregg's cavalry and Caldwell's division.

The Fifth Corps was in advance of the Second, and its rear brigade was resting a half mile north of Bristoe, when Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps of Lee's army came through a piece of woods north-west of the station, and saw the Union troops. Poague's battery quickly sent its shells flying across the field. The cannonade echoed over the hills and plains. General Warren heard it, and galloped forward. Brown's Rhode Island Battery went across Broad Run, and wheeled into position. General Webb had a quick eye, and he saw, a few rods to his right, the railroad, with excavations and embankments, and ordered his troops to use it for an intrenchment. The First Minnesota Regiment, which at sunset July 2d, at Gettysburg, made its ever memorable charge, was on the skirmish line, and their muskets were flashing.

Heth's Confederate division, in two lines of battle, was rapidly advancing. "Tell General Hays to move by the left flank, upon the double-quick, to the railroad cut,"(3) said Warren; and the men, seeing how valuable a position it was, went upon the run. Five minutes, and the Union line of battle was formed along the railroad, with Arnold's and Rickett's batteries on hills in the rear, throwing their shells over the troops.

Two Confederate divisions advanced—Heth's and Anderson's—charging upon Mallon's brigade of Webb's division. Some of the Confederates reached the railroad, but were shot down by the Forty-second and Eighty-second New York. Other Confederates leaped upon the track in front of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, but were instantly shot. With a cheer the Union troops leaped over the track, rushed forward, and captured five of Poague's cannon, two colors, and four hundred and sixty prisoners from Davis's and Walker's brigades. The cannon were quickly drawn across the track, the soldiers leaping upon the guns, swinging their hats and giving a cheer. The charge was so sudden that the Confederates had no time to bring up reinforcements.

The Second Corps was confronted not only by Hill's corps, but the cavalry scouts came riding in with the information that Ewell's corps was close at hand. All the other Union troops had gone on, and General Warren was alone. He had met the assault with only two divisions, but Caldwell's arrived, and the line of battle was extended; yet he had only eight thousand men to hold in check nearly three times their number of Confederates. Once more A. P. Hill advanced, but with caution. General Posey, commanding a brigade, was mortally wounded. The Confederate artillery —eight batteries—opened fire, but the Union troops, sheltered by the railroad, suffered little. Ewell's brigades, as they arrived, deployed ready to fall upon Caldwell's division, which held the left of Warren's line; but the sun was going down, and it was too late in the day for the Confederate commander to begin a general battle against veterans who had exhibited their valor in the battles of the Peninsula, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and who had rolled back Anderson and Pickett from Cemetery Ridge on the field of Gettysburg.

The Union troops welcomed the darkness, for under it they could move away. Orders were issued in whispers, every man laid his hand upon his tin cup and canteen to keep them from jingling. No fires were kindled. No soldier could strike a match to light his pipe. The artillery moved slowly, that no rumbling of the wheels might be wafted on the night air to the ears of the Confederates, whose bivouac fires lighted all the plain—so near that the Union pickets could hear the conversation of the soldiers eating their supper. When the troops were beyond Broad Run silently the pickets stole away, followed by the cavalry.

The next morning the Union army was at Centreville on ground which Meade had chosen for a defensive battle. But General Lee had no intention of attacking the Union army in such a position. His plan had failed, and in the engagement at Bristoe he had lost nearly thirteen hundred men, including three generals, also five cannon. The Union loss was between five and six hundred.

Back towards the Rappahannock marched the Confederate army. General Lee went into camp at Culpeper, with brigades guarding the fords of the Rappahannock. General Meade promptly followed.

General Birney, commanding the Third Corps, of Meade's army, moved to Kelley's Ford, and placed his batteries on the northern bank. He did not wait for the pontoons, but the troops dashed into the river, rushed upon the Confederates on the south side, and captured five hundred of them. In the assault very few Union soldiers were killed or wounded. The artillery opened so destructive a fire that no Confederate brigades could go to the aid of those left to guard the ford.

General Early's division of Ewell's corps was on the north side of the Rappahannock, by the railroad, sheltered in the forts and behind breastworks which the Union troops had erected. General Sedgwick, commanding the Fifth and Sixth corps, placed his batteries in a favorable position, and opened a terrific fire. At a signal Russell's and Upton's brigades of the Sixth Corps went on the run towards the works. There was a sharp engagement, three hundred of the Union troops going down; but their comrades rushed on, and captured fifteen hundred prisoners, four cannon, and eight colors, and secured the passage of the river. The troops crossed the stream, and had General Meade attacked Lee vigorously on the morning of the 8th of November, the probabilities are that he would have won a victory; for Lee, evidently not anticipating the movement, had not placed his troops in advantageous positions, and he quickly retreated across the Rapidan, while Meade once more established his headquarters at Culpeper. It had been a campaign of marches, countermarches, and sharp engagements, with the advantage to the Army of the Potomac.

The troops of General Lee were stationed along the railroad from Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan, to Charlottesville. The fords eastward were not guarded. Mine Run is a little stream which rises amid the hills east of Orange Court-house and trickles north to the Rapidan. Its banks are so steep, and the country so much of a wilderness, that General Lee did not think it necessary to build intrenchments or place troops in that direction to guard his flank. The Union scouts informed General Meade of the position of the Confederate army, and he planned a movement to cross the river, move up Mine Run, and get between Ewell's and Hill's corps. The movement was made, but there were so many delays that Lee was able to throw up strong intrenchments before Meade was ready to attack; and instead of fighting a battle at such disadvantage, the troops were withdrawn, and came back to Culpeper to build huts and prepare for winter quarters.

During the two years of the war the Union commanders had learned what the Confederate commander had understood from the beginning—the value of mounted troops moving in compact bodies. The cavalry of both armies, during 1863, had made raids in rear of opposing forces to burn bridges on railroads, tear up the tracks, and destroy supplies. On both sides there had been successful as well as unsuccessful expeditions.

The great opposing armies—east and west—were settling down into winter quarters; Meade and Lee on the banks of the Rapidan; Grant at Chattanooga; Bragg, superseded by Johnston, at Dalton, in Northern Georgia; Burnside and Longstreet in Eastern Tennessee. While the soldiers of the Union and Confederate armies were building their huts for the winter, a body of Union cavalry in West Virginia made a march which, for strategic movement, energetic action, hardship, suffering, endurance, and success, was not surpassed during the four years' conflict.

A part of General Lee's army was at Gordonsville, and part at Charlottesville, whence a railroad runs west to Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley, and thence westward to Covington. From Charlottesville another railroad runs south to Lynchburg, where it connects with the road leading from Richmond to Tennessee—all through rich and fertile valleys, which supplied the Confederate army with flour and bacon. The commissary-general had accumulated a large quantity of food at Staunton and also at Salem, sixty miles west of Lynchburg. General Halleck thought that if one of the Confederate depots of supplies could be destroyed it would greatly cripple the Confederate army. Staunton was so near to General Lee's main army, and there were so many Confederate cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley, no movement could be made in that direction. Could Salem be reached? General Kelly, who was commanding the troops in West Virginia, and who was better acquainted with the country than any other Union commander, was called to Washington and consulted, and discretionary orders were given him to do what he thought was best. He accordingly placed the matter in the hands of General Averill, who had shown excellent abilities as a cavalry commander. His division was at New Creek, a few miles west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, while Salem was two hundred miles south. Would it be possible, with winter setting in, with snow upon the summits of the Alleghanies, with rivers swollen by rain, to send a body of men that distance over mountain roads, past a watchful foe, through a country where a large portion of the people were supporters of the Confederacy, with any chance for their return? Five separate bodies of Confederate cavalry, either of them of sufficient strength to confront the troops which Averill would have, must be eluded by strategy and rapid marching. Besides, General Lee, by using the railroad, could send a division of infantry to Salem at short notice, or Longstreet could move a portion of his command from Tennessee by rail. Seemingly there was little prospect of executing such a movement with any hope of success.

General Averill, after studying the situation of the various Confederate forces, resolved to enter upon the undertaking. General Scammon, who was in the Kanawha Valley, was directed to move eastward to the town of Lewisburg, in the direction of Staunton. At the same time, General Moor, who was at Beverly, was directed to march towards Staunton, and Colonel Wells, who was at Harper's Ferry, was sent up the Shenandoah Valley. These different bodies moving simultaneously with Averill, led the Confederates to think that Staunton was their common objective point.

General Averill was well acquainted with the country, for he had been nearly to Salem in November. He knew that General Imboden, with one thousand five hundred troops, was near Harrisonburg, twenty miles north of Staunton; that General Echols was west of the town, with another large force; that General Jones was somewhere in the vicinity, with another brigade. The troops selected for the movement mustered one thousand five hundred, and had six cannon. They left New Creek the first week in December, and moved south to the little village of Petersburg. A young lady, Miss Sallie Cunningham, who was ardently devoted to the Confederate cause, lived at Moorfield, and was visiting friends at Petersburg. She galloped home as fast as her horse would carry her, wrote a note, and sent it by a messenger to General Imboden, informing him of the movement of the Union troops, and said that there were six thousand of them. Imboden concluded that Averill was intending to strike Staunton. The information was telegraphed to General Lee at Gordonsville, who sent General Early to Staunton to take command, and directed Fitz-Hugh Lee to hasten there with his division of cavalry.

General Averill detached Thoburn's brigade and sent it towards Staunton, while he himself moved rapidly south with his selected troops, and was far on his way towards Salem before the Confederates comprehended his design. The weather became suddenly cold, the mercury sinking to zero, rain, sleet, and snow falling, the wind blowing a gale; but on, day and night, moved the cavalcade, with brief halts for rest. General Averill had taken few supplies, trusting that he could obtain hay and grain, but the horses had scant fare. They ascended steep mountains, over almost impassable roads. It was in the evening when they came to a house where there was a wedding. The building was surrounded, and several of the guests who were in Confederate uniforms were greatly surprised to find themselves prisoners. A bountiful supper had been prepared, which the Union soldiers ate, and not the wedding-guests. The bridegroom, being a Confederate soldier, was taken prisoner, whereupon the bride, with true allegiance and loyal love, determined to keep him company, and marched by his side to Salem, where General Averill released him, which made the bride very happy.

AVERILL'S TROOP IN A STORM.

On the 16th of December the division reached Salem, having marched two hundred miles. General Averill found two thousand barrels of flour, ten thousand bushels of wheat, one hundred thousand bushels of shelled corn and oats, with a great quantity of meat, salt, clothing, shoes, and other articles. The soldiers helped themselves to whatever they most needed; the negroes and poor people were allowed to help themselves to flour and bacon, and the rest was burned. All the buildings containing Confederate stores were destroyed, but General Averill prohibited all pillaging, and his discipline was very strict.

Most of the people of Salem were heart and soul with the Confederacy and kept aloof from the troops, but a woman with a pale face came to Captain Ewing, commanding the artillery, and asked if she might take the flag of the battery a moment. The sergeant placed the Stars and Stripes in her hands. This Captain Ewing's account: "I can never forget her look, as she eagerly and passionately folded it to her bosom, as a mother would her long-lost child when restored to her arms. For several minutes she remained sobbing aloud, and at last when she gave it back, it was with bright smiles through tears of real joy and gladness."(4)

The railroad track was torn up and the telegraph destroyed, and the object of the movement had been accomplished. The return was one of terrible hardship and suffering, toiling over unfrequented roads, ascending mountains by zigzag routes, pulling the cannon up by ropes, fording rivers filled with floating ice, or wading through mountain torrents. Guerillas and small bodies of Confederate cavalry were hovering on his flank, assailing his rear, or gathering in front. The troops could not stop to build fires to dry their clothes, which turned to icy coats of mail. There could be only short halts. They reached Greenbrier River, which was filled with floating ice—huge cakes swiftly sweeping past. It seemed impossible to cross it, but the order was imperative, and then came the plunge of the horses, the struggle in the current. The whole command finally reached the western shore, and was in a position where, at last, they could rest, for two routes were open to them—one northward to Beverly, the other west down the Great Kanawha.

The Confederates had been foiled in all their efforts to cut them off, and on Christmas-day, weary and worn, haggard for want of sleep and rest, the column entered Beverly, where a full supply of food awaited them. No Christmas feast of roast beef and plum-pudding, cake and wine, could compare with the bacon, hard-bread, and coffee which the soldiers of Averill's command ate and drank on that Christmas evening, sheltered at last in their tents from the howling storm and the bitter cold amid the Alleghanies.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIV.

(1) Walker, "History of the Second Army Corps," p. 321.
(2) McClellan's "Campaign of Stuart's Cavalry," p. 302.
(3) Walker, "History of the Second Army Corps," p. 349.
(4) Capt. J. M. Rife, "Averill's Raid," in *National Tribune.*

CHAPTER XXV.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1863.

THE Southern States had seceded from the Union to maintain the "Rights of the States;" but if a State could sever its relations with the Union for any cause, why might not a county secede from a State? The people of Jones County, in Mississippi, began to discuss the question in the summer of 1862. The county is in the south-eastern part of the State, seventy-five miles from Mobile, and comprises nearly twenty townships. The land is not fertile, the entire region being made up of pine-barren and swamps, traversed by winding creeks bordered by almost impenetrable thickets. The streams trend southward, and find outlet in Pascagoula Bay.

In 1860 the inhabitants numbered 3323—the white male population being 1492. They were lumbermen, who earned a living by cutting the tall pine-trees and rafting the lumber to tide-water, or gathered tar and turpentine. They were opposed to the war, and when the Confederate Congress passed the act of conscription, which would compel those liable to do military duty to serve in the army, they determined to secede from Mississippi and set up a government of their own. They assembled in convention at the county court-house, in Ellisville, and passed an ordinance of secession, which reads as follows:

> "*Whereas*, the State of Mississippi has seen fit to withdraw from the Federal Union for reasons which appear justifiable;
>
> "*And whereas* we, the citizens of Jones County, claim the same right, thinking our grievances are sufficient by reason of an unjust law passed by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, forcing us to go to distant parts, etc., etc.
>
> "*Therefore, be it resolved*, that we sever the union heretofore existing between Jones County and the State of Mississippi, and proclaim our independence of the said State, and of the Confederate States of America; and we solemnly call upon Almighty God to witness and bless this act."

This occurred in Jefferson Davis's own State. Nathan Knight was elected President of the "Jones County Confederacy."(¹) He had little education, but much common-sense. The people had confidence in him, for he was honest, brave, energetic, and resolute. Members of Congress and Senators were elected and laws passed, which were written out and posted on the trees along the roads, for there was not a printing-press in the county. The population increased very rapidly. Men who wanted to escape the conscription fled to Jones County, which had thus thrown off its allegiance to Mississippi and the Confederacy. Union men flocked thither to find refuge from persecution amid its swamps. Deserters from the army, who were tired of fighting, made their way to Ellisville with their muskets, to become citizens and soldiers of the "Jones County Confederacy," as the new government was styled. In a short time the population increased, it is said, to twenty thousand.(2)

Some of the people of the county were Confederates. The Confederate Government had passed laws against aliens, and had confiscated the property of Northern people. President Jefferson Davis had issued a proclamation in regard to aliens, and President Knight accordingly issued his proclamation requiring all aliens to leave the county. Some who did not go were shot and their buildings burned. An army was organized, and all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five enrolled. No Confederate conscription officer dared to venture into President Knight's dominion. Provisions were needed, and the soldiers of the Jones County Confederacy made a raid upon the surrounding counties of the Southern Confederacy, and returned with a herd of cattle and pigs; and a train of wagons loaded with supplies for the Confederate army was captured.

The State of Mississippi, with its authority thus set at defiance, sent General Lowery with a force to crush out the government of President Knight, which met with a stubborn resistance. The seceders retreated to the swamps, and maintained their defiant attitude to the end of the war. Secession for the maintenance of State rights had its legitimate and natural outcome in the action of the people of Jones County. No doubt this secession of a county from his own State was a great mortification to the President of the Southern Confederacy.

The year 1863 was closing. Far different the outlook on the last day of December from what it was on the morning of January first, when the cannon were thundering in the undecided battle of Stone River. In the opening chapter of this volume we saw that to the people of the Union it was a day of uncertainty and gloom; but with the victories of the year the despondency and doubt had disappeared, and they looked forward to a radiant future, with deepening convictions of the ultimate restoration of the Union and the wiping out of slavery, which had brought about the war.

With the opening of the year the people of the South had anticipated a recognition of the Confederacy by England and France, its permanent establishment among the nations of the earth, and a speedy ending of the conflict. But the year had been one of disaster. There had been only the victories at Chancellorsville and Chickamauga—both barren of advantageous results to the Confederate cause.

The close of the year saw the Confederate Army of the West driven from Tennessee. The States west of the Mississippi were severed from the Confederacy and could render it no aid. Louisiana was lost. Jefferson Davis's own State had been ravaged by the armies of the Union, and its railroads destroyed. Once more the steamboats of the Mississippi were furrowing its waters from New Orleans to St. Louis, and the Confederate Government was powerless to prevent the increasing tide of commerce. Fort Sumter, the pride and glory of the Confederacy, though still occupied by a few Confederate troops, was a shapeless ruin, all its cannon silent, dismounted, and buried beneath its crumbled walls. From Morris Island, day and night, bomb-shells were sailing high in air across the waters of the bay, and exploding in Charleston. Weeds and grass were growing in streets where at the beginning of the year the drayman drove his rumbling team and the merchant bargained his goods. No longer the gathering of congregations in St. Philip's or St. Michael's on Sunday morning; no more the sale of slaves in the mart within a stone's-throw of the hall where the ordinance for the secession of the State had been passed in 1861. Dwellings, stores, churches, slave-mart — all were abandoned. Very little sleep was there for the inhabitants through the night preceding Christmas. This the account from a Charleston newspaper:

"At 1 o'clock A.M. the enemy opened fire. Fast and furiously were the shells rained upon the city from five guns, three at Battery Gregg, one from Cumming's Point, and one from the mortar battery. The shelling was more severe than upon former occasions, the enemy generally throwing from three to five shells simultaneously. Our batteries promptly replied, but without their usual effect in checking the bombardment, which was steadily maintained by the Yankees during the remainder of the night and all the following morning till half-past twelve o'clock. Up to that hour one hundred and thirty-four shells had been hurled into the city. . . . Several houses were struck. One aged man and a woman were wounded by the exploding shells."(3)

Charleston and Wilmington were the only seaports where communication could be had with the outside world by the swift-sailing steamers built in England especially to ply between those ports and the Bermudas

—lying low in the water, leaden-colored, entering and departing at night, some of them captured, others eluding the blockading fleets in the darkness.

The Army of Northern Virginia had been discomfited at Gettysburg with frightful losses. No more the confident belief that the flag of the Confederacy would ever wave above the dome of the Capitol in Washington; no more the sanguine expectation of July, that the invasion of Pennsylvania would bring about action by the British Parliament favorable to the Confederacy. On the contrary, the iron-clad war-ships which had been constructed for the Confederate Government, and which were ready for sea, were jealously guarded and prevented from sailing by the frigates of Great Britain's navy.

In January the newspapers of Richmond and Charleston were profuse in their utterances of friendship for England, but in December they were full of words of resentment, contumely, and disparagement. There was still expectation that Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, having entered upon the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico, with the French army in possession of the capital, and Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, preparing to cross the Atlantic and become emperor, would ally himself with the Confederacy. With his permission formidable iron-clad vessels of war were being constructed in the seaports of France for the Confederacy, which in due time, it was expected, would appear at Charleston and Wilmington, and send the blockading fleets to the bottom of the sea, and open those ports to the commerce of the world. This the one bright hope animating the Confederate Government.

Far-seeing men who had favored secession, who had fought resolutely for the Confederacy, began to see that its power was waning. Thousands of Confederate soldiers saw it. These the words of a Confederate soldier to the author:

"When Grant whirled Bragg from Missionary Ridge, I saw that the Government was up." Many of his comrades were as clear-sighted as himself, and quietly stole away from their regiments, and were reported as deserters. They returned to their homes or secreted themselves, not solely because they saw what the end would be, but because they felt that they had been outraged by the Confederate Government. They had enlisted for a year, but the Congress at Richmond had disregarded its solemn obligation, and was compelling them to serve to the end of the war.

The Confederate Government had become a despotism. On April 16, 1862, a law was passed which provided that persons "not liable to do military duty may be received as substitutes for those who are." Jefferson

Davis sent a message to Congress asking for the repeal of that law. Congress complied; and during the last week of December, 1863, an act was passed abrogating and annulling the former act, under which many citizens had sent substitutes into the army. The new law provided that no person liable to do military duty should be exempted by the employment of a substitute. Citizens who felt themselves outraged by such a proposed breach of good faith on the part of the Government employed a very able lawyer, John H. Gilmer, to plead with the members of Congress against the violation of good faith. He contended that the new law was unconstitutional.(4)

The men who had joined in a conspiracy to overthrow the government of the people and establish a slave oligarchy, who had filled the jails of Georgia and Alabama with citizens of Tennessee, whose only crime was their love for the Stars and Stripes, did not hesitate to violate its faith with its own citizens. The enactment of the law aroused resentment and increased the rising disaffection against Jefferson Davis.

The forty-two persons who assembled at Montgomery and formed the Confederacy in February, 1861, established it on slavery. Alexander H. Stephens had announced to the world that slavery was its corner-stone. That which the people of South Carolina and the cotton-growing States believed would be enduring, and which would make the Confederacy powerful among the nations, was rapidly crumbling. Wherever the Union armies marched the slaves disappeared. Probably there were few slaves in the Confederacy who had not heard of the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln giving them their freedom. The news travelled fast from cabin to cabin, that men who had been slaves were marshalled beneath the Stars and Stripes and had attained the dignity of manhood at Fort Wagner by their intrepid conduct.

The representatives of the Confederacy in England found that while the aristocracy of that country were anxious to see the United States divided and republican government overthrown, they did not like the institution of slavery; that while the merchants, manufacturers, and shipbuilders and men of the clubs wanted the United States to become a weak nation, they wanted the Confederacy to abolish slavery.

In November, 1862, Mr. Mason, who was waiting in London to be recognized as Minister of the Confederacy, wrote to Mr. Benjamin that any treaty of commerce which might be negotiated with England must include a clause against the African slave-trade. Lord Donnoughmore, who was a warm friend of the South, informed Mr. Mason that Lord Palmerston never would agree to a treaty that did not contain such a prohibition of the slave-trade, and that the House of Commons would not uphold a minister for a moment if he were to consent to a treaty with such prohibition omitted.

This the reply of Mr. Mason:

"I told him that I feared this would form a formidable obstacle, if persisted in, to any treaty. He must be aware that on all questions affecting African servitude our Government was naturally and necessarily sensitive when the subject was presented by a foreign power. We had learned, from abundant experience, that the antislavery sentiment was always aggressive. The condition of society was one with which, in our opinion, the destinies of the South were indissolubly connected."(5)

Mr. Slidell, writing from Paris in February, 1862, to Mr. Benjamin, said:

"I often hear expressed the regret that slavery exists among us, and the suggesting of a hope that some steps may be taken for its ultimate, but gradual, extinction. . . . The sentiment against slavery in the abstract is as wide-spread in France as in England."(6)

Jefferson Davis wrote a letter to Pope Pio Nono asking that the Church of Rome would wield its influence to put an end to the war. Mr. Dudley Mann was commissioned to proceed to the Vatican and present it. After the letter had been read the Pope entered into conversation with Mr. Mann, who wrote an account of the interview to Mr. Benjamin:

"His Holiness now stated," wrote Mr. Mann, "to use his own language, that 'Lincoln & Company' had endeavored to create the impression abroad that they were fighting for the abolition of slavery, and that perhaps it might be judicious in us to consent to general emancipation.

"I replied that the subject of slavery was one over which the Government of the Confederate States, like that of the old States, had no control whatever; that the States were as sovereign as France; that true philanthropy shuddered at the thought of the liberation of the slaves in the manner attempted by Lincoln & Company; that such a procedure would be practically to convert the well-cared-for civilized negro into a semi-barbarism; that such of our slaves as had been captured by the enemy were in an incomparably worse condition than while with their masters; that they wished to return to their old homes; that if indeed African slavery were an evil there was a Power which in its own good time would doubtless remove the evil in a more gentle manner than that of causing the earth to be deluged with blood for its sudden overthrow."(7)

Mr. De Leon, who was sent to Europe to write articles for the newspapers favorable to the South, wrote this to Mr. Benjamin:

"The only difficulty we have to contend with is the slave question."(8)

Through its own representatives in foreign lands the Confederate Government learned that the moral sense of the world was arrayed against slavery. To preserve that institution Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, John Slidell, John M. Mason, and their fellow-conspirators had brought about secession, forcing the States from the Union against the will of a majority of the Southern people, established the Confederacy, and inaugurated the war. They ardently desired to be recognized as a nation by England and France and other European powers, but were confronted by the unwelcome truth that such a recognition was impossible so long as slavery was the corner-stone of the Confederacy.

The illusive picture of the future power and glory of the South which Jefferson Davis had drawn on the evening of his inauguration as President, at Montgomery, in February, 1861, had faded away, and in its place was a blood-stained canvas, a portrayal of devastation and desolation, battle scenes and burning dwellings, hardship, suffering, woe, and a perspective of waning hopes and final subjugation.

What could be done to make ultimate success possible? The *Richmond Examiner*, ablest of all the newspapers of the South, with the close of the year proclaimed that slavery must be sacrificed if need be to secure independence. "It would be," said the *Examiner*, "a good bargain to secure material aid by a formal sacrifice of our institution of slavery."(9)

Opinions which at the beginning of the war were firm and solid were beginning to change. But the war was not ended. There were still great resources available in the Confederate States. Slaves tilled the ground while the master and his sons fought the battles. Under the remorseless conscription thousands of soldiers would be swept into the army, and there was still an uncompromising defiance towards the North, and the determination to fight to the bitter end.

In the Northern States the victories of the year revived the patriotism of 1861, and veterans who had seen three years of service, who had been honorably discharged, voluntarily re-enlisted to serve to the end of the war. President Lincoln had issued in October a call for three hundred thousand troops. A great political party in the North was declaring that there must be peace at any price, but the men and women who were giving their lives, their fortunes, and all that was dear to maintain their government, were more than ever determined that the war should go on till the last Confederate had laid down his arms, till slavery was swept from the land, and the nation, redeemed and purified, should remain evermore a government of the people, based on the worth and dignity of man.

> "On man, as man, retaining yet,
> Howe'er debased and soiled and dim,
> The crown upon his forehead set,
> The immortal gift of God to him."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXV.

(1) Alfred E. Lee, *Magazine of American History*, October, 1886, p. 387.
(2) Idem, p. 388.
(3) *Charleston Mercury*, December 26, 1863.
(4) John H. Gilmer, *Richmond Dispatch*, December 19, 1863.
(5) Mason to Benjamin, unpublished Confederate State papers, November 4, 1862.
(6) Slidell to Benjamin, unpublished Confederate State papers, November 4, 1862.
(7) Mann to Benjamin, unpublished Confederate State papers, August 13, 1863.
(8) De Leon to Benjamin, unpublished Confederate State papers, July 30, 1862.
(9) *Richmond Examiner*, quoted in *Richmond Enquirer*, January 2, 1864.

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(B, *British;* C, *Confederate;* U, *Union.*)

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